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More Dolly Dialogues

by

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Drawings by Howard Chandler Christy

"A Life Subscription"

"I NEVER quite know," said Mrs. Hilary, taking up her embroidery, "what you mean when you talk about love."

"No more do I," I admitted, stroking the cat.

"If you mean that you dedicate to a woman your whole life——"

"And more than half your income."

Mrs. Hilary laid down the embroidery, and observed, as though she were concluding the discussion:

"The fact is, you don't know what real love is."

"I never met any one who did," said I.

Mrs. Hilary opened her mouth.

"At least they could never tell me what it was," I added, hastily.

Mrs. Hilary resumed the embroidery.

"Now the other day," I continued, "my friend Major Camperton married his cook."

"What for?" cried Mrs. Hilary.

"Because his wife was dead," said I.

"That's not a reason."

"You must admit that it's an excuse," I pleaded.

Mrs. Hilary, taking no notice of my apology, made a thoughtful stitch or two. Then she observed:

"I was never in love with any man except Hilary."

"You're always boasting of that: I suppose it was difficult?"

"But once I was, awfully—but if I tell you, you'll talk about it."

"Upon my honor I won't."

"You will—to Lady Mickleham."

"Lady Mickleham takes no interest in you," said I.

"Well, once I was awfully tempted. It was before I knew Hilary."

"But after you knew me?" I suggested.

"Don't be absurd," said Mrs. Hilary. "He was very rich—rather handsome, too."

"I have always persisted in maintaining that you were human," I observed, complacently.

"I think," said she, gazing at me, "that you are the most *earthly* man I ever knew."

"Go on with the story," said I, taking the cat on my knee.

"And he was really very fond of me."

"Oh, so he said."

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"But—well, I might have, if he hadn't."

"Oh, I understand; at least I hope so."

"I mean he wouldn't talk about anything else."

"I suppose he saw nothing else in you."

"That was what I felt. Good looks aren't everything."

"Were you good-looking?" I inquired.

Mrs. Hilary showed signs of being about to take up her embroidery.

"All right; Hilary isn't here," said I, in excuse.

"I hated it. I wanted to be—" She paused.

"What's in a word? Say esteemed."

"Yes—for something more than that."

"So you wouldn't have anything to say to him?"

"No. I was so glad—afterwards."

"And what's become of him?"

"Oh, he's married."

"It's a just world. Now lots of those immoral writers would have rewarded him with perpetual bachelorhood."

Mrs. Hilary pushed her embroidery quite far off, and leant forward towards me.

"Aren't you *ever* going to marry?" she asked.

"Marriages are made in heaven," said I. Mrs. Hilary nodded approvingly. "I thought of waiting till I got there," I added.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Hilary. And she added, "I know a really charming girl."

"You cruel woman! Would you doom her to me?"

"You'd be all right," said Mrs. Hilary, "if you could be removed from——"

"Certain influences," I suggested, hastily. "But for Hilary you also would be a pleasant woman."

"There's not the least comparison," said she, with a flush.

"There's always a comparison," I observed. "What are we talking about?"

Now Mrs. Hilary could not, as I well knew, answer this question.

"Well, I'm very sorry about it," she said.

"A romance," said I, "is a thing to be cherished."

"I can't think it's right," said Mrs. Hilary.

"To remember—to be proud of."

"I don't want to be hard about it," murmured Mrs. Hilary.

"To be taken——"

"Seriously? Yes, of course, or it's worse than——"

"To be taken," said I, "between meals."

Mrs. Hilary leapt to her feet.

"Or else, you know," I added, "it would spoil dinner."

Mrs. Hilary was very angry; but she was also a little curious. The latter emotion was more powerful.

"I wonder," said she, "what you do really feel about——"

"What?"

"It," said Mrs. Hilary.

"Am I in the confessional?"

To my delight a smile lurked round Mrs. Hilary's lips.

"You think," she said, "that I don't understand it. Well, I do, a little. She's been here."

"Has she, though? What was she doing here?"

"Oh, coaxing," said Mrs. Hilary. "She wanted a subscription from Hilary."

I was much interested.

"Were you present at the interview?" I asked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hilary. "She got the subscription, Mr. Carter—a larger one than Hilary could afford."

"I have given her a larger one than I could afford."

The rare smile still twitched round Mrs. Hilary's mouth.

"What do you think Hilary did when she'd gone?" she asked.

"I should think he felt a fool," said I.

"He apologized," said Mrs. Hilary.

I laughed. Mrs. Hilary laughed reluctantly.

"Guileless creature!" I observed.

"Oh, you needn't do that!" she said, with a slight flush. "Shall I tell you what he did afterward?"

"Lord, I know that well enough!"

"I'm sure you don't."

"Gave you a new bonnet, of course."

I believe that Mrs. Hilary was annoyed; for she said, quite sulkily:

"It was a bracelet."

"I told you so," I observed.

"He'd have given it me, anyhow," she cried.

"Not he!" said I.

"He'd meant to, before," said she. "He said so."

I smiled; but I did not wish to make mischief, so I added, "The subscription was, of course, civility."

"That's all, of course. Still it is funny, isn't it?"

"Perhaps it is, rather."

There was a pause.

"'AREN'T YOU EVER GOING TO MARRY?'"

"Do you care to meet that girl?" asked Mrs. Hilary.

"N—no," said I.

"I would give you one more chance," she said, generously.

"Thank you, I'm still subscribing," I answered. "No bracelets for me."

"We laughed about it when she was gone. Hilary was amused at himself."

"I have experienced the feeling," I observed.

"I wonder if I ought to tell you what he called her."

"Probably not. Go on."

"He said she was an insinuating little——"

"Why do you hesitate, Mrs. Hilary?"

"*Devil*," said Mrs. Hilary, almost under her breath.

"Ah!" said I, setting the cat down, and reaching for my hat.

"Yes, devil," said Mrs Hilary, more courageously.

"And what did he say you were?" I asked.

"Oh—nothing," said Mrs. Hilary, blushing.

"Then you and Hilary are friends again?"

"I didn't mind in the least," declared Mrs. Hilary. "Only it's curious——"

I began to laugh. I enjoy a chance of laughing at Mrs. Hilary.

"We are all much indebted to her," said I. "Some for a bracelet——"

"Nonsense!"

"Some for a momentary emotion——"

"He didn't feel even that."

"Some for a lifelong— Dear me, how late it grows! I must be off." And I held out my hand. As I did so, Hilary entered.

"By the way, Carter," said he, when he saw me, "what's that society Lady Mickleham collects for? She got something out of me. I hope it's not a fraud."

"I hope not," said I.

"Because I've given her a trifle."

"So have I," I remarked.

"A donation, you know."

"Oh, mine's a life subscription," said I.

"Oh, go away," said Mrs. Hilary, impatiently.

"Well, you've got nothing else to do with your money," said Hilary. "You've not got a wife and family."

"That is, of course," said I, "the explanation."

Then Mrs. Hilary drove me out. She'd have done it sooner only that in her heart she credits me with a tragedy

"'*And what did he say you were?*'"

"'OH, MINE'S A LIFE SUBSCRIPTION.'"

THE DEER.

By William Davenport Hulbert.

Illustrated by Arthur Heming.

I CAN'T give you the whole story of his life, for it would take several books to do that, but I shall try to tell you a little about it, and to show you how he became the best fighter of his day and generation in the woods around the Glimmerglass.

In the first place, his arrival in this world of hunters and mosquitoes and good things to eat was a little in advance of the usual season for such events. This was important, for it lengthened the summer and gave opportunity for more growth before the return of cold weather. A lingering winter, or a late frost or snow-storm, might have made his early advent anything but a blessing; but the spring proved a mild one, and there was plenty of good growing weather for fawns. Then, too, his mother was in the very prime of life, and for the time being he was her only child. If there had been twins, as there were the year before, he would have had to share her milk with a brother or sister. As it was, he enjoyed all the benefits and advantages of a natural monopoly, and he grew and prospered accordingly. And she was very careful of him. No matter how much justifiable pride she may have felt in her son—and he was a baby to be proud of—she never tried to show him off. It was safer to keep him hidden as long as possible, and to leave him in a thicket or behind a bush or a fallen tree when she was obliged to go in search of food. If an enemy came by during her absence he would crouch low, with his nose to the ground and his big ears laid back on his neck. If pressed too closely he would jump up and hurry away to some better cover, with leaps and bounds so light and airy that they seemed the very music of motion. But that did not often happen. Usually he lay still till he heard a familiar step on the brown carpet and saw his beautiful mother coming between the trees.

By and by, as he grew larger and stronger, she let him travel with her and see the wonderful sights of the forest world where he was to spend the years of his deerhood. They were a silent pair, those two, but they were very happy together. Sometimes, when his breakfast was ready, she would give a low, murmuring call, and he would answer with a little bleat; but those were almost the only sounds that were ever heard from them, except the rustling of the dry leaves under their feet. Yet, they understood each other perfectly. There was little need of speech, for all that they had to do from one week's end to another was to wander through the woods while the doe picked up her food; and then, when she had eaten her fill, to lie down in some sheltered place and there rest and chew the cud till it was time to move again.

Of course life is never quite all that could be desired, not even for a very promising young fawn. There were plenty of hard things for him to put up with, and perhaps the worst were the mosquitoes and the other biting and stinging flies which swarmed in the woods and swamps through the month of June. They got into his mouth and into his nose, they gathered in circles around his eyes, and they snuggled cozily down between the short hairs of his pretty spotted coat, and helped themselves to what they found there. For a few weeks they made life almost unbearable, but I suppose their victims became somewhat hardened to them.

During those days and nights the deer

often resorted to a broad strip of sandy beach at the eastern end of the Glimmerglass, where, if there happened to be a breeze from the water, they could be quite free from the flies; and to see the baby promenading up and down the shore, with his mother looking on, was one of the prettiest and pleasantest sights in all the wilderness. The ground color of his coat was a bright bay red, somewhat like the summer dress which the doe wore, but deeper and richer and handsomer, and with pure white spots arranged in irregular rows all along his neck and back and sides. He was so sleek and polished that he fairly glistened in the sunshine, like a well-groomed horse; his great dark eyes were brighter than a girl's at her first ball; and his ears were almost as big as a mule's, and a million times as pretty. But best and most beautiful of all was the marvelous life and grace and spirit of every pose and motion. When he walked, his slender head and neck were thrust forward at every step with the daintiest gesture imaginable, and his tiny pointed hoofs touched the ground so lightly, and were away again so quickly, that you hardly knew what they had done. If he was startled he would stamp his fore foot on the hard sand, and toss his head in the air with an expression that was not fear, but alertness, and even defiance. And when he leaped and ran—but there's no use in trying to describe that.

The summer was gone almost before they knew what had happened, and the autumn had come—the autumn, when Death is busy in the woods, and when those that he spares, both of plants and animals, must make ready for the coming of the cold. The fawn's white spots disappeared, and he and the doe put off their thin red summer clothing and donned the blue coat of fall, which would by and by fade into the gray of winter—a coat of longer, coarser hairs, which stood on end because there wasn't room for them all to lie down, and so made a thick, warm garment in which one could sleep all night in the snow and rise in the morning dry and comfortable.

The fawn had thriven wonderfully, and already the budding antlers were pushing through the skin on the top of his head, which is pretty good proof that he was a precocious child. He was weaned in the early autumn, but he still ran with his mother,

"He was a baby to be proud of."

and she showed him what herbs and leaves were pleasantest to the taste and best for building up bone and muscle, and where the beechnuts were most plentiful. The mast was good that fall, which isn't always the

case, and that was another lucky star in the young buck's horoscope. So much depends on having plenty to eat the first year.

And now the doe was thriving, as well as her son. Through the summer she had been thin and poor, for the fawn had fed on her life and strength, and the best of all that came to her she had given to him; but the strain was over at last, and there were granted her a few weeks in which to prepare for the season of cold and storm and scanty food. She made the best of them, and in an amazingly short time she was rolling fat.

Everything was lovely and the goose hung high, when all of a sudden the peace and quiet of their every-day lives were rudely broken up. The month of November is the legal hunting season in northern Michigan, when the game laws graciously permit you to kill deer—if you can. Most men can't, but they all want to try; and it seems as if half the population of the southern counties crosses the Straits of Mackinac every fall for a shot at a buck or a doe. There are so many of these would-be hunters that they can't help doing more or less damage, and the venison saddles and carcases which they ship south are every year numbered in the thousands. The very first morning four men alighted from an accommodation train at the flag station three miles from the Glimmerglass, and for the next few weeks the woods around the little lake were noisy with their shouting and firing and the tramp of their heavily booted feet. They were not really very formidable. If you want to kill deer you must learn to shoot straight and to get around in the bush without making quite as much noise as a locomotive. But their racket was intolerable, and one might as well be killed as scared to death; so after a day or two the doe and the fawn left home and spent the rest of the season near a secluded little pond several miles away to the southeast.

By the first of December those troublous times were over, peace had returned to the upper peninsula, and the two deer were back again in their old haunts in the beech and maple woods. They remained there for some time, even after the snow came, scraping it away with their forefeet in search of the savory nuts. But toward Christmas there was a storm which covered the ground so deeply that they could no longer dig out enough food to keep them from being hungry, and then they made their way to the evergreen swamps around the head-waters of the Tahquamenon. There they lived on twigs of balsam and hemlock and spruce, with now and then a mouthful of moss or a nutritious lichen. Little by little the fat on their ribs disappeared, and the bones showed more and more plainly through their heavy winter coats. If one of those November hunters had succeeded in setting his teeth in their flesh he would have found that it had a pleasant, nutty flavor; but in February it would have tasted decidedly of hemlock. Yet they were strong and healthy, in spite of their boniness and their unpalatable fare, and of course you can't expect to be fat in winter.

When the world turned green again they went back to the Glimmerglass, but they had not been there very long before the young buck had his nose put out of joint by the arrival of two new babies. The days of his fawnhood were over, and it was time for him to strike out into the world and take care of himself.

Two things happened that year which were worthy of being very briefly chronicled. During the summer he raised his first real antlers. Those of the previous autumn had been merely two little buds of bone, but these were pointed spikes, several inches in length, standing straight up from the top of his head without a fork or a branch or a curve. They did not add very much to his appearance, and of course they dropped off early in the following winter; but they were the forerunners of the beautiful branching antlers of his later years, and were probably as welcome as a boy's first mustache. The other event occurred in the fall, and left its mark on him for the rest of his life. One night he wandered into a part of the woods where some lumbermen had been working during the day, and in the darkness he stepped on the upturned edge of an ax.

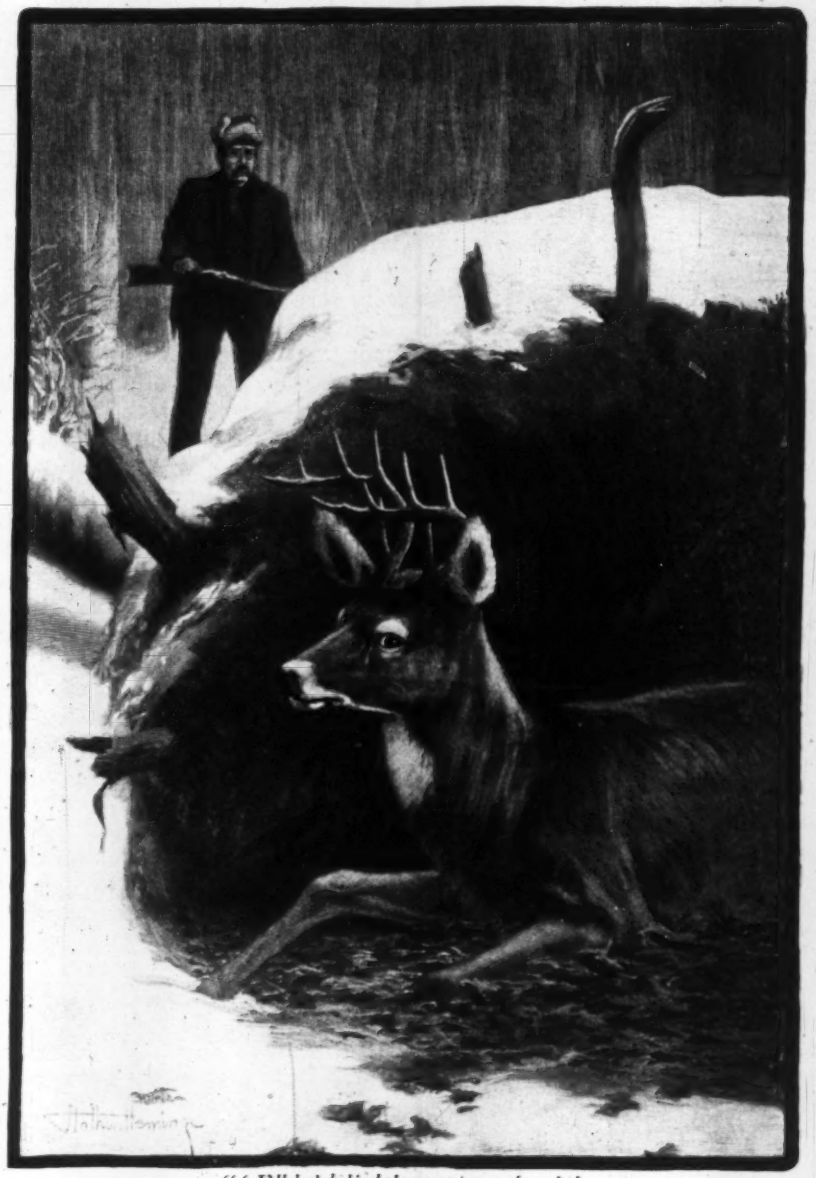
The wound healed in the course of time, but thenceforth the two halves of his left hind hoof were spread far apart, instead of lying close together as they should have done. Sticks and roots often caught between them in a way that was very annoying, and his track was different from that of any other deer in the woods, which was not a thing to be desired. Yet he was not crippled, and he could still leap almost if not quite as far as ever. During the next few years I frequently saw his broad, spreading footprint on the sandy beach at the end of the Glimmerglass, where he and his mother had so often walked in that first summer. Around it were other tracks—narrow and delicately pointed, as a deer's should be—some of them left by his three perfect feet, and others by those of his relations, while it is not improbable that many of the tiniest and daintiest were made by his children. Every year it was a little larger, for the buck was still growing, and was doing his best to break all the records.

With each recurring hunting season he and most of the other deer that made their homes around the Glimmerglass were driven away for a time. A few stayed, or at least remained as near as they dared, but compared with summer the neighborhood was almost depopulated. But in his fourth year, in spite of all his efforts to keep out of harm's way, the buck came very near losing his life at the hands of a man—a man who had really learned how to hunt, not one of the pretenders who went ramming about without any system or method, shooting at everything in sight, and making enough noise to startle even the porcupines. The woods where he was hiding are not the best in the world for a deer who is obliged to play hide-and-seek with his life as a stake, for there are few bare ridges or half-wooded slopes from which he can look back to see if any one is following him. Even the glades and the open cranberry swamps are small and infrequent. An almost unbroken forest sweeps away in every direction, and everywhere there is cover for the still hunter. And when the ground is hidden under an inch and a half of snow, as it was then, and at every step the deer must leave behind him a trail as plain as a turnpike road, it is not strange if he thinks that Fortune is very unkind indeed. Eyes, ears, and nose are on the alert, but what eye can penetrate the cedar swamp beyond a few yards; or what ear can always catch the tread of a moccasin before it comes within rifle range; or what nose, no matter how delicate, can detect anything but what the wind chooses to bring it, or what happens to lie in its owner's path? And in this case, as it chanced, it was the very keenness of the buck's sense of smell that was the indirect means of bringing Judge Curtiss on his trail.

He was not very happy that afternoon, for he had caught the spreading toes of his left hind foot on the root of a birch tree, and had torn the flesh quite badly. It was very sore and painful, and he had lain down behind a fallen tree, and was trying to rest and take things easily when the breeze brought him a whiff of an unpleasant human odor. He jumped up and hurried away, and the judge, who had already passed him and was going in the other direction, heard him crash through the bushes and immediately turned back and searched till he found the trail. An hour later, as the buck was nosing for beechnuts in the snow, a rifle cracked and a bullet went whizzing by and carried off the very tip of his left antler. He dropped his white flag and was off like a shot.

Now if you chase a wounded deer he will run for miles; leave him alone, and if he is badly hurt he will soon lie down. The chances are that he will never get up again. The judge knew that the buck was hit, for he had lowered his tail. But was the wound mortal? There was no blood on the trail, and the judge decided to follow. The buck hurried on, but before long his leaps began to grow shorter. After a mile or so he stopped, looked back, and listened. The white, snowy woods were very, very silent, and nothing that he could see or hear hinted of danger. Yet he was afraid, and in a few minutes he pushed on again, though not as rapidly as before. As the short autumn afternoon wore away he traveled more and more slowly, and his stops were longer and more frequent. And at last, just before sunset, as he stood and watched for the enemy who might be on his trail and might not, he heard a twig snap and saw a dark form slip

"His first real antlers."



"'I'll look behind that root before I go.'"

behind a tree. This time he ran as he had never run before in all his life.

The judge spent the night at the nearest lumber camp, and the next morning he was out again as soon as he could see, following his own trail back to where he had left that of the buck. On the way, he came upon the tracks of two other deer, but they had no temptation for him. He wanted to solve the mystery of that spreading hoofprint, and to make sure that his shot had not been a clean miss. And now began a day which was without precedent in the buck's whole history. Many a foe had crossed his trail in the course of his life, but none had ever followed him like this, silently and relentlessly, slowly, but without a moment's pause. A few leaps were enough to put the judge out of sight, and half an hour's run left him far behind; but in a little while he was there again, creeping cautiously through the undergrowth, and peering this way and that for a glimpse of a plump, round, blue-gray body.

The buck was hardly himself that day, or he would not have been so easily stalked. He was very tired, his foot hurt him worse than ever, and he was limping badly at every step. But late in the afternoon he thought that he had really shaken his pursuer off, and the

judge began to think so too. They had not seen each other for two or three hours, the darkness was near, and there were signs of a change in the weather. If the buck could hold out till nightfall, and then the snow should melt before morning, he would be comparatively safe.

In his fear of the lurking enemy in the rear he had forgotten all other dangers, and without quite realizing what he was doing, he had come back to the Glimmerglass and was tramping once more up and down the old familiar runways. Presently he came upon a huge maple lying prostrate on the ground. He walked around its great brushy head and down toward its foot, and there he found a broad, saucer-shaped hollow, left when the tree was torn up by the roots in some wild autumn gale. On one side a mass of earth stood up straight as a stone wall, four or five feet in height, and against the foot of that wall there lay one of the most tempting beds of dead leaves that the buck had ever seen, free from snow, dry as a whistle, soft and downy. The sight of it was too much for him, and in spite of his fears he sank down upon it and began to chew his cud. The judge was just ready to give up for the night when he too came upon that fallen maple.

"I'll look behind that root before I go," he thought; "perhaps he's lain down"; and slowly, softly, silently, he crept toward the buck's shelter.

There was no wind that evening, and the woods seemed perfectly still; but now, unnoticed by the judge, a faint, faint puff came wandering among the trees, as if on purpose to warn the deer of his danger. Suddenly he started, sniffed the air, and was up and away like a racehorse, not leaping nor bounding this time, but running low, with his head down and his antlers laid back on his neck. If he had been in the cedar swamp he would have escaped unhurt; but up in the hardwood the trees do not stand so close, and one can see a little further. The judge fired before he could get out of sight, and he dropped with three ribs broken and a bullet in his right lung. He was up again in an instant, but there were blood-stains on the snow where he had lain, and this time the judge did not follow. Instead he went straight back to the lumber camp, feeling almost as sure of that deer as if he had carried his antlers.

The buck ran a little way, with his flag lowered and the blood spurting, and then he lay down to rest, just as the judge knew he would. The bleeding soon ceased, but it left him very weak and tired, and that night was the most miserable he had ever known. The darkness settled down thick and black over the woods, the wind began to blow, and by and by the rain commenced falling, first a drizzle, and then a steady pour. Cold and wet, wounded and tired and hungry, the buck was about as wretched as it is possible for a mortal to be. And yet that rain was the one and only thing that could save his life. Under its melting touch the snow began to disappear, and before morning it was gone. Even the blood-stains were washed away. It would take a better nose than the judge's to track him now.

But the danger was not over by any means. The judge knew very nearly where to look for him, and could probably find him if he did not get up and move on. And to move on, or even to rise to his feet, seemed utterly impossible. The least motion sent the most exquisite pain shooting through his whole body, and I believe he would have died where he lay, either at the hands of the judge or from exhaustion, if it had not been for the amateur photographer.

The photographer had set a camera and a flashlight beside a runway, as one would set a spring gun, and he was out before daylight to see if he had caught anything. He found the powder burned and the shutter sprung, and he was on his way back to camp with his magic box when he almost stumbled over the buck. Now if it had been the judge, he would have advanced slowly and quietly, and the deer might never have known he was coming till the rifle spoke. But the photographer was not thinking of killing anything. That wasn't what he had come for; and he strode noisily along, whistling, "I want yer, ma honey," at the top of his whistle. The buck heard him, of course, and he tried to rise, only to sink back with a groan. He couldn't do it, or at least he thought he couldn't. But when the man came in sight around a little balsam, only two rods away, his fear got the better of his pain, and he jumped up and made off at a clumsy, limping run. Every joint seemed on fire, and he ached from the top of his head to the very toes of that poor left hind foot. But after the first plunge it was not quite so bad. The motion took some of the stiffness out of his limbs, and by the time the judge arrived he was a mile away and was thinking about breakfast.

We must do Judge Curtiss the justice of saying that his remorse was very keen when he stepped aboard the train that evening,

bound for Detroit. He had wounded a deer and had let it get away from him, probably to die a painful, lingering death. The whole day, the last of the hunting season and of his court recess, had been spent in an unavailing search, not merely because he wanted some venison and a pair of antlers to carry home with him, but because he wanted to put the buck out of his misery; and now that he had failed so completely he felt sorry and ashamed, and wished he had not come. But, as it happened, the buck did not want to be put out of his misery. He was feeling better already. Nature is a good surgeon, and he wasn't the first deer who has had his ribs smashed by an injection of lead and has lived to tell the tale.

The next year it was his antlers that got him into trouble. Two round, black, velvet-covered knobs appeared in spring on the top of his head, and pushed up higher and higher till they formed cylindrical columns, each leaning outward and a little backward. They were hot as fever with the blood that was rushing through them, building up the living masonry; and at the upper ends, where the work was newest, they were soft and spongy and very sensitive, so that the least touch was enough to give pain. Longer and longer they grew, and harder and harder, by and by curving forward and inward, and one after another the tines appeared. And at last, in the early autumn, the tall towers of bone were complete, the blood ceased to course through them, and the buck rubbed them against tree trunks until the velvety skin was all worn off and they were left smooth and brown and polished. They were a handsome pair, spreading and branching gracefully above his forehead, and bearing four tines to each beam.

As soon as the antlers were finished, the buck began to put on flesh, a thing he had not been able to do as long as he had that big, bony growth to feed. For him, as for his mother in the old days, the summer was a season of plenty, but not of growing plump and round and strong. The difference between them was that the doe had given her strength and vitality to her fawn, while the buck piled his up on his own forehead. There was another change which came with the autumn. As long as his vital energies were at work on his antlers he was quiet and gentle, and attended strictly to his own affairs; but now the life and vigor which for weeks and months had been pouring into them went surging like a tide through his whole body, and he became very passionate and excitable. The year was at its high-water mark, and the buck was nearing the prime of life. Food was abundant; everywhere the beechnuts were dropping on the dry leaves; the autumn sunshine was warm and mellow; and the very taste of the air was enough to make one happy and to send the blood fairly leaping through one's veins. Was it any wonder if he sometimes felt as if he would like to fight every buck in Michigan—all of them at once?

One afternoon, late in October, he had a battle with a third cousin of his who was nearly his match in size and strength. There was a doe just vanishing among the trees when the fight began, and the question at issue was which should follow her and which shouldn't. It would be easy to find her, for her dainty feet had left a faint, faint fragrance clinging to the dead leaves, far too delicate for a human nose to detect, yet quite strong enough for a buck to follow. But the trail wasn't broad enough for two, and the first thing to do was to have a scrap and see which was the better and more deserving deer.

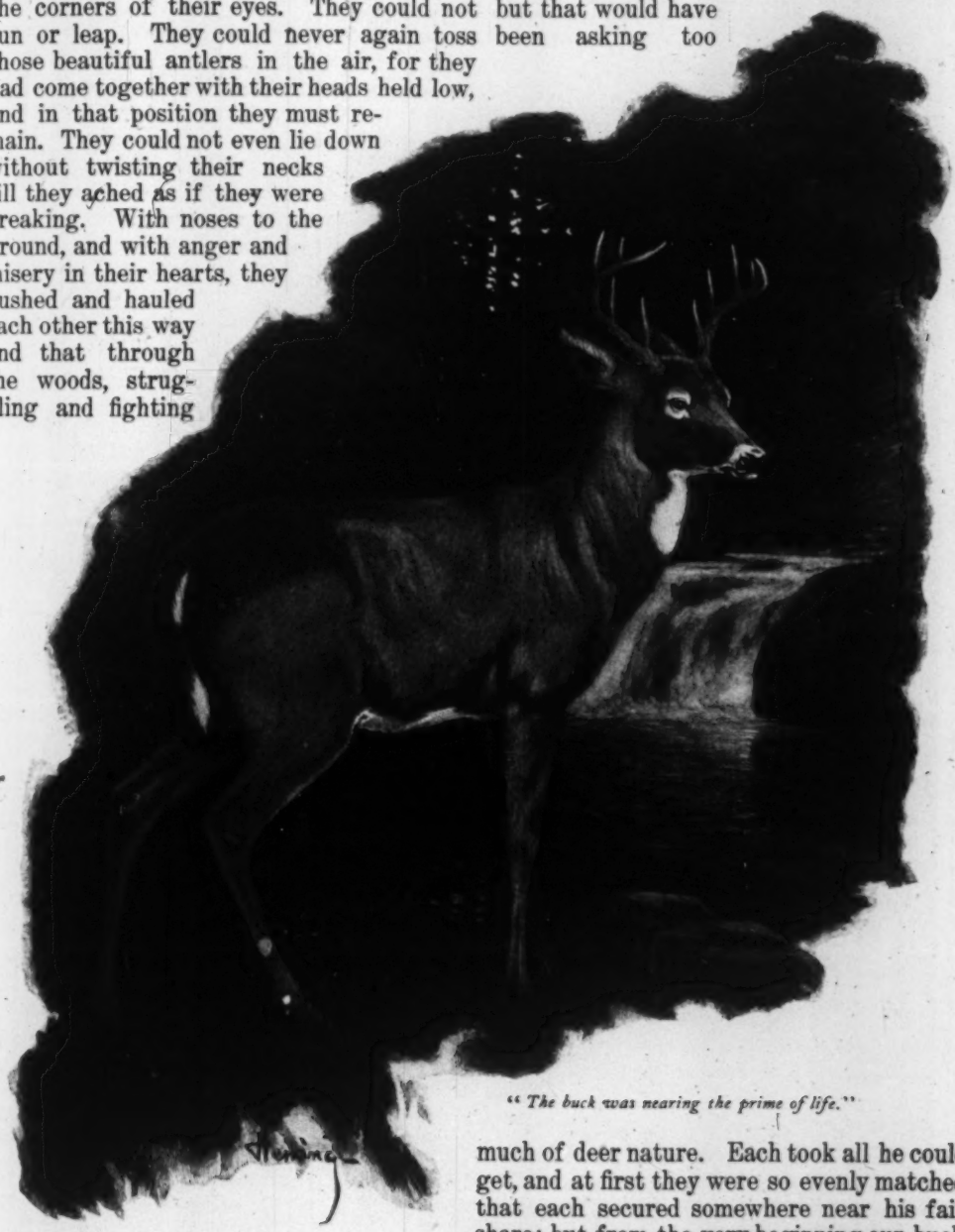
They came together like a pair of battering-rams, with a great clatter and clash of antlers; but after the first shock the fight seemed little more than a pushing match. Now and then one would try to catch the other off his guard and thrust a point into his flesh, but he never succeeded. Those branching antlers were as useful in warding off blows as in delivering them, and so dexterously were they handled that at the end of half an hour neither of the bucks was suffering from anything but fatigue. There was foam on their lips and sweat on their sides; their mouths were open, and their breath came in gasps; every muscle was working its hardest, pushing, shoving, and guarding; and they drove each other backward and forward through the bushes, and plowed up the ground and scattered the dry leaves in their struggles; and yet there was not a scratch on either shapely body.

Finally they backed off and rushed at each other again, and this time they struck with such violence that our buck's antlers were forced apart just a trifle, and the enemy's slipped in between them. There was a little snap as they sprang back into position, and the mischief was done. The two deer were locked together in an embrace which death itself could not separate.

It is impossible even to imagine what they suffered during the next few weeks. If one went forward, the other had to go backward,

and neither could go anywhere or do anything without getting the consent of the other, or carrying him along by main force. Many things could not be done at all, not even when both were willing and anxious to do them. They could not see, except out of the corners of their eyes. They could not run or leap. They could never again toss those beautiful antlers in the air, for they had come together with their heads held low, and in that position they must remain. They could not even lie down without twisting their necks till they ached as if they were breaking. With noses to the ground, and with anger and misery in their hearts, they pushed and hauled each other this way and that through the woods, struggling and fighting for every mouthful of food which came within reach—and that was little enough. The hunting season opened, but strange to say they were not molested. They heard shooting almost every day, and once or twice they saw a hunter go by, not many rods away, but they kept quiet and no one saw them.

Each day they grew a little thinner and weaker. If they could have agreed to divide equally what food they could find, they might have prolonged their torture indefinitely, but that would have been asking too much of deer nature. Each took all he could get, and at first they were so evenly matched that each secured somewhere near his fair share; but from the very beginning our buck was a shade the stronger, and his superiority grew with every mouthful that he managed to wrest from his fellow-prisoner. Both of them were losing flesh rapidly, but he kept his better than the other. And at last it came to the point where, by reason of his



"The buck was nearing the prime of life."

"WITH ANGER AND MISERY IN THEIR HEARTS, THEY PUSHED AND HAULED EACH OTHER THIS WAY AND THAT THROUGH THE WOODS."

greater strength, he got everything and the other nothing, and then the end was near. It would have come long before if both had not been in prime condition on the day of the battle.

The very last day of their horrible companionship, filled to the full with struggling and fighting and loathing, dragged itself slowly by. The sun disappeared behind the hill, the sky was cloudy and overcast, and the woods grew very, very dark. The two deer stumbled and floundered over roots and bushes as they made their toilsome way down toward the lake for their nightly drink, and it seemed as if they would never reach the shore. One of them was so weak that he could hardly stand, and he leaned heavily on the head and shoulders of the other, who supported him only because he couldn't help it, and not out of friendliness. They were within a few rods of the beach when he whose strength was least stepped into a hole, and his leg bone snapped like a dry twig. He struggled and tried to rise, but his story was told, and before morning he was dead. For once our buck's instinct of self-preservation had carried him too far. He had taken all the food for himself and had starved his enemy, and now he was bound face to face to a corpse.

Well, we won't talk about that. He stayed there twenty-four hours, and there would soon have been two dead bucks instead of one if something had not happened which seemed like a blessed miracle, yet was really the simplest and most natural thing in the world. There was nothing strange about it except that it should have come at exactly the right moment. A buck has no fixed time for the casting of his antlers. It usually occurs during the first half of the winter, but it has been known to take place as early as November and as late as April. The second night passed, and as it began to grow light again the buck lifted himself on his knees and his hind legs and wrestled mightily with his horrible bedfellow, and suddenly his left antler dropped off and he was free. The right one was still fast to his head, but it was easily disengaged from the tangle of branching horns, and in a moment he stood erect. The blood was running down his face from the bony pedicel where the antler had stood, and he was so weak and dizzy that he could hardly stand, and so thin and wasted that he seemed the mere shadow of his former self. But he was free!

He tried to walk toward the lake, but fell before he had taken half a dozen steps, and for an hour he lay still and rested. It was like a taste of heaven just to be able to hold his neck straight. The sun had risen by the time he was ready to try it again, and through the trees he could see the shimmer and sparkle of the Glimmerglass. He heard the wind talking to itself in the branches overhead, and the splashing of the ripples on the beach, and he staggered down to the margin and drank long and deep.

Fortunately, that December was a mild one. The first light snow had already come and gone, and the next two weeks were bright and sunshiny. The buck ate as he had never eaten before, and it was astonishing to see how rapidly he picked up and how much he gained before Christmas. His good luck seemed to follow him month after month, for the winter was comparatively open, the snow was not as deep as usual, and the spring came early. By that time the evil effects of his terrible experience had almost disappeared, and the new year that had begun was to see him in the zenith of his powers. He had well fulfilled the promise of his youth, and he was big and strong and beautiful. Though I shouldn't like to say that he was a record-breaker, yet he was certainly much larger than the average buck. Something he had lost, no doubt, of the grace and daintiness of his baby days, but he had also gained much—gained in stateliness and dignity, as well as in size and weight and strength.

Again Nature's table was spread with good things, and again he set to work to build a pair of antlers—a pair that should be larger and handsomer than any that had gone before. But as the summer lengthened it became evident that there was something wrong with those antlers, or at least with one of them. One seemed to be quite perfect, it was considerably longer than those of last year, its curve was just right, and it had five tines, which was the correct number, and all that he could have asked. But the other—the left—was nothing but a straight, pointed spike, perhaps eight inches in length, shaped almost exactly like those of his first pair. The buck never knew the reason for this deformity, and I'm not at all certain about it myself, though I have a theory. One stormy day in the early summer a falling branch, torn from a tree-top by the wind, had struck squarely on the growing antler, then only a few inches long. It hurt him so that for a moment he was fairly blind and dizzy, and it is quite possible that the soft, half-formed bone was so injured that it could never

reach its full development. Anyhow, there he was, with one perfect antler and one spike. It made a queer-looking buck of him, but it was not without its advantages, as he learned a little later.

One October morning he had another battle with another third cousin, while another doe—or possibly the same one—made off through the trees and left a fragrant trail behind her. They went at each other in the usual way, and for a while it seemed unlikely that either could do anything more than tire the other out by hard pushing. With one pair of antlers so badly mismated there was little danger of their becoming interlocked; and, so far, it bade fair to be a very ordinary, every-day sort of a fight. But by and by our buck saw his opportunity. The enemy, in an unguarded moment, exposed his left side; and before he could recover himself that deformed antler had dealt him a terrible thrust. If the force of the blow had been divided among five tines it would probably have had little effect; but the single straight spike was as good as a sword, and it won the day. The deer with the perfect antlers was not only vanquished but killed, and the victor was off on the trail of the doe.

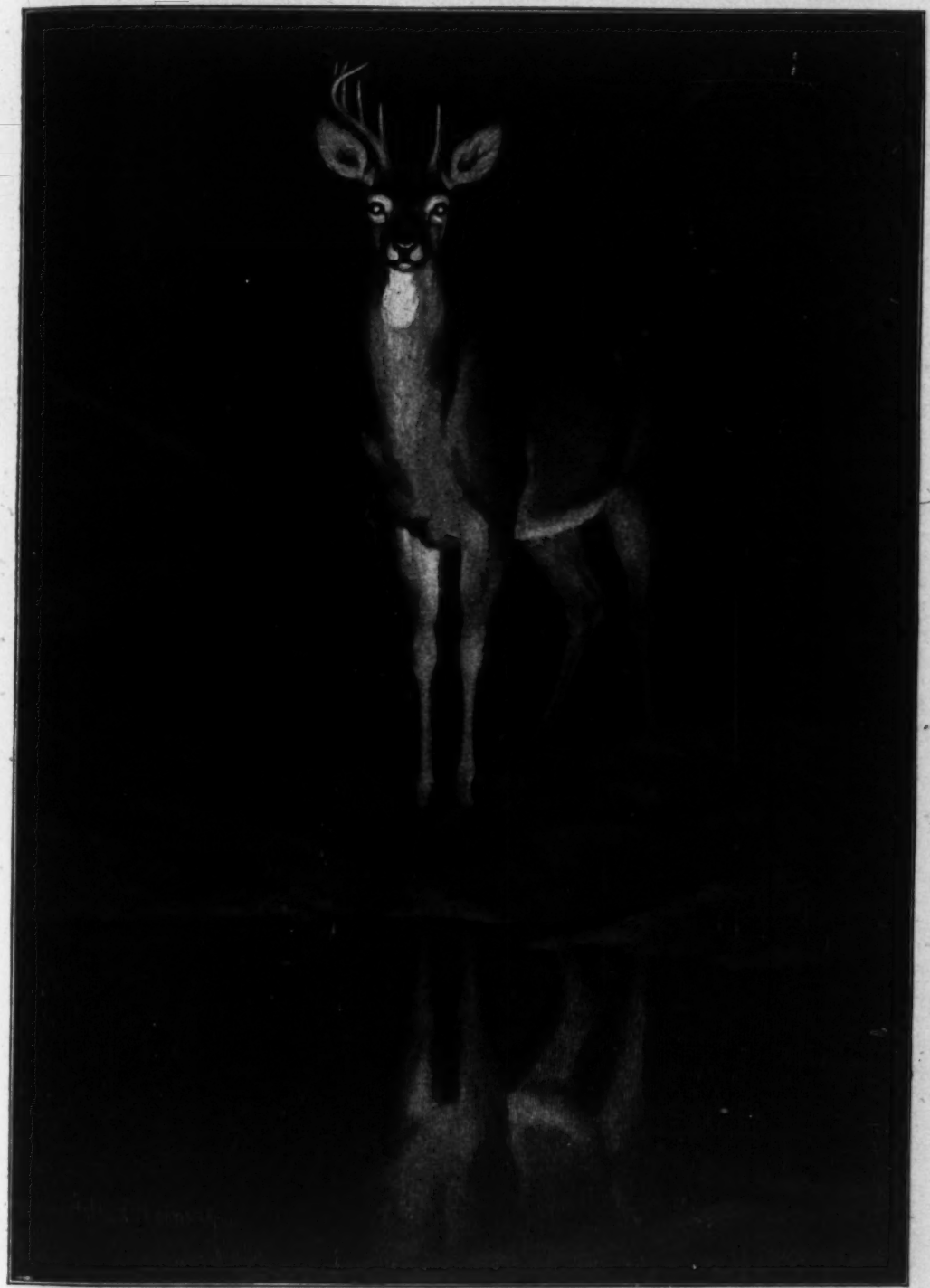
And so he became the champion of the Glimmerglass, and in all the woods there was not a buck that could stand against him. And it was not his brother deer alone that he fought and conquered. With the opening of the hunting season there was the usual invasion of would-be sportsmen, with an occasional pot-hunter, and once in a while a man like Judge Curtiss. Half a dozen farmers from lower Michigan camped at the Glimmerglass, and day after day they beat the woods around the little lake in search of deer. But this time the buck did not leave, or at least he did not go very far. Perhaps he had been made reckless by the many easy victories of the last few weeks, for he had fought with every one who would fight back. At any rate, he was bolder than usual, and all through the season he stayed within a few miles of the Glimmerglass.

The farmers had decidedly poor luck, and after hunting for two or three weeks without even a taste of venison they began to feel desperate. Finally they secured the help of a trapper and a big English fox-hound. Hunting with dogs was against the law, and at home they were very law-abiding citizens; but they felt that this was a great emergency, and—well, what's the use of talking about it? They just *had* to have a deer. The day after the hound's arrival he got on the trail of a three-year-old doe, and for hours he ran her this way and that through the woods, sometimes along the shore of the Glimmerglass, and sometimes miles away in the cedar swamp. His business was not to overtake her, but to keep her moving—to follow ceaselessly, tirelessly, relentlessly, always baying at the top of his voice, until the frightened and exhausted doe made for the lake, where the hunters were waiting for her along the beach. She did her best to shake him off without taking to the water, but it was no use; she could not get rid of him, and she knew at last that the Glimmerglass was her only hope, and that she must turn to it before it was too late. She saw a shimmer of light ahead as she rushed through the trees, and in another minute she leaped from the top of a high bank and lit with a mighty splash, far out in deep water. The hound's work was done, and he stood on the brink and watched her as she swam away.

For a few minutes she thought she was safe, but presently she heard a sound of oars, and turning half-way round she lifted her head and shoulders clear of the water and saw a rowboat and three men bearing down upon her. A look of horror came into her face as she sank back, and her heart almost broke with despair; but she was game, and she struck out with all her might for the farther shore. Her legs tore the water frantically, the straining muscles stood out like ropes on her sides and flanks and shoulders, and the wake she left was like that of a steamer. And yet the rowboat was gaining.

The farmers fired at her again and again, but they were too wildly excited to hit anything, even at a ten-yard range. Finally the trapper rowed up alongside her and threw a noose over her head, and then, while she lay on her side in the water, kicking and struggling in a blind agony of despair, one of the farmers shot her dead. When he went home, he bragged that he was the only one of the party who had killed a deer, but he never told just how the deed was done.

Vengeance came with the morrow, for that day it was the buck's turn to be chased by that horrible fog-horn on four legs. He too did his best to throw the hound off his trail, but without success; and at last, like the doe, he made for the water. He was within a few rods of the lake when his split foot caught on a root and threw him, and the hound was so close behind that he stum-



THE FLASHLIGHT.

"The buck stood and watched, and suddenly there came two bursts of flame."

bled over the fallen deer before he could stop. They sprang to their feet at the same instant, and stood for a second glaring at each other. The dog had not meant to fight, only to drive his prey into the water; but he was plucky, and he made a spring at the deer's throat. The buck drew back his fore foot, with its sharp-pointed hoof, and he met the enemy with a thrust like that of a Roman soldier's short sword. The hound went down like a tenpin, his shoulder broken, and a great gash in his side. And then, with a sudden twist and turn of the head, the buck caught him on the point of that terrible spike antler, ripped his body open, and tossed him in the air.

But that wasn't all. The man who killed the doe was waiting on the beach and heard the scuffle. Now he came creeping quietly through the bushes to see what was going on. The buck was still trampling the body of the dog, and noticed nothing till a rifle bullet grazed his right flank, inflicting just enough of a wound to make him still more furious. He faced around and stood for a moment staring at this new enemy, and then he did something which very few wild deer have ever done. Probably he would not have done it himself if he had not been half crazy with rage and excitement, and much emboldened by his triumph over the hound. He put his head down and his antlers forward, and charged on a man. The farmer was jerking frantically at the lever of his repeating rifle, but a cartridge had stuck in the magazine, and he could not make it work. The hound's fate had shown him what that spike antler could do, and when he saw it bearing down on him at full tilt he dropped his gun and ran for his life to his dugout canoe. He reached it just in time. I almost wish he hadn't.

So far, so good. But it wasn't very far. The hound was dead, but the hunters were still there, and the buck's display of prowess had made them all the more eager to slay him and carry off those curiously mismated antlers. I am afraid they might have succeeded in the end if Fate had not stepped in and done for him what he never could have done for himself—rid the Glimmerglass of all his worst enemies, not for that season alone, but for many years to come.

One night he found, down beside a spring in the cedar swamp, a half-decayed log on which a bag of salt had been emptied. He stayed there half an hour, alternately licking the salt and drinking cold water, and it was as good as an ice-cream soda. The next night he returned for another debauch, but in the meantime two other visitors had been there, and both had seen his tracks and knew that he would come again. As he neared the spring, treading noiselessly on the soft moss of the swamp, he heard two little clicks, and stopped short to see what they meant. Both were quick and sharp, and both had come at exactly the same instant, yet they were not quite alike, for one was made by the opening of a camera shutter, and one by the lock of a rifle. Across the salt-lick the amateur photographer and one of the hunters were facing each other in the darkness, and each saw the gleam of the other's eyes, and took him for a deer. So close together were those two clicks that neither man had heard the sound of the other's weapon.

The buck stood and watched, and suddenly there came two bursts of flame, one of them so big and bright that it lit the woods like sheet lightning. Two triggers had been pressed at the same instant, and each did its work well. The flashlight printed on the sensitive plate a picture of a hunter in the act of firing, and the rifle sent a bullet straight into the photographer's forehead. The buck saw it all—the great white flame of the magnesium powder; the rifle, belching out its fire and smoke; the camera, silent and harmless, but doing its work just as surely; the two men straining their eyes for a sight of their game; the dark ranks of the cedars all around, and the water gleaming in the fierce light. He himself made a noble picture as he faced the glare for perhaps the tenth of a second, with the quiet water at his feet and the blackness of midnight behind. But the two men paid no attention to him—probably never even saw him. There was one horrified shout from the hunter, but nothing from the photographer; and then it was all over and the woods were dark and silent again. The buck was fairly blinded by the sudden flash, but he wheeled and made off as fast as he could go, bumping against trees and tumbling over roots in his dazed haste to get away from this terrifying mystery.

With the hunter's trial for manslaughter we and the buck have nothing to do, and there is no more to tell. The buck and his sweethearts and his rivals lived in peace, except that the rivals still quarreled with one another, as nature meant them to. I have said that he was in his prime when he was about five years old, but it was long before his eye was dimmed or his natural force abated.

LEAVES FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CAPTAIN ALFRED DREYFUS.

INCLUDING PASSAGES OF HIS DEVIL'S ISLAND DIARY.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—Since the conclusion of the trial of Rennes, Captain Dreyfus has been preparing an autobiographical narrative, describing his experiences from the time of his first arrest in 1894, until his pardon in 1899. The manuscript of this book has just been completed, and will be published simultaneously in all countries. In it are included the diary kept during his imprisonment on Devil's Island, and also some of the letters of Captain Dreyfus and his wife. From the manuscript of the book the following article has been arranged. The parts have been selected so as to give a continuity and completeness to the article, so far as it goes. The article, however, covers necessarily only a small part of Captain Dreyfus's experiences. The book, which will be published in America by McClure, Phillips & Co., tells in detail, and in its entirety, the story of those five terrible years of suffering and imprisonment.*]

I WAS born at Mulhouse, in Alsace, October 9, 1859. My childhood passed happily amid the gentle influences of mother and sisters, a kind father devoted to his children, and the companionship of older brothers.

My first sorrow was the Franco-Prussian War. It has never faded from my memory. When peace was concluded my father chose the French nationality and we had to leave Alsace. I went to Paris to continue my studies.

In 1878 I was received at the École Polytechnique, which, in the usual order of things, I left in 1880 to enter, as cadet sub-lieutenant of artillery, the École d'Application of Fontainebleau, where I spent the regulation two years. After graduating on the 1st of October, 1882, I was brevetted lieutenant in the Thirty-first Regiment of Artillery in the garrison at Le Mans. At the end of the year 18[illegible] was transferred to the Horse Batteries [illegible] the First Independent Cavalry Division, at Paris. On the 12th of September, 1889, I received my commission of captain in the Twenty-first Regiment of Artillery, and was detailed to special service at the École Centrale of Military Pyrotechnics at Bourges. It was in the course of the following winter that I became engaged to Mlle. Lucie Hadamard, my devoted and heroic wife.

During my engagement I prepared myself for the École Supérieure de Guerre (School for Staff Officers), where I was received on the 20th of April, 1890; the next day, April 21st, I was married. I left the École in 1892 with the degree "very good," and the brevet of staff officer. My rank number on leaving the École entitled me to be detailed as probationer on the General Staff of the Army. I took service in the Second Bureau of the General Staff (the Intelligence Bureau) on the 1st of January, 1893.

A brilliant and easy career was open to me; the future appeared under the most promising auspices. After my day's work I found rest and delight at home, reading aloud during the long evenings passed at my wife's side. We were perfectly happy, and our first child, a boy, brightened our home; I had no material cares, and the same deep affection united me with the family of my wife as with the members of my own family. Everything in life seemed to smile on me.

The year 1893 passed without incidents. My daughter Jeanne came to shed a new ray of sunshine in our home.

The year 1894 was to be the last of my service in the Second Bureau of the General Staff of the Army. In the last quarter of the year I was named for the regulation term of service in an infantry regiment stationed in Paris.

THE ARREST.

I began my term on the 1st of October. On Saturday, the 13th of October, 1894, I received a service-note directing me to go the following Monday, at nine o'clock in the morning, to the Ministry of War for the

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general inspection. It was expressly stated that I should be in *tenue bourgeoise* (civilian dress). The hour seemed to me very early for the general inspection, which is usually passed late in the day; the mention of civilian dress astonished me as well. Still, after making these remarks while reading the note, I soon forgot them, as the matter appeared unimportant.

As was our custom my wife and I dined on Sunday evening with her parents. We came away gay and light-hearted, as we always did after these family gatherings.

On Monday morning I left my family. My son Pierre, who was then three years and a half old, and was accustomed to accompany me to the door when I went out, came with me that morning as usual. That was one of my keenest remembrances through all my misfortunes. Very often in my nights of sorrow and despair I have lived over the moment when I held my child in my arms for the last time. In this recollection I have always found renewed strength of purpose.

The morning was bright and cool, the rising sun driving away the thin mist; everything foretold a beautiful day. As I was a little ahead of time, I walked back and forth before the Ministry building for a few minutes; then went upstairs. On entering I was received by Commandant Picquart, who seemed to be waiting for me and who took me at once into his room. As officers are always called in groups to the general inspection, I was somewhat surprised at finding none of my comrades. After a few minutes of commonplace conversation, Commandant Picquart conducted me to the private office of the Chief of General Staff. I was greatly amazed to find myself received, not by the Chief of General Staff, but by Commandant du Paty de Clam, who was in uniform. Three persons in civilian dress, who were utterly unknown to me, were also there. These three persons were M. Cochefert, the head of the secret police, his secretary, and the keeper of the records, M. Gribelin.

Commandant du Paty de Clam came straightaway up to me and said, in a choking voice: "The General is coming. While waiting, as I have a letter to write and my finger is sore, will you write it for me?" Strange as was the request, I at once complied. I sat down at a little table while Commandant du Paty placed himself at my side and very near me, following my hand with his eye. After first requiring me to fill up an inspection form, he dictated to me a letter of which certain passages recalled the accusing letter that I knew afterwards, and which was called the *bordereau*. In the course of his dictation the Commandant interrupted me sharply, saying, "You tremble." (I was not trembling. At the Court-Martial of 1894 he explained his brusque interruption by saying that he had perceived I was not trembling under the dictation, and believing therefore that he had to do with one who was simulating, he had tried in this way to shake my assurance.) This vehement remark surprised me greatly, as did the hostile attitude of Commandant du Paty. But as all suspicion was far from my mind, I thought only that he was displeased at my writing badly. My fingers were cold, for the temperature outside was chilly, and I had been only a few minutes in the warm room. So I answered, "My fingers are cold."

As I continued writing without any sign of perturbation, Commandant du Paty tried a new interruption, and said violently, "Pay attention; it is a grave matter." Whatever may have been my surprise at a procedure as rude as it was uncommon, I said nothing, and simply applied myself to writing more carefully. Thereupon Commandant du Paty, as he explained to the Court-Martial of 1894, concluded that, my self-possession being unshakable, it was useless to push the experiment further. The scene of the dictation had been prepared in every detail, but it had not answered the expectations of those who had arranged it.

As soon as the dictation was over, Commandant du Paty arose, and placing his hand on my shoulder, cried out in a loud voice: "In the name of the law I arrest you; you are accused of the crime of high treason." A thunderbolt falling at my feet would not have produced in me a more violent emotion. I blurted out disconnected sentences, protesting against so infamous an accusation which nothing in my life could have given rise to.

Next M. Cochefert and his secretary threw themselves on me and searched me. I did not offer the slightest resistance, but cried to them: "Take my keys, open everything in my house; I am innocent." Then I added: "Show me at least the proofs of the infamy you pretend I have committed." They answered that the accusations were overwhelming, but refused to state what they were or who had made them.

I was then taken to the military prison on the Rue du Cherche-Midi by Commandant Henry, accompanied by one of the detectives. On the way Commandant Henry, who knew perfectly well what had passed, for he

was hidden behind a curtain during the whole scene, asked me of what I was accused. My reply was made the substance of a report by Commandant Henry—a report whose falsity was evident from the very questioning to which I had been subjected, and which I was again to undergo before many days.

On my arrival in the prison I was incarcerated in a cell whose solitary grated window looked on the convicts' yard, placed in the strictest close confinement, and all communication with my people was forbidden me. I had at my disposal neither paper, pen and ink, nor pencil. During the first days I was subjected to the *régime* of the convicts, but this illegal measure was afterwards done away with.

The men who brought me my food were always accompanied by the sergeant on guard and the chief guard, who had the only key of my cell constantly in his possession. To speak to me was absolutely forbidden to any one but the Director of the Prison.

When I found myself in that gloomy cell, still under the terrific influence of the scene I had just gone through, and of the monstrous accusation brought against me, when I thought of all those whom I had left at home but a few hours before in the fullness of happiness, I fell into a state of fearful excitement. Commandant Forzinetti, the Director of the Military Prisons, came to see me, and calmed me for a little while. I am happy to be able to give here expression to my deep gratitude to Commandant Forzinetti, who found means to unite with his strict duty as a soldier the highest sentiments of humanity.

During the seventeen days which followed I was subjected to frequent cross-examination by Commandant du Paty, who acted as officer of judicial police. He always came in very late in the evening, accompanied by Gribelin, acting as his clerk. He dictated to me bits of sentences taken from the incriminating letter, or passed rapidly under my eyes, in the light, words or fragments of words taken from the same letter, asking me whether or not I recognized my handwriting. Apart from all that has been recorded of these examinations, he made all sorts of veiled mysterious allusions to facts unknown to me, and would finally go away theatrically, leaving my brain bewildered by the tangle of insoluble riddles. During all this time I was ignorant of the basis of the accusation, and in spite of my most urgent demands I could obtain no light on the monstrous charge brought against me.

That my brain did not give way during these endless days and nights, was not the fault of Commandant du Paty. I had neither paper nor ink with which to fix my ideas; I was every moment turning over in my head fragments of sentences which I had drawn from him, and which only led me farther astray.

It was only on the fifteenth day after my arrest that Commandant du Paty showed me a photograph of the accusing letter, since called the *bordereau*.

When my examination by Commandant du Paty had been closed, the order was given by General Mercier, Minister of War, to open a "regular instruction" (a general investigation of my past life, chiefly conducted by the secret military police). My conduct, however, was beyond reproach: there was nothing in my life, actions, or relations on which to base any ignoble suspicion.

On the 3d of November General Saussier, Military Governor of Paris, signed the order for an official preliminary investigation of the case for the court.

After seven weeks of the investigation, during which I remained, as before, in the strictest solitary confinement, the Judge Advocate, Commandant Brisset, moved, on the 3d of December, 1894, for an indictment, "the presumptions being sufficiently established." These presumptions were based on the contradictory reports of the handwriting experts, two of whom, M. Gobert, expert of the Bank of France, and M. Pelletier, pronounced in my favor. The other two, MM. Teyssonnières and Charavay, decided against me, while admitting the numerous points of dissimilarity between the handwriting of the *bordereau* and my own. M. Bertillon, who was not an expert, pronounced against me on the ground of pretended scientific reasons. Every one knows that, at the trial at Rennes in 1899, M. Charavay, publicly and with solemnity, acknowledged his error.

On the 4th of December, 1894, General Saussier, Military Governor of Paris, signed the order for the trial.

I was then put in communication with Maître Demange, whose admirable devotedness remained unchanged to the end.

THE FIRST COURT-MARTIAL.

On the 19th of December, 1894, began the trial which took place behind closed doors, in spite of the strong protests of my lawyer; I ardently desired that the sittings

should be public, in order that my innocence might shine forth in the full light of day.

When I was brought into the court-room, accompanied by a lieutenant of the Republican Guard, I saw hardly anything, and understood nothing. Unmindful of all that was passing around me, my mind was completely taken up with the frightful nightmare which had been weighing on me for so many long weeks, with that monstrous accusation of treason, the inane emptiness of which I was to prove.

My only conscious impression was that on the platform at the end of the room were the members of the Court-Martial—officers like myself—comrades before whom I was at last to be able to make plain my innocence. Behind them, against the wall, stood the substitute-judges and Commandant Picquart, who represented the Minister of War. M. Lépine, Prefect of Police, was there also. And facing the judges, on the opposite side of the room from me, sat Commandant Brisset, Judge Advocate, and the clerk, Valecalle. After taking a seat in front of my defender, Maître Demange, I looked at my judges. They were impassive.

Maître Demange's fight to obtain from the Court a public hearing, the violent interruptions of the President of the Court-Martial, the clearing of the court-room—all these first incidents of the trial never turned my mind from the sole aim to which it was directed. I wanted to be brought face to face with my accusers. I was on fire with impatience to defend my honor and to destroy the wretched arguments of an infamous accusation.

I heard the false and hateful testimony of Commandant du Paty de Clam and the lies of Commandant Henry in regard to the conversation we had had on the way from the Ministry of War to the Military Prison in the Rue du Cherche-Midi on the day of my arrest. I energetically, though calmly, refuted their accusations. But when the latter returned a second time to the witness-stand, when he said that he knew from a most honorable personage that an officer of the Second Bureau * was a traitor, I rose up with indignation and passionately demanded that the person whose language he was quoting should be made to appear in court. Thereupon, striking his breast with a theatrical gesture, Henry added: "When an officer has such a secret in his head he does not confide it even to his cap." Then, turning to me, "As to the traitor," he said, "there he is!" In spite of my vehement protests, I could not obtain any explanation of his words, and consequently I was powerless to show their utter falsity.

I heard the contradictory reports of the handwriting experts; two testifying in my favor and the other two against me, at the same time bearing witness to the numerous points of difference between the handwriting of the *bordereau* and my own. I attached no importance to the testimony of Bertillon, for his so-called scientific, mathematical demonstrations seemed to me the work of a crazy man.

All charges were refuted during these sessions. No motive could be found to explain so abominable a crime.

In the fourth and last session, the Government Commissary abandoned all minor charges, retaining for the accusation only the *bordereau;* he took this document and waved it, shouting: "Nothing remains but the *bordereau*, but that is enough. Let the judges take up their magnifying glasses."

Maître Demange, in his eloquent speech for the defense, refuted the reports of the experts, showed all their contradictions, and ended by asking how it was possible that such an accusation could have been built up without any motive having been produced.

To me acquittal seemed certain.

I was found guilty.

I learned, four and a half years later, that the good faith of the judges had been abused as much by the testimony of Henry (who afterwards became a forger), as by the communication in the court-room of secret documents unknown to the accused and his defender—documents some of which did not apply to him, while the rest were forgeries.

The secret communication of these documents to the members of the Court-Martial in the Council Chamber was ordered by General Mercier.

My despair knew no bounds; the night which followed my condemnation was one of the bitterest of my embittered existence. I revolved in my mind the most extravagant plans. I was stunned by the iniquity, revolted at the atrocity of the case. The remembrance of my wife and children alone prevented my killing myself.

Soon after, on December 23d, my wife wrote me:

"What wretchedness, what torture, what ignominy! We are all terrified, crushed. I know how courageous you are, you unhappy martyr! I beseech you, continue

* This was the Intelligence Bureau to which Dreyfus had been detailed on special service when probationer on the General Staff.—Editorial Note.

to endure valiantly these new tortures. Our fortunes, our lives, all shall be devoted to seeking out the guilty ones. We will find them; it must be done. You shall be rehabilitated.

"We have passed together nearly five years of perfect happiness—let us live in the remembrance of them. We shall make of your son a man like yourself: I could not choose a better example for him. I hope I shall be permitted to see you. In any event, be certain of one thing—I shall follow, no matter how far away they may send you.

"Once again, be brave; you must live for our children and for me. . . ."

It was without hope that I had signed my appeal for a new trial before the Military Court of Appeal. Revision could be demanded of this tribunal only on the ground of flaws in the legal formalities of the Court-Martial that had condemned me. I was not then aware that the conviction had been illegally procured; I learned of it only in 1899.

The days passed in anguish and suspense; I was tossed to and fro between my duty and the horror with which a punishment as disgraceful as it was undeserved, inspired me. My wife, who had been unable, as yet, to obtain permission to see me, wrote long letters encouraging me to support the coming frightful ordeal of the military degradation. Her letter of December 25th is a type of the many which she wrote me at this period.

"I weep, and weep, and cannot cease weeping. Your letters alone bear comfort to me in the extremity of my grief, alone they uphold and console me. Live for me, I beseech you, dear heart; summon all your strength and determination; together we will maintain the struggle till the guilty one is found.

"What will become of me without you? Nothing else binds me to the world. I should die of grief if I had not the hope of finding myself near you once again and passing long happy years of the future at your side. . . .

"Our children are delightful. Your poor little Pierre asks after you so much, and I can answer him only by my tears. Again this morning he asked if you would come back to-night. 'I am so tired of waiting for my papa,' he said. Jeanne is changing wonderfully. She talks so much better, makes sentences, and is growing prettier. Courage! you shall have us all back some day."

On the 31st of December, 1894, I learned that my appeal for a new trial had been refused.

That very evening Commandant du Paty de Clam presented himself at the prison. He came to question me once more and to ask if I had not committed *un acte d'amorçage* (some imprudent deed, some action for drawing others on). My only answer was to protest with the same energy as ever that I was innocent.

As soon as he had gone, I wrote the following letter to the Minister of War:

"MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE:

"I have received the call you have ordered Commandant du Paty de Clam to make on me, and have again told him that I was innocent, and that I had never committed the slightest imprudence of any sort. I am condemned. I have no favors of any kind to ask. But, in the name of my honor, which I hope will be given back to me some day, it is my duty to ask you to continue your researches. After my departure, let the search go on always: that is the only favor I solicit."

At last my wife was allowed to see me. The interview took place in the prison parlor. It was a somber room, divided in the middle by two parallel latticed gratings. On the farther side of one of these gratings stood my wife, while I was forced to remain behind the second grating.

It was under such painful conditions that, after the many sorrowful weeks, we looked into each other's eyes. I was unable to embrace her, to hold her in my arms; we had to talk at a distance. . . . Yet how great was my joy at seeing again her beloved face! I tried to read it and to decipher the traces left there by suffering and grief. . . .

THE DEGRADATION.

THE degradation took place on Saturday, the 5th of January. I underwent the horrible torture without weakness.

Before the ceremony, I waited for an hour in the hall of the garrison adjutant at the École Militaire, guarded by Captain Lebrun-Renault. During these long minutes I gathered up all the forces of my being. The memory of the dreadful months which I had just passed came back to me; and, in broken sentences, I recalled to the captain the last visit which Commandant du Paty de Clam had made me in my prison. I protested against the vile accusation which had been brought against me; I recalled that I had written again to the Minister to tell him of my innocence. It was by a travesty of these words that Lebrun-Renault, with singular lack of conscience, created, or allowed to be created, that legend of confession, of which I learned the existence only in January, 1899.

After this, I was marched to the center of the square under a guard of four men and a corporal.

Nine o'clock struck; General Darras, commanding the execution parade, gave the order to carry arms.

I suffered agonizingly, but straightened myself up with all my strength, and to sustain me I called up the memory of my wife and children.

As soon as the sentence had been read

out, I cried aloud, addressing myself to the troops :

"Soldiers, they are degrading an innocent man ; soldiers, they are dishonoring an innocent man !

"Vive la France! Vive l'armée!"

A sergeant of the Republican Guard came up to me. He tore off rapidly buttons, trousers' stripes, the signs of my rank from cap and sleeves, and then broke my sword across his knee. I saw all these shreds, material emblems of my honor, fall at my feet. Then, my whole being racked by a fearful paroxysm, but with body erect and my head high, I shouted again and again to the soldiers and to the assembled crowd the cry of my soul, "I am innocent !"

The parade continued. I was compelled to make the whole round of the square. I heard the howls of a deluded mob; I felt the thrill which I knew must be running through the people, since they believed that before them was a convicted traitor to France; and I struggled to transmit to their hearts another thrill: belief in my innocence.

The round of the square made, the torture was over—at least I believed so. But the agony of that long day was only beginning.

They tied my hands, and a prison van took me to the Central Prison of Paris, passing over the Alma Bridge. On coming to the end of the bridge, I saw through the tiny grating of my compartment in the van the windows of the home where such happy years of my life had passed. I was leaving all my happiness behind me. . . .

At the Central Prison, I was dragged from hall to hall in my torn and stripped uniform, searched, photographed, and measured. Toward noon, I was taken again to the Santé Prison and shut up in a convict's cell. . . .

ON THE WAY TO DEVIL'S ISLAND.

I LEFT the Santé Prison on the 17th of January, 1895. As usual, in the evening, I had put my cell in order and lowered my couch, and I lay down at the regular hour, nothing having transpired to give me the slightest suspicion of my impending removal. I had even been told during the day that my wife had received permission to see me two days later, as she had not been able to come for nearly a week.

Between ten and eleven o'clock at night I was suddenly awakened and told to prepare at once for my departure. I had barely time to dress myself hastily. The delegate of the Ministry of the Interior, who, with three guards, had charge of the transfer, showed revolting brutality. They hurriedly handcuffed me when I was scarcely dressed, and gave me no time even to pick up my eye-glasses. The night was intensely cold. I was taken to the Orleans railway station in a prison van, and thence brought, in a roundabout way, to the freight entrance, where were waiting the cars built specially for the transportation of convicts on their way to the penal colonies of Guiana or New Caledonia. The cars are divided into narrow cells, each barely accommodating a man in sitting posture, so that when the door is closed it is impossible for the occupant to stretch his legs. I was locked up in one of these cells, my wrists handcuffed, and with irons on my ankles. The night was horribly long, all my limbs were benumbed. The next morning I was trembling with fever, and was able to obtain, only after repeated demands, a little black coffee, with some bread and cheese.

Towards noon, the train arrived at La Rochelle. Our departure from Paris had not been disclosed, and if, on arriving, the authorities had embarked me at once for the Ile de Ré, I should have passed unrecognized.

As there were at the station a few loungers who were in the habit of witnessing the arrival of the convicts on their way to the Ile de Ré, my guards thought it best to wait until the onlookers had gone. But every few minutes the chief guard was called away from the cars by the delegate of the Ministry of the Interior, and returning, would give mysterious orders to the other guards, who would also go out, each in his turn, and come back bustlingly, now closing one grating and now another, and keeping up a constant whispering in one another's ears. It was clear that this singular maneuvering would end by attracting the attention of the curious, who would suspect the presence of an important prisoner in the car, and wait to see him taken out. Then all at once guards and delegate lost their heads. It seemed that some one had been indiscreet—that my name was pronounced. The news spread abroad, and the crowd rapidly increased. I had to remain all the afternoon cramped up in the cell, hearing the crowd outside, which was becoming more turbulent as time went on. At nightfall, when taken at last from the car, loud clamor burst out on all sides. The throng made sudden and angry rushes, and blows fell on and around me. I stood impassive in the midst of this mob, for a moment almost undefended, ready to deliver up my body to it. I mo-

tioned away the guards who came to my assistance: but they answered that they were responsible for me. How heavy, then, is the responsibility weighing on those others who, in torturing an individual, are also abusing the confidence of an entire nation!

At last I got to the carriage which was to take me away, and, after an exciting race, we came to the port of La Palice, where I was put aboard a long-boat. The intense cold had continued. My body was benumbed, my head on fire, and my hands and ankles bruised by the handcuffs. The trip lasted an hour.

On my arrival at the Ile de Ré, in the black of night, I was led through the snow to the prison, where I was brutally received by the warder. At the Bureau of Registry they stripped and searched me. Finally, towards nine o'clock, crushed in body and soul, I was led to a cell. An adjoining guard-room opened upon it by a large grated transom above my bed. Night and day two watchmen, relieved every two hours, were on guard at this opening, with orders to watch my slightest movement.

The Director of the Prison warned me that any interviews with my wife would take place at the Bureau of Registry, in his presence; that he would station himself between my wife and me, and that I should not have the right to embrace or even to approach her.

Each day during my stay at the Ile de Ré, I was allowed a walk in the yard adjoining my cell. This yard was completely separated by a high wall from the buildings and court-yards occupied by convicts, and along this wall stood a squad of guards following with their eyes my every movement, as if I were a wild beast whose pacing to and fro in his cage must be guarded. But not enough! On returning to my cell each time I must be stripped and searched!

My wife had been authorized to see me twice a week, on two consecutive days, for one hour at a time. I saw her the first time on the 13th of January, without having been notified of her arrival. I was brought into the Registry office, a small, narrow room, whitewashed and almost bare. My wife was seated at one end and the Director of the Prison in the middle of the room; I had to stay by the door at the opposite end of the room from my wife. Outside of the glass door guards were stationed.

The Director told us that we were forbidden to speak of anything concerning my trial.

Cruelly wounded as we were by the ignominious conditions under which we were allowed to see each other, and distressed at feeling the minutes slip by at lightning speed, we still experienced great inward joy at being again together. But our situation was too miserable to be expressed in words. That which was our strong comfort was to feel keenly that our two souls were one; that henceforth the intelligence and will of both would be directed to but a single aim—the discovery of the truth.

My wife came back to see me the following day, the 14th of February, and then returned to Paris.

On the 20th of February she was back at the Ile de Ré. I saw her that same day. In our last interview, February 21st, she asked that they tie her hands behind her back and let her approach and kiss me: the Director gave a rough refusal.

After that interview I was suddenly told, without either of us having been previously informed, that I must get ready for my departure. The preparations consisted in making a bundle of my clothes.

Before the departure, I was again stripped and searched, and then led between six guards to the dock. There I was embarked on a steam launch, which brought me in the evening to the roadstead of Rochefort. From the launch I was taken on board the transport "Saint-Nazaire." Not a word had been spoken; not a hint had been given as to the place whither I was to be transported. When I reached the "Saint-Nazaire" they placed me in one of a number of convicts' cells on the forward deck which were closed by a simple grating. The part of the deck in front of these cells was uncovered. The night was dark and the cold fearful, nearly fourteen degrees Centigrade below zero (about seven degrees Fahrenheit). Only a hammock was thrown to me, and I was left without food.

The remembrance of my wife, whom I had left a few hours before in complete ignorance of my departure, whom I had not even been able to embrace; the remembrance of my children and of all those dear friends whom I left behind me in sorrow and despair; my uncertainty as to the place whither they were taking me; the situation in which I found myself—all threw me into a state which cannot be described. I could only fling myself upon the ground in a corner of my cell and weep and shiver through the whole night.

The next day the "Saint-Nazaire" weighed anchor.

[After a voyage of fifteen days Captain Dreyfus remained for four days longer in

the roadstead of the Isles du Salut shut up in his cell. For nearly a month he was kept in close confinement in the prison of the Ile Royale. On the 13th of April he was taken to Devil's Island, a barren rock used previously for the isolation of lepers.—Editorial Note.]

DEVIL'S ISLAND.

The stone hut destined for my use measured about thirteen yards square. The windows were grated. The door was of latticework, with simple iron bars. This door led to a little hallway six feet square, entrance to which was closed by a solid wooden door. In this anteroom a guard was always on duty. He was relieved every two hours, and his orders were not to lose sight of me, day or night. Five men were detailed to that service.

By night the outer door was closed inside and out, so that every two hours at guard relief there was an infernal clatter of keys and bolts.

By day I had the right to go about in a treeless space of less than half an acre. The moment I left my hut I was accompanied by the guard, who was not to lose sight of a single one of my movements. The guard was armed with a revolver; later on there was added to this a rifle and a cartridge belt. I was expressly forbidden to speak to any one but the chief guard.

[The following pages are from the diary which Captain Dreyfus kept from the month of April, 1895, until the autumn of 1896. It was intended for Madame Dreyfus. This diary was seized, with all papers, in 1896, and was never turned over to his wife. He was able to obtain possession of it only at the time of the Rennes trial, in 1899.—Editorial Note.]

. . . . .

MY DIARY.

(To be handed to my wife.)

Sunday, 14 *April*, 1895.

To-day I begin the diary of my sad and tragical life. Indeed, only from to-day have I had paper at my disposal. Each sheet is numbered and signed, so that I cannot use it without its being known. I must account for every bit of it! But what could I do with it? Of what use could it be to me? To whom would I give it? What secret have I to confide to paper? Questions and enigmas!

Until now I have worshiped reason; I have believed there was logic in things and events; I have believed in human justice! Anything that was irrational and extravagant found difficult entrance into my brain. Oh, what a breaking down of all my beliefs!

. . . . .

I am still in the strictest solitary confinement. All my correspondence is read and checked off at the Ministry, and often not forwarded. They even forbid my writing to my wife of the investigations which I wish to counsel her to have made. It is impossible for me to defend myself.

I thought that, once in exile, I might find, if not rest—this I cannot have till my honor is given back—at least some tranquillity of mind and life which might help me to wait for the day of rehabilitation. What a new and bitter disappointment!

Since I landed a month ago I have remained locked in my pen, with closed blinds. Several times I all but went crazy; I had congestion of the brain. . . .

And then I have never any news of my wife and children. Yet I know that since the 29th of March, nearly three weeks ago, there have been letters for me at Cayenne. I have had them telegraph to Cayenne and to France to have news of my dear ones. There is no answer. . . .

Sunday night, 14 *to* 15 *April*, 1895.

It is impossible for me to sleep. This cage, before which the guard walks up and down like a phantom haunting my dream, the plague of insects which run over my skin, the rage which is smothered in my heart that I should be here when I have always and everywhere done my duty—all this overexcites my nerves, which are already shattered, and drives away sleep. When shall I again pass a calm and tranquil night? . . . How sweet it will be to have no further concern with human vileness and cowardice.

Where are the beautiful dreams of youth and the aspirations of my manhood? My heart is dead within me; my brain reels with the turmoil of my thoughts. What is the mystery underlying this tragedy? Even now I understand nothing of what has passed. To be condemned without palpable proof, on the strength of a bit of handwriting—however clean the soul and conscience of a man may be—is there not more than enough here to enfrenzy him?

. . . . .

At 10 o'clock they bring me my day's food: a bit of canned pork which is not eatable, some rice in filthy condition, and some coffee

berries. And I have nothing with which to roast the coffee, which, in bitter derision, is given to me raw!

And then I find that they intercept all my correspondence. I understand that they must take every possible and imaginable precaution to prevent my escape; it is the right, even the strict duty of the prison administration. But that they should bury me alive in a sepulcher, that they should prevent all communication, even by open letter, with my family—this is against all justice. You might think we were thrown back centuries.

Saturday, 20 *April,* 1895, 11 *o'clock in the morning.*

I have finished my cooking for the day. This morning I cut my meat in two; one piece is to boil, the other is for a steak. To cook the latter I have manufactured a grill with an old piece of sheet-iron which I picked up in the island. For drink I have water. My food is prepared in old tin cans. I have nothing with which to clean these properly and have no plates.

My days are interminable, every minute of every hour a long-drawn-out weariness. I am incapable of any considerable physical exertion; moreover, from ten in the morning until three in the evening the heat makes it impossible for me to go out. I cannot work at my English all day long, my brain will not stand it; and I have nothing to read. . . .

I am utterly worn out. Shall I be able to sleep? I have such a mingling of physical weakness and extreme nervousness that, the moment I am in bed, the nerves get the upper hand. . . .

Night from Thursday to Friday.

These sleepless nights are fearful. I manage to get through the days because I am occupied with the thousand and one details of material life: I must clean my hut, do my cooking, find and cut wood, wash my linen, etc. But as soon as I lie down, no matter how exhausted I may be, my nerves get the upper hand and my brain begins working. And I think of home. . . .

Wednesday, 1 *May,* 1895.

Oh, the horrible nights! Yet I rose yesterday as usual at half-past five, toiled all day long, took no siesta, and towards evening sawed wood for nearly an hour, until I trembled with fatigue. Yet I could not sleep until long past midnight. If only I could read or work through the evening! The lantern of the guard-post, which is insufficient for my waking pursuits, is still too strong for me when I am in bed.

Thursday, 2 *May,* 11 *o'clock.*

The mail from Cayenne arrived yesterday evening. Does it bring me letters at last, with news of my dear ones? I have been asking myself this question every minute since morning. But I have had so many disappointments during these long months, and have heard things so contrary to all ideas of common humanity, that I doubt everything and every one except my own family. . . . I also ask myself if my own letters reach my wife. . . . So deep is my solitude that often I seem to be lying alive in my tomb.

The same day—5 o'clock evening.

The boat coming from the Ile Royale is in sight. My heart beats as though it would burst. Does the boat bring my wife's letters, which have been at Cayenne more than a month? Shall I read her dear thoughts and be comforted by the words of her affection?

My joy was boundless on finding there were letters for me at last, but this was soon followed by a cruel disappointment when I saw they were letters addressed to the Ile de Ré and dated previous to my departure from France. Are they, then, suppressing the letters addressed to me here? Or do they, perhaps, send them back to France, so that they may be read there first? Could they not at least notify my family that they have to send their letters through the Ministry to me? . . .

I have sobbed long over these letters dated more than two months and a half ago. . . .

Thursday, 9 *May,* 1895.

This morning, after making my coffee, I had a fit of weakness, followed by a copious perspiration. I had to lie down on my bed. Why do I so often note the little facts of my daily life? They are but a passing shadow before the ever-present anxiety, that which concerns my good name. Oh! I must struggle to support my body; it must not yield until my honor is restored. Then only shall I have the right to give way to weakness. . . . A frightful day. Spells of weeping, nervous tremblings, fever—nothing was wanting. But the soul must master the body.

Wednesday, 10 *May,* 1895.

High fever last night. The medicine chest my wife gave me has not yet been delivered.

Saturday, 11, *Sunday*, 12, *Monday*, 13 *May*.

Bad days. Fever, stomach trouble, disgust for everything. And what is going on in France all this time? At what point are the investigations?

Thursday, 16 *May*, 1895.

Continual fever. A stronger attack yesterday evening, followed by congestion of the brain. I have asked for the doctor, because I am not willing to give up like this.

Sunday, 19 *May*, 1895.

A gloomy day. A tropical rain pouring without cessation. . . . I have placed on my table, to have them always before my eyes, the pictures of my wife and my children. I must gather from them all my strength and all my will.

Monday, 27 *May*, 1895.

Oh, my dear children! I am like the animal that interposes its own body between the hunter and its little ones.

NO LETTERS.

Saturday, 1 *June*, 1895.

The mail boat from Cayenne has just passed before my eyes. Shall I at last have recent news of my wife and children? Since I left France, that is, since the 20th of February, I have had no tidings of my dear ones. . . .

Sunday, 2 *June* 1895.

Nothing. Nothing. Neither letters nor instructions concerning them; always the silence of the grave. But I shall hold out. . . .

Monday, 3 *June*, 1895.

I have just seen the mail steamer pass by, sailing for France. My heart trembled and beat almost to breaking. The mail will bring you, dearest Lucie, my last letters in which I cry to you: courage and courage again! All France must learn that I am a victim and not a miscreant.

A traitor! A traitor! The lowest of the low! Oh, no: I must live; I must master my sufferings, that I may see the day of the full and acknowledged triumph of my innocence.

Wednesday, 5 *June*, 1895.

No news from my dear ones for three months and a half.

Sunday, 9 *June*, 1895.

Still no letters from my dear ones.

Wednesday, 12 *June*, 1895.

At last I have received letters from my wife and family. How I can feel, between every line, the grief and frightful sorrow of all those dear ones. The letters arrived here at the end of March, and must certainly have been sent back to France. So it takes more than three months for letters to reach me.

When he brought my mail, the Commandant of the Islands said to me:

"They ask at Paris whether you or your family have not agreed on a secret correspondence code."

"Look for it," I said. "What else do they think?"

"Oh!" he replied, "they do not appear to believe in your innocence."

"Ah! I hope to live long enough to answer all the infamous calumnies which have sprung from the imagination of people blinded by hate, passion, and prejudice!"

The convict workmen have come on the island to build up a tower as a measure of precaution against a possible attempt to escape! So they shut me up in my hut for fear that I shall communicate with them.

Sunday, 7 *July*, 1895.

The convicts have finished their labor at last!

Wednesday, 10 *July*, 1895.

Every kind of vexation is being resumed worse than ever. I can no longer walk around my hut; I cannot sit down behind it, in front of the sea—the only place where it is a little cool and where there is shade. Finally I am put on the convict diet—that is, no more coffee and no more sugar; a bit of bread of bad quality every day, and twice a week 250 grammes (half a pound) of meat.

All this is trivial. It is the nerves and brain and heart that really suffer.

Sunday, 14 *July*, 1895.*

I have looked at the tricolor flag floating everywhere—the flag I have served with honor and loyalty. My pen falls from my fingers; there are feelings that cannot be expressed in words.

Tuesday, 16 *July*, 1895.

The heat is unbearable. . . . I pass the greater part of my days indoors. Nothing to do, nothing new to read. The silence of death ever around me!

* The fête day of the Republic, the French National Holiday.—Editorial Note.

Saturday, 20 *July*, 1895.

Torrents of rain in the afternoon, followed by a hot stifling mist. Fever for me.

Sunday, 21 *July*, 1895.

Fever all last night; constant inclination to vomit. The guards seem to be as much depressed as I am by the climate.

Tuesday, 23 *July*, 1895.

Again a bad night. Rheumatic, or rather, neuritic pains constantly changing place, sometimes between my ribs and sometimes locating themselves across the shoulders. I want to live. I must see the end.

Wednesday, 24 *July*, 1895.

Spleen takes hold of me also. I never see a pleasant face. I can never open my mouth; night and day I must submerge heart and brain in an eternal silence.

Sunday, 4 *August*, 1895.

I had them ask in Cayenne for a box of carpenter's tools that I might occupy myself a little with manual labor. This has been refused me. Why? Another riddle which I shall not try to solve. For nine months I find myself face to face with so many enigmas upsetting my reason that I must stop thinking and try to live unconsciously.

Monday, 2 *September*, 1895.

For a long time I have added nothing to my diary.

What is the use of it? I struggle to live. . . .

Saturday, 7 *September*, 1895.

My letters have this moment come. The guilty one has not yet been discovered.

27 *September*, 1895.

What a life for a man who placed no one's integrity above his own! Such torment passes the bounds of human strength. It renews each day the poignancy of the agony. It crushes an innocent man while still alive down into the tomb.

It must end! Ah! I leave their consciences to judge those men who have condemned me on the sole evidence of a suspected handwriting without any tangible proofs, without witnesses, without a motive to make so infamous an act conceivable.

29 *September*, 1895.

Violent palpitations of the heart this morning. I was suffocating. The machine struggles; how long has it still to run?

26 *October*, 1895.

I no longer know how I live. My brain is crushed. Ah, to say that I do not suffer beyond all expression, that often I do not aspire to eternal rest, that this struggle between my deep disgust for men and things and my duty is not terrible, would be a lie.

But each time that I fail, in my long nights or in my solitary days; each time that my reason, wavering from so many shocks, asks at last how, after a life of toil and honor, it is possible I should be here; then, when I would close my eyes to hear and think and suffer no more, with a violent effort of my whole being I regain the mastery of myself, crying aloud: "You are not alone; you are a father; you must stand up for the good name of your wife and of your children." And I begin again with new strength, to fall, alas! a little farther on, and then begin again. . . .

This is my daily life.

30 *October*, 1895.

Terrific heat—over forty-five degrees Centigrade (113 Fahrenheit).

Nothing is so depressing, nothing so wears on heart and mind, as these long, agonizing silences; never hearing human speech, seeing no friendly faces, nor even one that shows a little sympathy.

30 *November*, 1895.

I will not speak of the daily pin-pricks, for I despise them. It is enough for me to ask from the chief guard no matter what insignificant thing of common necessity, to have my request abruptly and instantly refused. Accordingly, I never renew a request, preferring to go without everything rather than humiliate myself.

3 *December*, 1895.

I have not yet received the mail of the month of October.

A gloomy day, with ceaseless rain. The air full of tangible darkness. The sky black as ink. A real day of death and burial.

How often there comes to my mind that exclamation of Schopenhauer at the thought of human iniquity:

"If God created the world, I would not care to be God."

The mail from Cayenne has come, it seems, but has not brought my letters! . . .

9 *December*, 1895.

Never any letters! The mail boat coming

from France passed here before my eyes on the 29th of November, and the letters must have been at Cayenne ever since.

The same day, 6 o'clock evening.

The second mail from Cayenne* arrived to-day at one o'clock. Does it bring me this time my letters, and what is the news?

11 *December, 10 o'clock, evening.*

No letters!

12 *December, 1895, morning.*

My mail did not arrive. Where has it stopped? I have requested them to telegraph to Cayenne and find out.

My letters remained in France!

28 *December, 1895.*

In the too frequent moments when my heart fails, three names which I murmur low resurrect my energy and ever give me new strength—Lucie, Pierre, Jeanne.

Here is an extract from a letter received from my wife on January 1st:

Paris, 10 November, 1895.

"I read and re-read the only letter from you that has reached me by this mail. . . .

"Why do they not give me the letters, which are my only consolation? Why do they render yet more painful the situation of two beings already so miserable? . . ."

12 *January, 1896.*

Reply of the President of the Republic to the petition I addressed to him the 5th of October, 1895:

"Refused. No explanation."

Extract from a letter from my wife received in February:

"I cannot refrain, before the mail leaves, from coming in words to you again. It is always the same thing I say over and over again, but what does it matter? I speak to you. I come near to you for a moment. . . .

"I have scarcely written of the children, and yet it is they who bind us to life. It is for these poor little ones we endure this intolerable situation, and, thank God, they have no knowledge of it. For them all is joy—they sing and laugh and chatter, and give life to the house. . . ."

28 *February, 1896.*

Nothing new to read. Days, nights, are all alike. I never open my mouth. I no longer ask for anything. My speech was limited to asking if my mail had come or not. But I am now forbidden to ask even that, or at least, which is the same thing, the guards are forbidden to answer questions as commonplace as those I used to make.

Sunday, 6 September, 1896.

I have just been warned that I must no longer walk in the part of the isle which had been reserved to me; I can henceforth only walk close about my hut.

IN IRONS.

Monday, 7 September, 1896.

Yesterday evening I was put in irons.

Why, I know not.

Since I am here, I have always scrupulously observed the orders given me.

Tuesday, 8 September, 1896.

These nights in irons! I do not even speak of the physical suffering; but what moral ignominy, and without any explanation, without knowing why or for what cause! What an atrocious nightmare is this in which I have lived for nearly two years!

Wednesday, 9 September, 1896.

The Commandant of the Islands came yesterday evening. He told me that the last measure which had been taken against me was not a punishment, but "a measure of precaution," for the Prison Administration had no complaint to make against me.

Putting in irons a measure of precaution! When I am already watched like a wild beast night and day by guards armed with rifle and revolver! No, the truth should be told. This is a measure of hatred and torture, ordered from Paris by those who, not being able to strike a family, strike an innocent man, because neither he nor his family will accept submissively the most frightful judicial error that has ever been made. Who is it that thus constitutes himself my executioner and the executioner of my dear ones? . . .

I have only an immense pity for those who thus torture human beings! What remorse they are preparing for themselves when truth shall be known, for history has no secrets.

Thursday, 10 September, 1896.

I am so utterly weary, so broken down in body and soul, that to-day I stop my diary, not being able to foresee how long my strength will hold out or what day my brain shall burst under the weight of so great a burden.

I finish it by addressing to the President of the Republic this supreme appeal, in case

* The second mail received from Cayenne since the arrival of the last mail from France.—Editorial Note.

strength and sanity fail before the end of this horrible tragedy:

"*Monsieur le Président de la République:*

"I take the liberty to ask you that this diary, written day by day, may be handed to my wife.

"There will be found in it perhaps, Monsieur le Président, cries of anger, of affright at the most awful condemnation which ever fell upon a human being—a human being who never forfeited his honor. I no longer feel the courage to re-read it, to retrace the bitter journey.

"To-day I have no recriminations to make against any one; each one has thought himself acting in the fullness of right and conscience.

"I simply declare once more that I am innocent of this abominable crime, and I ask ever and again for this one thing, always the same thing—the search after the real culprit, who is the author of this base crime.

"And the day when he is discovered, I beseech that the compassion which so great a misfortune as mine inspires, may be given to my dear wife and my darling children."

In the course of the month of June, 1896, I had had violent attacks of fever, followed by congestion of the brain. During one of these nights of pain and fever, I tried to get up, but I fell helpless to the floor and lay there unconscious. The guard on duty had to lift me up helpless and covered with blood. During the days which followed my stomach refused all food. I was still extremely weak when, in September, 1896, I was put in irons, and as a result I had a relapse. It was under these conditions that I thought I should not be able to go farther, for whatever the will and energy of a man may be, human strength has a limit, and this limit had been reached. So I stopped my diary with the request that it should be given to my wife. It was just as well, for a few days afterward all my papers were seized.

Up to the 4th of September, 1896, I had occupied my hut only at night and during the hottest hours of the day. Except in the time when I walked in that half acre of ground which was reserved to me, I often sat in the shade of the hut facing the sea, and though often shaking with fever, I at least had the consolation of looking upon the sea. But from the 4th of September, 1896, the sight of the sea and of all that was without was shut off, and I stifled in a hut where there was no longer air or light.

The *régime* already so severe, to which I was subjected, became more rigorous still, as on the 4th of September, 1896, my jailers received from M. Lebon, Minister of Colonies, the order to keep me shut up in my hut throughout the twenty-four hours, with the *double boucle* at night; to surround the space left for my walk close around the hut with a solid palisade, and to set another guard in my hut in addition to the one already there. Besides this, they withheld all letters and packages sent to me, and the transmission of my correspondence was henceforth ordered to be made only in copies of the originals.

The heat that year was such in the hut that the guards made complaint after complaint, and it became necessary on their account to have their quarters sprinkled constantly with water. As for myself, I literally melted.

My hut was to be surrounded by a palisade over eight feet high, and distant not quite five feet from it. Outside of this first palisade, there was to be a second one built quite as high. After some three months of absolute confinement to the seventeen square yards of my hut, while these palisades were being built, I received permission to go about in the middle of the day, always accompanied by an armed guard, in the little plot of ground between the two palisades. There was no shadow, no cloud, nothing but the burning sun blazing directly overhead.

Dating from the 6th of September, I was put in the *double boucle* at night, and this torment, which lasted nearly two months, was of the following description: two irons in the form of a "U" were fixed by their lower part to the sides of the bed. In these irons an iron bar was inserted, and to this were fastened two rings.

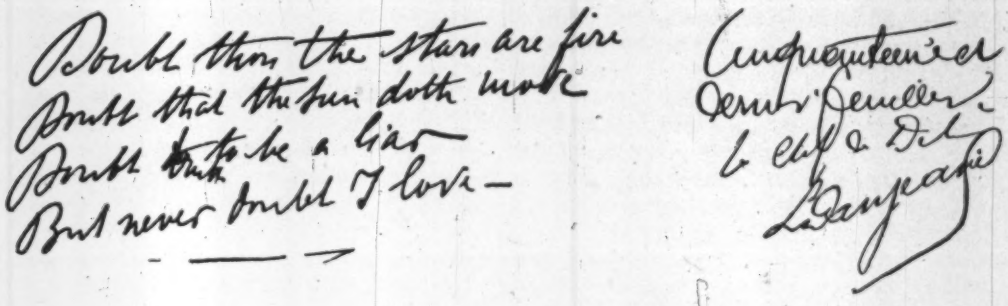
At one extremity of the bar there was a head, and at the other a padlock, so that the bar was fastened into the irons and consequently to the bed. Therefore when my feet were inserted in the two rings, I was fastened in an unchangeable position to my bed. The torture was hardly bearable during those tropical nights. Soon also the rings, which were very tight, lacerated my ankles.

On one of these long nights of torture, when, riveted to my bed, with sleep far from my eyes, I sought my guiding star, my guide in moments of supreme resolve, I saw all at once the light before me illuminating for

me my duty. "To-day less than ever have you the right to desert your post, less than ever have you the right to shorten, even by a single hour, your wretched life. Whatever the torments they inflict on you, you must march forward until they throw you into the grave; you must stand up before your executioners so long as you have a shadow of strength—a living wreck to be kept before their eyes by the unassailable sovereignty of the soul which they cannot reach."

FACSIMILE OF THE LAST PAGE OF THE DEVIL'S ISLAND DIARY.

The words of Hamlet to Ophelia were written by Captain Dreyfus as the fitting final expression of that devotion which, from the dedication "To my wife," throughout the diary, to the end where he laid down his pen, unable to do more, is its vital and informing spirit. The marginal annotation, written and signed by the chief guard, reads, "Cinquantième et dernier feuillet" (fiftieth and last page).


Doubt thou the stars are fire
Doubt that the sun doth move
Doubt truth to be a liar
But never doubt I love—
Cinquantième et
dernier feuillet
Le Capitaine

SONG OF THE LOUGH MAIDEN.

By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

Shepherd, weary of the day,
Weary of thy grazing sheep,
Come with me away, away!
Come with me where cool and deep
Under Broomlea waters lie
Regions bluer than the sky;
Where King Arthur holds his court
In a palace wonder-wrought,
Wonder-wrought in days of old,
Out of elfin-hammered gold.
Leave thy foolish flock to stray;
Come with me away, away!

Deeper than thy shadow falls,
Deeper than thine eye can see,
Arthur reigns in faery halls,
Where his knights and maidens keep
Love's eternal revelry.
Shepherd, Shepherd leave thy sheep,
Leave this dream-forsaken land;
Close thine eyes and take my hand,
Plunge with me in cool delight
Through the waters clear and bright.
Shepherd, weary of the day,
Come with me away, away!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Doctor Esmerald Thorne	A City Physician.
Helen Thorne	His wife.
Laddie	Their child. (Between four and five years of age.)
Mrs. Fayth	A patient of the Doctor's, and a friend of Mrs. Thorne's, an invalid.
Doctor Gazell	A hospital physician not in harmony with Doctor Thorne.
Doctor Carver	A young surgeon.
Maggie	A maid.

A Priest, Nurses, Patients, Servants, People in the Street, Spirits, the Angel Azrael.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A library in a city house. A dining-room opens beyond a portière. The dinner-table is set. The library is furnished in red leather and dark wood. Books run to the ceiling. The carpet is indeterminate in tone. The heavy curtains are of a rich, dark crimson. A window is to be seen. The library is littered a little with the signs of feminine occupation. At one of the tables sits Mrs. Thorne. She is a young and beautiful woman, of stately presence and modest, high-bred manner. She is well-dressed—but not over-dressed—in a tea-gown such as a lady might wear in her own home when guests are not expected. The dress is cream-white; it falls open over a crimson skirt. The lamps are shaded with lace of red or of white. One with a white shade is on the table by which she sits. Her sewing materials are lying about, among books and magazines half-cut. She tries to sew upon a little boy's lace collar, but throws her work down restlessly. Her face wears a troubled expression.

(*She rises and crosses the room nervously; goes to the window, and stands between the long, lace curtains, looking out. She consults her watch; speaks.*)

Mrs. Thorne. It is not so very late! Hardly past six o'clock yet. What can be the matter with me? I must not become a worrier. A doctor's wife can never afford to be that.

Enter Maggie.

Maggie. Shall I serve dinner, ma'am?

Mrs. Thorne. The Doctor has not come, Maggie. We must wait—Jane will be careful not to burn the soup.

(*Rises and looks again restlessly out of the window; calls:*)

Maggie!

* This drama has so departed from the plan of the original story, "The Gates Between," published by me long ago, that it is, in fact, a new work, and has therefore received a new title.—E. S. P. W.

MAGGIE. Ma'am?

MRS. THORNE. When you went up to light the Doctor's candles, how did Laddie seem? Did Molly say?

MAGGIE. Just the same, she said. He does seem sort of miser'ble. [*Exit* MAGGIE.

MRS. THORNE (*takes up a magazine and tries, in vain, to read; sighs, and lays it down; takes up the little lace collar and tries to sew; lays that down; rises*). I'll run up again and look at the child for myself.

Enter MAGGIE.

MAGGIE. Mrs. Fayth, ma'am.

Enter MRS. FAYTH (*pale, sweet-faced, delicate, with the languorous step of the half-cured invalid. She is in carriage dress, with a long, dove-colored opera cape—rich, but plain in design. She throws off the cape at once.*)

[*Exit* MAGGIE.

MRS. THORNE (*warmly embracing her friend*). Why, Mary Fayth! *You?* At this time of night!

MRS. FAYTH. Yes. I—Mary Fayth—isn't it wonderful? I haven't been out after sundown before for six years. . . . Is the Doctor in?

MRS. THORNE. He hasn't come yet. I am waiting for him. We never can tell.

MRS. FAYTH. Doesn't the dinner get cold?

MRS. THORNE. The dinner is subject to chronic bronchitis and acute pneumonias.

MRS. FAYTH (*laughs merrily*). Acute pneumo-nia is good. . . . You were always clever.

MRS. THORNE. But I don't fret. A doctor's wife can never do that. . . . Give me your cape, dear. You'll wait for him.

MRS. FAYTH. I did want to surprise him. He would be so pleased. My husband calls me Doctor Thorne's miracle. But never mind. I can't wait for him.—I'm on my way to the Hospital Fair. . . . Think of that! I'm to be let stay till half-past eight o'clock. Fred is to meet me there, and we're to dine at the café with the crowd and see the tableaux. . . . Think of it!—like common, vulgar, healthy people. Isn't it wonderful? To be half alive! I have been half dead so long! Kiss me, Helen.

MRS. THORNE (*anxiously*). I hope you won't pay for it to-morrow, dear. (*Kisses her affectionately.*)

MRS. FAYTH (*cheerily*). Oh, I expect to be flat to-morrow. But it's worth it—to go somewhere with one's husband . . . after six years. I'm going to the Fifteen Cent Museum next—when I get a little farther along—some big, noisy, healthy, shabby place. Fred has promised to take me. He dotes on the gorillas. . . . Well, I only ran in. The horses are getting cold. I must go. Give my love to the Doctor—Helen! I'm going to church when I get well. I want to hear the *Te Deum* . . . it's a good while since I did that. They won't let me. They put it off till the last. Fred said I must begin with the Hospital Fair and work up through the gorillas to re-lig-ious dis-si-pa-tion. The Doctor says I'm to get well in a sci-en-tific manner; on the Law of Ev-o-lution. Poor, dear Doctor! He doesn't care about the *Te Deum.*—Helen, I wish your husband believed. He is so good—so kind. He ought to be a re-lig-ious man.

MRS. THORNE (*sadly, with almost imperceptible bitterness*). He is a doctor.

MRS. FAYTH. He is so great, you see. He is almighty to so many miserable people. . . . I can understand that. His mind stops there. He is so strong, so powerful; he works the miracles himself.

MRS. THORNE. My husband has no time to study these questions, Mary. All his life is given up to science, you know. I thought—when we were first married—I could influence him in these ways. But a doctor's wife learns better than that.

MRS. FAYTH. What he needs is to be half-dead. Then he would *have* to believe. He is too much alive, poor Doctor. . . . It is such a joy to be alive, Helen! I thought I must run in and tell you.

MRS. THORNE (*smiling affectionately*). I'll tell him to be sure and see you to-morrow. You'll need it.

MRS. FAYTH. Well, Fred can tel-e-phone. I daresay I shall be sick enough. Good-by, dear— Helen? What ails *you?* You don't look right to-night.

MRS. THORNE (*arousing*). Laddie doesn't seem well at all. I can't make Esmerald believe that anything ails him. But that's the way, you know. . . . I am not allowed to be anxious. The mother of a doctor's child can never be that.

MRS. FAYTH (*with quick sympathy*). Oh, I am so sorry! I know just how you feel——

MRS. THORNE. You never had a child, Mary.

MRS. FAYTH. But sick people understand everything. Oh, we know!

MRS. THORNE. Yes. I suppose you have so much time to think.

MRS. FAYTH. We have so much time to feel. (*Rises to leave.*)

(MRS. THORNE *puts the opera cape over her friend's shoulders.*)

MRS. FAYTH (*abruptly*). Helen, I was thinking to-day about Cleo. I don't often.

MRS. THORNE (*pityingly*). Poor girl! I do, very often. She must have led a cruel life with her husband. And she was so young when he died! She really hated him —I think as much after he was dead as when he was alive.

MRS. FAYTH. She did not hate yours.

MRS. THORNE (*gravely*). She was a patient. I have nothing to say.

MRS. FAYTH. But of course she hardly made a secret of it, that she loved the Doctor—half wrongly, half-rightly.

MRS. THORNE. Like the woman she was —half fiend, half angel——

MRS. FAYTH (*interrupting*). There are people who still talk about her; they are equally divided whether she died of love or morphine. It is said she had the opium habit. It is three years ago to-day that she killed herself.

MRS. THORNE. I had forgotten. . . . Poor Cleo!

MRS. FAYTH. I've been thinking about her all day—I don't know why. She never liked me very well—perhaps because I *didn't* love the Doctor; and so he could do so much more for me. You know how those things go. . . . And you never gave her the satisfaction of one hour's jealousy?

MRS. THORNE (*peacefully*). How could I? I never had the materials. . . . But, as you say, these things are complicated. We never know where the end of the skein is.

MRS. FAYTH. I will send over to-morrow and see how Laddie is. Good-night—good-night.

MRS. THORNE (*kisses her warmly*). I wish you would stay—I wish you need not go. Don't go! Mary—*don't go!*

[*Exit* MRS. FAYTH (*slowly, with a sweet, mysterious smile*).

(MRS. THORNE *relapses into her anxious attitude and manner. Moves to the window, and looks out again, between the curtains. While she stands there with her back to the door, suddenly and noisily, striding in,*)

Enter DR. THORNE.

DR. THORNE (*at once*). Isn't dinner ready?

MRS. THORNE (*turning delightedly*). Oh! At last!

DR. THORNE. Well. You might have met me, then.

MRS. THORNE. Why, I have been watching for you—and listening—till I'm half blind and deaf. I have been to the window——

DR. THORNE. Don't complain. I hate a complaining woman.

MRS. THORNE (*has advanced towards him, and impulsively put up her arms! Drops them at this and turns sadly*). I did not know I was complaining, Esmerald.

DR. THORNE. Most people don't know when they are disagreeable. (*He does not offer to kiss her; pulls off his overcoat nervously.*) Isn't dinner ready? I am starved out.

(MAGGIE *is seen in the dining-room hastily serving dinner*).

MRS. THORNE (*ringing*). Maggie had orders to put it on as soon as she heard your wheels. . . . Yes. There! You poor, hungry fellow!

Enter MAGGIE.

MAGGIE. Dinner is served, Mrs. Thorne.

DR. THORNE. I must run up and change my coat, first—no, I won't. I haven't time. I am driven to death. Come along, Helen. (*Strides out before her; then recalls himself from his discourtesy, and steps back.* DR. THORNE *is a tall, well-built, handsome man, distinguished of bearing, but with a slight limp; his face is disfigured by a frown, as he looks at his wife. He repeats.*) I am driven to death! I haven't time to call my soul my own.

MRS. THORNE (*archly*). I thought you hadn't any soul, dear. Or I thought you thought you hadn't.

DR. THORNE (*crossly*). Soul? Rubbish! It is more than I can do to manage bodies. Soul? Stuff! What have you got for dinner?

(*They seat themselves at the table.*)

MRS. THORNE. You poor boy! You poor, tired, hungry fellow! I hope the dinner will please you? (*Timidly.*)

DR. THORNE (*testily*). Really, I hadn't time to come at all. I've got to go again in ten minutes. But I supposed you would worry if I didn't show myself. It's a foolish waste of time. I wish I hadn't come.

MRS. THORNE (*speaking in a low, controlled, articulate voice*). You need not. On my account. *You need never come again.*

DR. THORNE (*irritably*). It is easier to come than to know you sit here making yourself miserable because I don't.

MRS. THORNE (*gently*). Have I ever fretted you about coming, Esmerald? I did not know it.

DR. THORNE. It would be easier if you did fret. I'd rather you'd say a thing than look it. Any man would. . . . This soup is burned!

MRS. THORNE. Too bad! I gave special

orders to Jane—that is really too bad. Let me send it away.

DR. THORNE (*excitedly*). No, I've got to get down something. Bring on the rest—if there is anything fit to eat. I'm due at the Hospital in twenty-two minutes. Gazell is behaving like the devil. If I'm not to handle him, nobody can. The whole staff is afraid of him—everybody but me. We shan't get the new ward built these two years if he carries the day to-night. I've got a consultation at Decker's. The old lady is dying. It's no use dragging a tired man out there; I can't do her any good. But they will have it. I'm at the beck and call of every whim. I wish I'd had time to change my boots! My feet are wet. My head aches horribly. I had an enormous office—sixty people; forty here—twenty downtown—besides my calls. I've seen eighty sick people to-day. I was a fool to agree to that noon office hour.—I've lost ten thousand dollars in this panic. Brake telephoned me to get down to Stock Street to save what I could. I couldn't get off. . . . I lost a patient this morning—that little girl at the Harrohart's. She was a poor little scrofulous thing, but they are terribly cut up about it.—I wish you'd had a good, clear soup. I hate these opaque things.

MRS. THORNE. But last time we had consommé, you said——

DR. THORNE. I said! I said! Who cares what he *says?*

MRS. THORNE (*in a low voice*). That seems to be quite true.

DR. THORNE. What did you say? Do speak louder. I hate to hear women mumble their words.—I hope you have some roast beef; better than the last. You mustn't let Parsnip cheat you. Quail? There's no nourishment in quail for a man in my state—(*Pushes away his plate crossly.*) Well. I suppose I've got to eat something. I was a fool not to dine at the club.—The gas leaks. Can't you have it attended to? Pudding? No. I see enough of spoon food in sick rooms. I might have eaten a good, hearty pie.

MRS. THORNE. But the last pie we had, you said——

DR. THORNE (*again*). I said! I said! What does it signify what a man *says?* How many times must I say that? Hurry up the coffee. I must swallow it, and go. I've got more than ten men could do.

MRS. THORNE (*gently, but with perceptible dignity*). It seems to be more than one woman can do——

DR. THORNE. What's that? Do speak so I can hear you.—If you're going to speak at all.

MRS. THORNE. I said it seems to be more than one woman can do to rest you.

DR. THORNE (*carelessly*). Do ring for a decent cup of coffee. I can't drink this.

MRS. THORNE. Esmerald——

DR. THORNE (*crossly*). Oh, what? I can't stop to talk. There! I've burned my tongue now. If there's anything I can't stand, it's going to a consultation with a burned tongue.

MRS. THORNE (*tenderly*). How tired you are, Esmerald! It even gets into your poor foot.—You limp more to-night. I was only going to say that I am sorry. I can't *let* you go without saying that.

DR. THORNE (*rising, and walking irritably through the rooms*). I can't see that that helps it any. I am so tired I don't want to be touched. (*Mrs. Thorne brings his overcoat. He repulses her.*) Never mind my coat. I'll put it on myself. Tell Joe—No. I left the horse standing; I don't want Joe. I suppose Donna is uneasy by this time. She won't stand at night—*She's got to.* I'll get that whim out of her.—Now don't look that way! The horse is safe enough.

MRS. THORNE. I haven't bothered you about the horse, have I? But I don't feel—quite—easy. She is such a nervous creature, and so——

DR. THORNE (*imperiously*). Don't you suppose I know how to drive? You're always having opinions of your own against mine. There! I must be off.—Where's the boy, Helen? Where's Laddie?

MRS. THORNE (*gently*). Laddie isn't just right, somehow, Esmerald. I hated to bother you, for you never think it's anything. Molly is with him. I've been a little troubled about him. He has cried all the afternoon.

DR. THORNE. He cries because you coddle him. It is all nonsense, Helen. Nothing ails the child. I won't encourage this sort of thing. I'll see him when I come home. I can't possibly wait—I am driven to death—for every little whim.—(*Rushes towards the door, but pauses, irresolute.*) I suppose I shall have to go up—if you've got this fixed idea in your head. I'll take a look at him on the way out.

MRS. THORNE (*more gently; without reproach, but regarding him steadily*). Good-by, Esmerald.

DR. THORNE. Oh, bother!—I can't stop for fooling, now.

MRS. THORNE (*with sudden change of manner, breaks down, and hides her face in her arms. She weeps quietly*).

He has always kissed me good-by—before—ever since we have been married. He never, never missed before!

Re-enter DR. THORNE. (*He holds the child in his arms, and strides in tempestuously, still limping; lays* LADDIE, *wrapped in a silk robe, upon the sofa. Tries to make the child sit up; but the little fellow languidly falls back upon the pillows.*)

(MRS. THORNE *moves quickly over, and supports the child.*)

DR. THORNE. Helen, I must have an end to this nonsense! Nothing ails Laddie. He is only a trifle feverish, with a little toothache—possibly there's a slight cold. The child should be out of the nursery. He will sleep better for the change. Let him stay a while—and don't make a fool of yourself over him. It really is very unpleasant to me that you make such a fuss every time he is ailing. If you had married a green grocer, it might have been pardonable. Pray remember that you have married a physician who understands his business, and do leave me to manage it. . . . There! (*Consults his watch.*) I'm eight minutes behindhand already, all for this senseless anxiety of yours. It's a pity you can't trust me, like other men's wives. I wish I had married a woman with a little wifely spirit . . . or else not married at all.

[*Exit* DR. THORNE. (*He does not bid his wife good-by. At the threshold of the door he seems to hesitate, makes as if he would turn back, but goes out.*)

MRS. THORNE. Oh—h—h, me! (*Utters one long, low cry; she does not speak any words. She releases her hold of* LADDIE, *who drops back sleepily upon the sofa pillow. She seems to forget the child. She stands still, in the middle of the library, with her face towards the window; her hands are crossed before her, and clenched tightly together. A solemn expression grows upon her face. Her tears dry upon her cheeks. Her eyes widen and darken. Her mouth quivers pitifully. Still she does not speak. She moves slowly to the window, and draws the curtains back. She stands there looking out; she shades her eyes with her hand. The hand trembles.*)

THE CHILD (*cries*). Mamma! Mamma!

MRS. THORNE (*does not respond to the child. She moans*). Esmerald!—Es—mer—ald!

END OF SCENE I.

SCENE II.—A dwelling street in the city seen in an almost deserted condition. The time is early evening. The wreck of a buggy lies crushed against a curb-stone; the traces are broken, the horse having released herself and disappeared. The wreck lies in shadow, and the prostrate form of a man is but dimly discerned. After a few moments of suspense and silence, slowly crawling to his feet.

Arises DR. THORNE. (*He is dressed for driving, as when he left home; his overcoat disarranged, muddy and torn; his hat gone; his face has a singular pallor, and his whole appearance is agitated. As he rises, he throws a carriage robe back over the spot where he had been lying. He speaks.*)

DR. THORNE. That dastardly brute has done it, now! I'll sell Donna for this.—It will play the mischief with that old injury. I shall exchange an interesting limp for crutches, now.—Hil-loa! (*Walks to and fro with perfect ease.*) The shock has acted like a battery on the nerve centres. Instead of a broken neck I have a cured leg. I'm a lucky fellow—as usual. (*Laughs lightly; turns to examine the condition of the ruined buggy; suddenly looks confused, and puts his hand to his head.*) Curious cerebral symptoms I have!—Queer, there isn't a crowd round. They must have missed the trail when Donna bolted. She'll be at the stable by this time.—She won't go home. Helen won't know. . . . I shouldn't like to be the man that had to tell Helen! . . . I must get to her—I must get home as soon as I've been to the Hospital. I'm afraid I was a little short with Helen. I wish—(*presses both hands to his temples as if to command himself; looks more and more bewildered.*) I must have been pretty well stunned—seems to me there was a collision. I ran down somebody. It was a landau—we crashed—I saw it overturn—there were people in it I knew—patients. . . . Who? . . . Who? (*Stamps the pavement peremptorily, and impatiently strikes his own head.*) *Who* was it?—Horrible! The brain cells do not obey me—*me!* (*Walks about frenziedly.*) . . . Ach—ch! It is worse to remember than to forget. I have it now—the sweetest woman of them all—Helen's friend—the gentlest, the most obedient, most trustful, the bravest patient I ever had—Mrs. Fayth. I saw her

face as the carriage went over. . . . She stretched out her hands, and said: "Doctor!" It was Mary Fayth. (*His face falls into his hands. For a moment he sinks down on the wreck of the buggy; but springs up.*) Now that accounts for it.—The crowd are all there. The accident was so bad nobody has thought of me. *She* is the victim. *I* have escaped. Dead or alive, she is done for. She never could recover from a shock like that. I must go and find her.—I must find Mrs. Fayth. (*Starts and hurriedly walks down the street, peering everywhere.*)

[*Exit* DR. THORNE.

(*In his absence no person passes the street.*)

Re-enter DR. THORNE.

Strange! How strange! I cannot find her. I cannot find anything—nor anybody that a man would naturally meet under such circumstances. Not a trace of the accident—yet I'm *as sure of it as I am that I'm alive.* (*Pronounces these words slowly, and paces the sidewalk, irresolute.*) It all came from my being overdue at the Hospital. I suppose I did drive Donna pretty fast. I wonder if I struck her? I am always in such an infernal hurry—I never have had time to live. *I am driven to death.* (*He says the last five words, not impatiently, but with a certain solemn deliberation.*) I must go at once to Mrs. Fayth's house. They must have carried Mary there — I wish I could spare time to see Helen! —I'll go right home as soon as I've been to Fayth's.—Odd! How these brain symptoms last! I must have had quite a blow. I don't—I can't—it is mortifying to feel so confused.

[*Exit* DR. THORNE.

(*In his absence the street remains deserted.*)

Re-enter DR. THORNE.

Enter behind him a tall Woman. (*She is wrapped in a long, ash-colored veil, or mantle, beneath which shows a gleaming gown of flame-color. She follows* DR. THORNE *silently. She keeps at a distance from him. Her step is a gliding, stealthy one. The* Woman *does not speak.*)

DR. THORNE. There must be serious cerebral congestion. I cannot find the street. I cannot find Fayth's house. What part of this bewitched town am I in? I have lost my way—I, Esmerald Thorne, with a clientele of twenty years from end to end of the city—I cannot find my way.

Enter a Suburban, *a* Loafer, *and a* Priest. (*The* Woman *draws her veil, and looks solemnly at* DR. THORNE, *as she passes. Her face is pale and wretched, but possesses singular beauty.*)

[*Exit the* Woman.

(DR. THORNE *does not notice the* Woman.)

(*The* Loafer *leans against a post. He stares stupidly at the wreck.*)

(*The* Priest *walks slowly, reciting an Ave.*)

(*The* Suburban *hurries on, making a wide circle to avoid the ruins of the carriage.*)

DR. THORNE (*addressing the* Suburban). Can you tell me?—Here! Hold on a minute! Man, can't you answer a civil question? Will you tell me——

The Suburban (*pays no attention to* DR. THORNE, *but hurries on. Consults his watch; speaks*).

I shall lose my train!

[*Exit* Suburban, *running.*

DR. THORNE (*with puzzled impatience, addressing the* Loafer). Here!—You! Why, it's Jerry! Just tell me, will you, Jerry, where the accident was, and how much was the lady hurt?

(*The* Loafer *stares stupidly at* DR. THORNE, *but makes no answer.*)

[*Exit* Loafer.

DR. THORNE (*with trouble on his face, more gently addresses the* Priest, *whom he slightly touches on the arm*). Sir!—Oh, Father Sullivan! Look here, Father! I'm ashamed to confess, I have lost my way.—Would you direct me to the house of the well-known merchant, Frederick Fayth? I am due there on an urgent professional errand, and —I cannot explain the phenomenon—but I have lost my way!

(*The* Priest *repeats an Ave under his breath. He looks* DR. THORNE *full in the face, but does not reply.*)

DR. THORNE. And will you be so kind as to tell me whether you have heard of a carriage accident down-town—and how much was the lady hurt? Did you——

PRIEST (*looks blindly over* DR. THORNE'S *head; mutters*). Nay—Nay. I see nothing. (*He crosses himself.*) Ave Sanctissima! Ora pro nobis! (*He lifts his arms, and, with a troubled and confused expression, makes the sign of the cross in the air over* DR. THORNE. *He passes on.*)

DR. THORNE (*gently*). Thank you, Father.

[*Exit* Priest.

DR. THORNE (*stands sunken in thought for a few moments; suddenly starts and knots his hands together, then separates them with the motion of one blind, or of one feeling his way in the dark*). I must see Helen! I must go to Helen.—Helen! *Helen!*

(*Sudden darkness settles. When it passes, the wreck of the buggy is removed.*)

Enter DR. THORNE. (*Walks rapidly and perplexedly, still with the manner of a man who has lost his way.*)

[*Exit.*

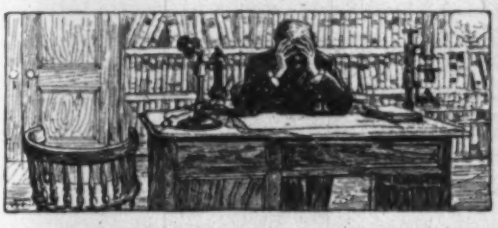
Re-enter.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter (*speaks*).

I must get home. I *will* get home. I *will see* Helen! (*Stops sharply, as if smitten by an unseen force; cannot take another step; contends, as if with an invisible power; droops, as if vanquished; turns, and retraces his way; his head hangs to his breast. He speaks.*) *What* thwarts me from my home? *Who* constrains me from my wife? (*Lifts his face angrily to the sky.*) Is this hypnotism? (*Laughs sarcastically.*) Am I an infant—or a maniac? It must be anæsthesia passing off. Perhaps I was etherized by some blank fool after that shock.—The accident! That is it, of course, of course! It is the cerebral concussion—a simple case. . . . I shouldn't like this to get out. I believe I'll go into my office—if I can find my office—and wait till this passes off. It is a perfectly simple case. (*Walks feverishly up and down the street, searching for his own office; mutters.*) Ever since I yielded to that demand for a noon office hour down-town for business men—it has crowded me without mercy. If they hadn't been my old patients I wouldn't have succumbed to it. It's just another strand in the whip-lash that has driven me to death. Well (*draws a long breath*)—I seem to be out of sorts to-night. I shall get over all this nonsense when I see Helen. Helen will set me right. *Helen will make a live man of me again.*

END OF SCENE II.



SCENE III.—The interior of a down-town office. DR. THORNE is seen in the consulting room; the door is closed into the reception room. One gas-jet burns over the desk; patient's chair and physician's chair are seen in the usual places; the desk is in order for the night; a movable telephone, of the kind in use in offices, stands upon the desk.

DR. THORNE (*throws himself heavily into his revolving chair*). What the devil am I here for? (*Violently. The light grows dim as he says this.*) Why in—why in the name of all the laws of Nature cannot I get home? (*After a pause, brokenly.*) Well—well! It's something to be here; to get out of the street—in out of the night—it's a good deal. I'd begun to understand how outcasts feel—felons, apparitions, fugitives. In the name of the laws of mystery, thank Heaven for so much! (*The light brightens. It reveals his face, which is haggard and pinched. He pushes his case books about, aimlessly. Suddenly his hand hits the receiver of the telephone. He springs and cries out:*) The telephone! The telephone! I must have gone stark mad not to think of it.—See! I'm not a drinking man, am I? (*Puts his hand to his head.*) No. I do not drink. Helen would not like to have me.—No. And I've been all these hours without telephoning to Helen. She'll think I did it on purpose—poor Helen—because of the words I said. *If a man could slay the words he says.* . . . They harry me—like ghosts. (*Rings the telephone violently.*) Central? 48.4—48.4, I say. Why don't you give me 48.4? I tell you I'm in a hurry. 48.4! And be quick with it! (*Rings again.*) Why in—why don't you attend to your business there? It is Dr. Thorne—Dr. Esmerald Thorne. My errand is most urgent. Give me my home, and make short work of it. 48.4! Do you hear? (*Rings again.*)

(A MAN'S VOICE FROM THE EXCHANGE *comes faintly over the wire, reverberating through the transmitter, so as to be audible at a distance from the instrument*). Why don't you speak? We cannot make out a word you say.

DR. THORNE (*rings again, wildly*). I tell you I want my home—48.4! I must speak to my wife. Give me 48.4—Helen? Helen!

VOICE FROM THE TELEPHONE. Stop ringing your bell if you can't use your tongue. Put your mouth close to the transmitter. Are you drunk? Or are you dead?

DR. THORNE (*still ringing*). I will report you for this. It shall cost you your place. 48.4, I say. Give me my house. I will not submit to this. Give me 48.4!

The telephone ceases to reply.

DR. THORNE (*rises, hangs up the receiver, and paces the office tempestuously; speaks*). The very forces of Nature are in league against me. . . . My own nervous system—the night—the atmosphere—electricity—they are all gone foes to me. They are serried like an army between myself and her. Helen will be—Helen will suffer—oh, poor girl!

(*The telephone call bell rings suddenly.*)

DR. THORNE (*leaping to the receiver*). Who calls? I am here. Who wants Dr. Thorne? (*He snatches the receiver greedily to his ear;*

listens a moment; cries wildly:) Oh, Helen! Is that you, dear? Speak louder, darling. . . . Yes, I'm here—at my office down town. I'll be home soon. Don't be frightened—but I met with a trifling accident. Helen? Helen! What's the trouble? Don't you hear me, Helen?

WOMAN'S VOICE FROM THE TELEPHONE. Is my husband there? Esmerald! Are you there?

DR. THORNE. Why, Helen! Don't you hear me? What does ail this cursed telephone? Central! Give me a decent wire. My wife can't hear a word I say. . . . Helen? I'm not at all hurt—only shaken up a little. I'll get back just as soon as—*Helen? Helen!*

WOMAN'S VOICE FROM THE TRANSMITTER. Central? I cannot find my husband at his office. Please give me the Hospital.—I must communicate with my husband.

(VOICE FROM THE TRANSMITTER *dies away.*)

DR. THORNE (*rings madly*). Central, you've cut me off! You've cut me off from my home. Give me 48.4 again. Helen?—Helen! Can't you hear me? Don't you understand me, Helen? Oh, I could hear you—your own dear voice, my girl! I wanted to tell you—I can't wait till I see you to say—Helen? She does not hear me. —Helen!

(*The transmitter is silent.*)

(DR. THORNE *lays the receiver down. He hides his face in his hands.*)

END OF SCENE III.

SCENE IV.—Morning in a business street down town. Many people are passing, among them the PRIEST, the SUBURBAN, and the LOAFER. A crowd thickens before the bulletin boards of "The Earth," a prominent daily newspaper. At the extreme left, are the headquarters of "The Universe," a rival paper. Not far from "The Earth" building can be seen the modest sign of the eminent physician:

DR. ESMERALD THORNE.
OFFICE HOUR 12–1 O'CLOCK.

(*A door opens within.* DR. THORNE *appears in the entrance to the corridor.*)

Enter DR. THORNE (*upon the sidewalk. Standing irresolute, he seems to wince from the daylight and the morning air; he mutters*).

Now it is light, I can find my way to Helen. (*Steps slowly along the sidewalk; shades his eyes from the sun. He wears no hat, and his pallor has increased. No person addresses him.*)

(*On the bulletin boards of* "The Earth" *can be seen the following announcement:*

WAR WITH THE ISLAND OF BORNEO.
BORNEO LAYS DOWN HER ULTIMATUM.
THE PRESIDENT HAS CALLED FOR VOLUNTEERS.
PANIC IN STOCK STREET.
SANTA MA FALLEN 30 POINTS SINCE YESTERDAY.
DISSENSION AT THE CITY HOSPITAL.
RUMORS OF ACCIDENT AT THE WEST END.

Enter DR. GAZELL (*a short, blond, thickset, suave man of middle age*) *and* DR. CARVER (*a very young man; the latter reading a fresh copy of* "The Universe").

DR. GAZELL (*with emotion*). Shocking! Shocking! I cannot express—I am overcome!

DR. CARVER (*without emotion*). Yes. It is very sad. You'll be apt to find these things in "The Universe" before "The Earth" gets them. I wonder if he——

DR. GAZELL. No. Never. He was above reproach. A hard man to get along with—wilful, but above reproach. I am greatly shocked!

DR. THORNE (*stepping out into the crowd*). Ah, Gazell! Good-morning, I am—I am very glad to see you, Dr. Gazell (*pathetically*).

(DR. GAZELL *continues reading his paper. He does not look up.*)

DR. THORNE (*with embarrassment*). Gazell! (*He moves directly in front of the office of* "The Earth." *At that moment a new bulletin flashes in large letters, over the heads of the crowd, these words:*

RUMOR CONFIRMED.
SHOCKING ACCIDENT!
TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.
RUNAWAY AT THE WEST END.
MRS. FREDERICK FAYTH DANGEROUSLY HURT.
THE EMINENT AND POPULAR PHYSICIAN,
DR. ESMERALD THORNE,
KILLED INSTANTLY.

(DR. THORNE *reads, and reels; stares about him appealingly.*)

(*Murmurs are heard from the crowd.*)

Enter two Office Girls.

(FIRST OFFICE GIRL *starts, and points to the bulletin.*)

SECOND OFFICE GIRL. Oh!—Oh! (*She bursts into tears.*)

SUBURBAN. Too bad! He was a clever fellow. He saved my little boy's life last summer.

LOAFER. He took a t'orn out av me eye onct and divil a cint did he charrge for't.

PRIEST. Pater Noster in Coelo—gone without absolution, poor soul! An attractive heretic—merciful to the poor of my parish.

DR. GAZELL. He drove too fast a horse. And he drove the horse too fast. I always told him so.—But I am greatly agitated by this!

DR. CARVER (*reading aloud*). Now "The Universe" had it already in type: "Dr. Thorne was dragged for some distance before the horse broke free. He was found near the buggy, which was a wreck. The robe was over him, and his face was hidden. Life was extinct when he was discovered, which was not for an unaccountably long time. His watch had stopped at five minutes past seven o'clock. He was not immediately identified. By some unpardonable blunder the body of the distinguished and favorite physician was taken to the morgue."

DR. GAZELL. That accounts for it.

DR. CARVER (*reads on*). "It was not until nearly midnight that the mistake was discovered. A message was despatched to the elegant residence of the popular doctor. Mrs. Thorne is a young and beautiful woman, on whom, with their only child, an infant son, this blow falls with uncommon cruelty."

DR. THORNE (*utters a long, heartrending moan. But no person hears the sound. He stretches out his hands. The crowd shrinks from but does not see him. Staring at the bulletin, he stands apart. He raises his clenched right hand in the air; speaks*). It is a dastardly lie! It is one of those cursed canards manufactured to harass men—and —break the hearts of women. God!—She has seen it by this time.—Let me pass! Let me go to her! You may kill *her* with this, but you can't kill me. Gentlemen, make way for me! *I am Dr. Thorne!*

(*The crowd pays no attention to this outcry.*)

Enter Newsboy (*shrilly piping*).

NEWSBOY. "Earth!" "Universe!" Latest—8.30. All about the accident! Dr. Thorne killed instantly—Mrs. Fayth still breathin'—"Earth," sir? Two cents, sir.

(DR. THORNE *clutches the newsboy by the arm, and would tear the paper from him.* DR. THORNE'S *fingers grope over it—touch it. He tries several times to obtain it. The paper remains in the hand of the boy.*)

Enter BRAKE, *the broker.*

(DR. THORNE *staggers against* BRAKE, *who is reading* "The Universe.")

(*Exit the* Suburban *consulting his watch.*)

DR. THORNE (*more gently; addresses the loafer*). Jerry! Is that you, Jerry! Tell these gentlemen, will you, that I am Dr. Thorne? I should take it—kindly—of you, Jerry.

LOAFER (*stares; mutters*). Divil a cint did he charrge me for't.

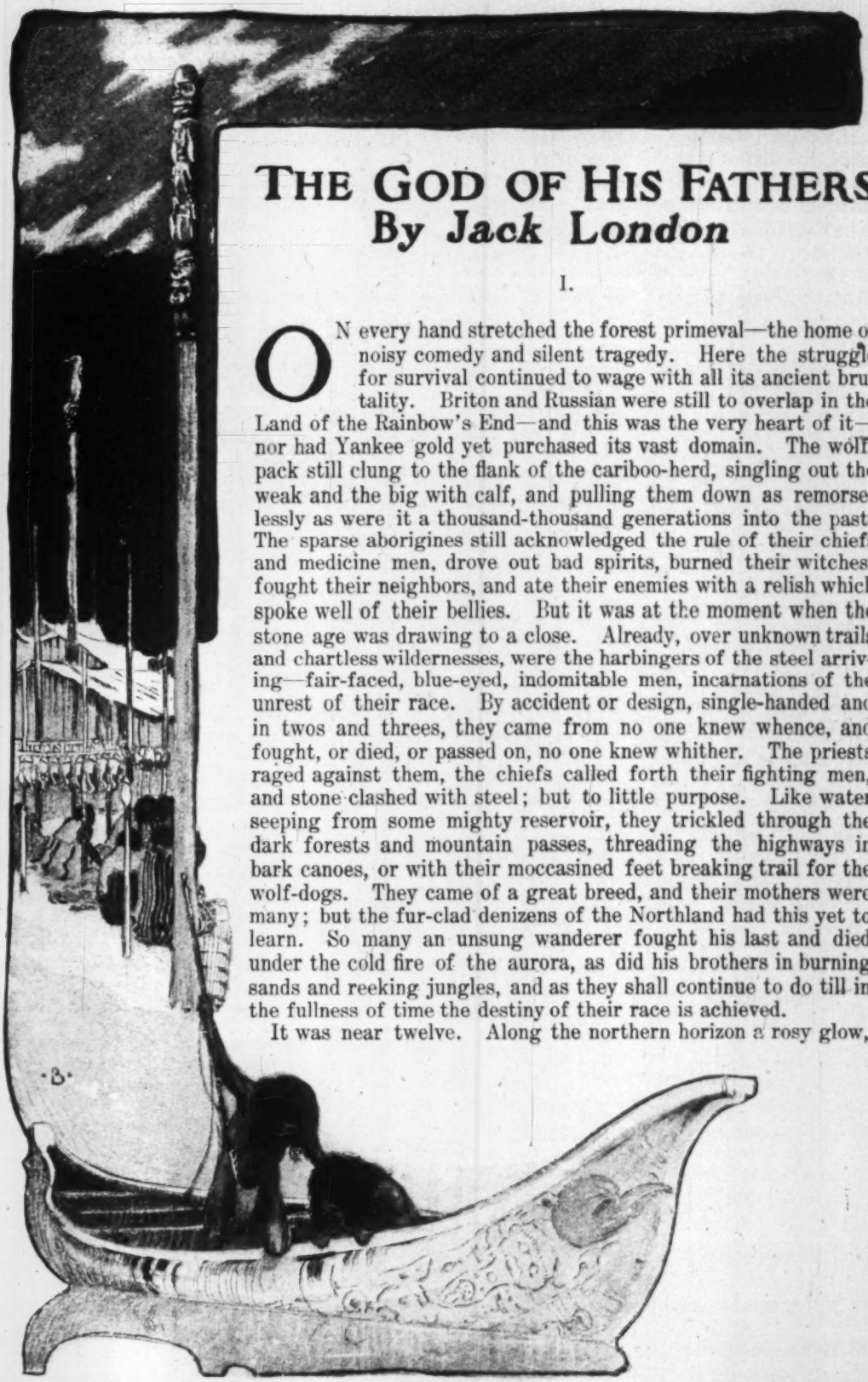
DR. THORNE (*addresses the broker*). Oh, Brake! I am glad to see you! I couldn't get down to save my Santa Ma. But *that* is of no consequence. . . . I've been hurt—an accident—and I am confused. I am suffering from hallucinations. They have got beyond my control. I wonder if you wouldn't call a cab for me? I thought Dr. Gazell would take me home in his carriage—but he didn't seem to hear me when I spoke to him. If you'll call a cab I'll get home—to my wife.

(*Exeunt* DR. GAZELL, DR. CARVER, *and* BRAKE, *without replying.*)

(DR. THORNE *watches them with a piteous expression; stands back and apart from the crowd.*)

END OF ACT I

(*To be continued.*)



THE GOD OF HIS FATHERS

By *Jack London*

I.

ON every hand stretched the forest primeval—the home of noisy comedy and silent tragedy. Here the struggle for survival continued to wage with all its ancient brutality. Briton and Russian were still to overlap in the Land of the Rainbow's End—and this was the very heart of it—nor had Yankee gold yet purchased its vast domain. The wolf-pack still clung to the flank of the cariboo-herd, singling out the weak and the big with calf, and pulling them down as remorselessly as were it a thousand-thousand generations into the past. The sparse aborigines still acknowledged the rule of their chiefs and medicine men, drove out bad spirits, burned their witches, fought their neighbors, and ate their enemies with a relish which spoke well of their bellies. But it was at the moment when the stone age was drawing to a close. Already, over unknown trails and chartless wildernesses, were the harbingers of the steel arriving—fair-faced, blue-eyed, indomitable men, incarnations of the unrest of their race. By accident or design, single-handed and in twos and threes, they came from no one knew whence, and fought, or died, or passed on, no one knew whither. The priests raged against them, the chiefs called forth their fighting men, and stone clashed with steel; but to little purpose. Like water seeping from some mighty reservoir, they trickled through the dark forests and mountain passes, threading the highways in bark canoes, or with their moccasined feet breaking trail for the wolf-dogs. They came of a great breed, and their mothers were many; but the fur-clad denizens of the Northland had this yet to learn. So many an unsung wanderer fought his last and died under the cold fire of the aurora, as did his brothers in burning sands and reeking jungles, and as they shall continue to do till in the fullness of time the destiny of their race is achieved.

It was near twelve. Along the northern horizon a rosy glow,

fading to the west and deepening to the east, marked the unseen dip of the midnight sun. The gloaming and the dawn were so commingled that there was no night—simply a wedding of day with day, a scarcely perceptible blending of two circles of the sun. A killdee timidly chirped good-night; the full, rich throat of a robin proclaimed good-morrow. From an island on the breast of the Yukon a colony of wild fowl voiced its interminable wrongs, while a loon laughed mockingly back across a still stretch of river.

In the foreground, against the bank of a lazy eddy, birch-bark canoes were lined two and three deep. Ivory-bladed spears, bone-barbed arrows, buckskin-thonged bows, and simple basket-woven traps bespoke the fact that in the muddy current of the river the salmon-run was on. In the background, from the tangle of skin tents and drying frames, rose the voices of the fisher folk. Bucks skylarked with bucks or flirted with the maidens, while the older squaws, shut out from this by virtue of having fulfilled, by reproduction, the function of existence, gossiped as they braided rope from the green roots of trailing vines. At their feet their naked progeny played and squabbled, or rolled in the muck with the tawny wolf-dogs.

To one side of the encampment, and conspicuously apart from it, stood a second camp of two tents. But it was a white man's camp. If nothing else, the choice of position at least bore convincing evidence of this. In case of offense, it commanded the Indian quarters a hundred yards away; of defense, a rise to the ground and the cleared intervening space; and last, of defeat, the swift slope of a score of yards to the canoes below. From one of the tents came the petulant cry of a sick child and the crooning song of a mother. In the open, over the smoldering embers of a fire, two men held talk.

"Eh? I love the Church like a good son. *Bien!* So great a love that my days have been spent in fleeing away from her, and my nights in dreaming dreams of reckoning. Look you!" The half-breed's voice rose to an angry snarl. "I am Red River-born. My father was white—white as you. But you are Yankee, and he was British bred, and a gentleman's son. And my mother was the daughter of a chief, and I was a man. Ay, and one had to look the second time to see what manner of blood ran in my veins; for I lived with the whites, and was one of them, and my father's heart beat in me. It happened there was a maiden—white—who looked on me with kind eyes. Her father had much land and many horses; also he was a big man among his people, and his blood was the blood of the French. He said the girl knew not her own mind, and talked overmuch with her, and became wroth that such things should be.

"But she knew her mind, for we came quick before the priest. And quicker had come her father, with lying words, false promises, I know not what; so that the priest stiffened his neck and would not make us that we might live one with the other. As at the beginning it was the Church which would not bless my birth, so now it was the Church which refused me marriage and put the blood of men upon my hands. *Bien!* Thus have I cause to love the Church. So I struck the priest on his woman's mouth, and we took swift horses, the girl and I, to Fort Pierre, where was a minister of good heart. But hot on our trail was her father, and brothers, and other men he had gathered to him. And we fought, our horses on the run, till I emptied three saddles, and the rest drew off and we went on to Fort Pierre. Then we took east, the girl and I, to the hills and forests, and we lived one with the other, and we were not married—the work of the good Church which I love like a son.

"But mark you, for this is the strangeness of woman, the way of which no man may understand. One of the saddles I had emptied was that of her father, and the hoofs of those who came behind had pounded him into the earth. This we saw, the girl and I, and this I had forgot had she not remembered. And in the quiet of the evening, after the day's hunt was done, it came between us, and in the silence of the night when we lay beneath the stars and should have been one. It was there always. She never spoke, but it sat by our fire and held us ever apart. She tried to put it aside, but at such times it would rise up till I could read it in the look of her eyes, in the very intake of her breath.

"So in the end she bore me a child, a woman-child, and died. Then I went among my mother's people that it might nurse at a warm breast and live. But my hands were wet with the blood of men, look you, because of the Church, wet with the blood of men. And the Riders of the North came for me, but my mother's brother, who was then chief in his own right, hid me and gave me horses and food. And we went away, my woman-child and I, even to the Hudson Bay Country, where white men were few and the

questions they asked not many. And I worked for the Company as a hunter, as a guide, as a driver of dogs, till my woman-child was become a woman, tall, and slender, and fair to the eye.

"You know the winters, long and lonely, breeding evil thoughts and bad deeds. The Chief Factor was a hard man, and bold. And he was not such that a woman would delight in looking upon. But he cast eyes upon my woman-child who was become a woman. Mother of God! he sent me away on a long trip with the dogs, that he might —you understand, he was a hard man and without heart. She was most white, and her soul was white, and a good woman, and —well, she died.

"It was bitter cold the night of my return, and I had been away months, and the dogs were limping sore when I came to the fort. The Indians and breeds looked on me in silence, and I felt the fear of I knew not what; but I said nothing, till the dogs were fed and I had eaten as a man with work before him should. Then I spoke up, demanding the word, and they shrank from me, afraid of my anger and what I should do; but the story came out, the pitiful story, word for word, and they marveled that I should be so quiet.

"When they had done I went to the Factor's house, calmer than now in the telling of it. He had been afraid and called upon the breeds to help him; but they were not pleased with the deed, and had left him to lie in the bed he had made. So he had fled to the house of the priest. Thither I followed. But when I was come to that place, the priest stood in my way, and spoke soft words, and said a man in anger should go neither to the right nor left, but straight to God. I asked by a father's wrath that he give me past, but he said only over his body and besought with me to pray. Look you, it was the Church, always the Church; for I passed over his body and sent the Factor to meet my woman-child before his god, which is a bad god, and the god of the white men.

"Then was there hue and cry, for word was sent to the station below, and I came away. Through the Land of the Great Slave, down the Valley of the Mackenzie to the never-opening ice, over the White Rockies, past the Great Curve of the Yukon, even to this place did I come. And from that day to this, yours is the first face of my father's people I have looked upon. May it be the last. These people, which are my people, are a simple folk, and I have been raised to honor among them. My word is their law, and their priests but do my bidding, else would I not suffer them. When I speak for them I speak for myself. We ask to be let alone. We do not want your kind. If we permit you to sit by our fires, after you will come your Church, your priests, and your gods. And know this, for each white man who comes to my village, him will I make deny his god. You are the first, and I give you grace. So it were well you go, and go quickly."

"I am not responsible for my brothers," the second man spoke up, filling his pipe in a meditative manner. Hay Stockard was at times as thoughtful of speech as he was wanton of action; but only at times.

"But I know your breed," responded the other. "Your brothers are many, and it is you and yours who break the trail for them to follow. In time they shall come to possess the land, but not in my time. Already, have I heard, are they on the head-reaches of the Great River, and far away below are the Russians."

Hay Stockard lifted his head with a quick start. This was startling geographical information. The Hudson Bay post at Fort Yukon had other notions concerning the course of the river, believing it to flow into the Arctic.

"And should I not go down to the Russians, nor back to my brothers?"

"Then shall you go swift-footed before your god, which is a bad god, and the god of the white men."

The red sun shot up above the northern sky-line, dripping and bloody. Baptiste the Red came to his feet, nodded curtly, and went back to his camp amid the crimson shadows and the singing of the robins.

Hay Stockard finished his pipe by the fire, picturing in smoke and coal the unknown upper reaches of the Koyukuk, the strange stream which ended here its arctic travels and merged its waters with the muddy Yukon flood. Somewhere up there, if the dying words of a shipwrecked sailorman who had made the fearful overland journey were to be believed, and if the vial of golden grains in his pouch attested anything—somewhere up there, in that home of winter, stood the Treasure House of the North. And as keeper of the gate, Baptiste the Red, English half-breed and renegade, barred the way.

"Bah!" He kicked the embers apart and rose to his full height, arms lazily outstretched, facing the flushing north.

II.

Hay Stockard swore, harshly, in the rugged monosyllables of his mother tongue. His wife lifted her gaze from the pots and pans, and followed his in a keen scrutiny of the river. She was a woman of the Teslin Country, wise in the ways of her husband's vernacular when it grew intense. From the slipping of a snow-shoe thong to the forefront of sudden death, she could gauge occasion by the pitch and volume of his blasphemy. So she knew the present occasion merited attention. A long canoe, with paddles flashing back the rays of the westering sun, was crossing the current from above and urging in for the eddy. Hay Stockard watched it intently. Three men rose and

HAY STOCKARD.

dipped, rose and dipped, with rhythmical precision; but a red bandanna, wrapped about the head of one, caught and held his eye.

"Bill!" he called. "Oh, Bill!"

A shambling, loose-jointed giant rolled out of one of the tents, yawning and rubbing the sleep from his eyes. Then he sighted the strange canoe and was wide-awake on the instant.

"By the jumping Methuselah! That sky-pilot!"

Hay Stockard nodded his head bitterly, half-reached for his rifle, then shrugged his shoulders.

"Pot-shot him," Bill suggested, "and settle the thing out of hand. He'll spoil us sure if we don't."

But the other declined this drastic measure and turned away, at the same time bidding the woman return to her work, and calling Bill back from the bank. The two Indians in the canoe moored it on the edge of the eddy, while its white occupant, conspicuous by his gorgeous head-gear, came up the bank.

"Like Paul of Tarsus, I give you greeting. Peace be unto you and grace before the Lord."

His advances were met sullenly, and without speech.

"To you, Hay Stockard, blasphemer and Philistine, greeting. In your heart is the lust of Mammon, in your mind cunning devils, in your tent this woman whom you live with in adultery; yet of these divers sins, even here in the wilderness, I, Sturges Owen, apostle to the Lord, bid you to repent and cast from you your iniquities."

"Save your cant! Save your cant!" Hay Stockard broke in testily. "You'll need all you've got, and more, for Red Baptiste over yonder."

He waved his hand toward the Indian camp, where the half-breed was looking steadily across, striving to make out the new-comers. Sturges Owen, disseminator of light and apostle to the Lord, stepped to the edge of the steep and commanded his men to bring up the camp outfit. Stockard followed him.

"Look here," he demanded, plucking the missionary by the shoulder and twirling him about. "Do you value your hide?"

"My life is in the Lord's keeping, and I do but work in His vineyard," he replied solemnly.

"Oh, stow that! Are you looking for a job of martyrship?"

"If He so wills."

"Well, you'll find it right here, but I'm going to give you some advice first. Take it or leave it. If you stop here you'll be cut off in the midst of your labors. And not you alone, but your men, Bill, my wife——"

"Who is a daughter of Belial and hearkeneth not to the true Gospel."

"And myself. Not only do you bring trouble upon yourself, but upon us. I was frozen in with you last winter, as you will well recollect, and I know you for a good man and a fool. If you think it your duty to strive with the heathen, well and good; but do exercise some wit in the way you go about it. This man, Red Baptiste, is no Indian. He comes of our common stock, is as bull-necked as I ever dared be, and as wild a fanatic the one way as you are the other. When you two come together hell'll be to pay, and I don't care to be mixed up in it. Understand? So take my advice and go away. If you go down-stream you'll fall in with the Russians. There's bound to be Greek priests among them, and they'll see you safe through to Bering Sea—that's where the Yukon empties—and from there it won't be hard to get back to civilization. Take my word for it and get out of here as fast as God'll let you."

"He who carries the Lord in his heart and the Gospel in his hand hath no fear of the machinations of man or devil," the missionary answered stoutly. "I will see this man and wrestle with him. And even as thou, Paul of Tarsus, even so do I work in the vineyard of the Lord, bearing trials and tribulations, scoffs and sneers, stripes and punishments, for His dear sake.

"Bring up the little bag with the tea and a kettle of water," he called the next instant to his boatmen; "not forgetting the haunch of cariboo and the mixing-pan."

When his men, converts by his own hand, had gained the bank, the trio fell to their knees, hands and backs burdened with camp equipage, and offered up thanks for their passage through the wilderness and their safe arrival. Hay Stockard looked upon the function with sneering disapproval, the romance and solemnity of it lost to his matter-of-fact soul. Baptiste the Red, still gazing across, recognized the familiar postures, and remembered the girl who had shared his star-roofed couch in the hills and forests, and the woman-child who lay somewhere by bleak Hudson's Bay.

"THE TRIO FELL TO THEIR KNEES, HANDS AND BACKS BURDENED WITH CAMP EQUIPAGE, AND OFFERED UP THANKS."

III.

"Confound it, Baptiste, couldn't think of it. Not for a moment. Grant that this man is a fool and of small use in the nature of things, but still, you know, I can't give him up."

Hay Stockard paused, striving to put into speech the rude ethics of his heart.

"He's worried me, Baptiste, in the past and now, and caused me all manner of troubles; but can't you see, he's my own breed—white—and—and—why, I couldn't buy my life with his, not if he was a nigger."

"So be it," Baptiste the Red made answer. "I have given you grace and choice. I shall come presently, with my priests and fighting men, and either shall I kill you, or you deny your god. Give up the priest to my pleasure, and you shall depart in peace. Otherwise your trail ends here. My people are against you. To the babies are they against you. Even now have the children stolen away your canoes."

He pointed down to the river. Naked boys had slipped down the water from the point above, cast loose the canoes, and by then had worked them into the current.

When they had drifted out of rifle shot they clambered over the sides and paddled ashore.

"Give me the priest, and you may have them back again. Come! Speak your mind, but without haste."

Stockard shook his head. His glance dropped to the woman of the Teslin Country with his boy at her breast, and he would have wavered had he not lifted his eyes to the men before him.

"I am not afraid," Sturges Owen spoke up. "The Lord bears me in His right hand, and alone am I ready to go into the camp of the unbeliever. It is not too late. Faith may move mountains. Even in the eleventh hour may I win his soul to the true righteousness."

"Trip the beggar up and make him fast," Bill whispered hoarsely in the ear of his leader, while the missionary kept the floor and wrestled with the heathen. "Make him hostage, and bore him if they get ugly."

"No," Stockard answered. "I gave him my word that he could speak with us unmolested. Rules of warfare, Bill; rules of warfare. He's been on the square, given us warning, and all that, and—why, damn it, man, I can't break my word!"

"He'll keep his, never fear."

"Don't doubt it, but I won't let a half-breed outdo me in fair dealing. Why not do what he wants—give him the missionary and be done with it?"

"N-no," Bill hesitated doubtfully.

"Shoe pinches, eh?"

Bill flushed a little and dropped the discussion. Baptiste the Red was still waiting the final decision. Stockard went up to him.

"It's this way, Baptiste. I came to your village minded to go up the Koyukuk. I intended no wrong. My heart was clean of evil. It is still clean. Along comes this priest, as you call him. I didn't bring him here. He'd have come whether I was here or not. But now that he is here, being of my people, I've got to stand by him. And I'm going to. Further, it will be no child's play. When you have done, your village will be silent and empty, your people wasted as after a famine. True, we will be gone; likewise the pick of your fighting men——"

"But those who remain shall be in peace, nor shall the word of strange gods and the tongues of strange priests be buzzing in their ears."

Both men shrugged their shoulders and turned away, the half-breed going back to his own camp. The missionary called his two men to him, and they fell into prayer. Stockard and Bill attacked the few standing pines with their axes, felling them into a convenient stockade. The child had fallen asleep, so the woman placed it on a heap of furs and lent a hand in fortifying the camp. Three sides were thus defended, the steep declivity at the rear precluding attack from that direction. When these arrangements had been completed, the two men stalked into the open, clearing away, here and there, the scattered underbrush. From the opposing camp came the booming of war-drums and the voices of the priests stirring the people to anger.

"Worst of it is they'll come in rushes," Bill complained as they walked back with shouldered axes.

"And wait till midnight, when the light gets dim for shooting."

"Can't start the ball a-rolling too early then." Bill exchanged the ax for a rifle, and took a careful rest. One of the medicine-men, towering above his tribesmen, stood out distinctly. Bill drew a bead on him. "All ready?" he asked.

Stockard opened the ammunition box, placed the woman where she could reload in safety, and gave the word. The medicine-man dropped. For a moment there was silence, then a wild howl went up and a flight of bone arrows fell short.

"I'd like to take a look at the beggar," Bill remarked, throwing a fresh shell into place. "I'll swear I drilled him clean between the eyes."

"Didn't work." Stockard shook his head gloomily. Baptiste had evidently quelled the more warlike of his followers, and instead of precipitating an attack in the bright light of day, the shot had caused a hasty exodus, the Indians drawing out of the village beyond the zone of fire.

In the full tide of his proselyting fervor, borne along by the hand of God, Sturges Owen would have ventured alone into the camp of the unbeliever, equally prepared for miracle or martyrdom; but in the waiting which ensued, the fever of conviction died away just so as the natural man asserted itself. Physical fear replaced spiritual hope; the love of life, the love of God. It was no new experience. He could feel his weakness coming on and knew it of old time. He had struggled against it and been overcome by it before. He remembered when the other men had driven their paddles like mad in the van of a roaring ice-flood, how, at the critical moment, in a panic of worldly ter-

ror, he had dropped his paddle and besought wildly with his God for pity. And there were other times. The recollection was not pleasant. It brought shame to him that his spirit should be so weak and his flesh so strong. But the love of life! the love of life! He could not strip it from him. Because of it had his dim ancestors perpetuated their line; because of it was he destined to perpetuate his. His courage, if courage it might be called, was bred of fanaticism. The courage of Stockard and Bill was the adherence to deep-rooted ideals. Not that the love of life was less, but the love of race tradition more; not that they were unafraid to die, but that they were brave enough not to live.

The missionary rose, for the moment swayed by the mood of sacrifice. He half crawled over the barricade to proceed to the other camp, but sank back, a trembling mass, wailing: "As the spirit moves! As the spirit moves! Who am I that I should set aside the judgments of God? Before the foundations of the world were all things written in the book of life. Worm that I am, shall I erase the page or any portion thereof? As God wills, so shall the spirit move!"

Bill reached over, plucked him to his feet, and shook him, fiercely, silently. Then he dropped the bundle of quivering nerves and turned his attention to the two converts. But they showed little fright and a cheerful alacrity in preparing for the coming passage at arms.

Stockard, who had been talking in undertones with the Teslin woman, now turned to the missionary.

"Fetch him over here," he commanded of Bill.

"Now," he ordered, when Sturges Owen had been deposited before him; "make us man and wife, and be lively about it." Then he added apologetically to Bill: "No telling how it's to end, so I just thought I'd get my affairs straightened up."

The woman obeyed the behest of her white lord. To her the ceremony was meaningless. By her lights she was his wife, and had been from the day they first foregathered. The converts served as witnesses. Bill stood over the missionary, prompting him when he stumbled. Stockard put the responses in the woman's mouth, and when the time came, for want of better, ringed her finger with thumb and forefinger of his own.

"Kiss the bride!" Bill thundered, and Sturges Owen was too weak to disobey.

"Now baptize the child!"

"Neat and tidy," Bill commented.

"Gathering the proper outfit for a new trail," the father explained, taking the boy from the mother's arms. "I was grubstaked, once, into the Cascades, and had everything in the kit except salt. Never shall forget it. And if the woman and the kid cross the divide to-night they might as well be prepared for pot-luck. A long shot, Bill, between ourselves, but nothing lost if it misses."

A cup of water served the purpose, and the child was laid away in a secure corner of the barricade. The men built the fire, and the evening meal was cooked.

The sun hurried round to the north, sinking closer to the horizon. The heavens in that quarter grew red and bloody. The shadows lengthened, the light dimmed, and in the somber recesses of the forest life slowly died away. Even the wild fowl in the river softened their raucous chatter and feigned the nightly farce of going to bed. Only the tribesmen increased their clamor, war-drums booming and voices raised in savage folk songs. But as the sun dipped they ceased their tumult. The rounded hush of midnight was complete. Stockard rose to his knees and peered over the logs. Once the child wailed in pain and disconcerted him. The mother bent over it, but it slept again. The silence was interminable, profound. Then, of a sudden, the robins burst into full-throated song. The night had passed.

A flood of dark figures boiled across the open. Arrows whistled and bow-thongs sang. The shrill-tongued rifles answered back. A spear, and a mighty cast, transfixed the Teslin woman as she hovered above the child. A spent arrow, diving between the logs, lodged in the missionary's arm.

There was no stopping the rush. The middle distance was cumbered with bodies, but the rest surged on, breaking against and over the barricade like an ocean wave. Sturges Owen fled to the tent, while the men were swept from their feet and buried beneath the human tide. Hay Stockard alone regained the surface, flinging the tribesmen aside like yelping curs. He had managed to seize an ax. A dark hand grasped the child by a naked foot, and drew it from beneath its mother. At arm's length its puny body circled through the air, dashing to death against the logs. Stockard clove the man to the chin and fell to clearing space. The ring of savage faces closed in, raining upon him spear-thrusts and bone-barbed arrows,

"TWICE, WITH HIS AX BLOCKED BY TOO DEEP A BLOW, THEY RUSHED HIM; BUT EACH TIME HE FLUNG THEM CLEAR."

The sun shot up, and they swayed back and forth in the crimson shadows. Twice, with his ax blocked by too deep a blow, they rushed him; but each time he flung them clear. They fell underfoot and he trampled dead and dying, the way slippery with blood. And still the day brightened and the robins sang. Then they drew back from him in awe, and he leaned breathless upon his ax.

"Blood of my soul!" cried Baptiste the Red. "But thou art a man. Deny thy god, and thou shalt yet live."

Stockard swore his refusal, feebly but with grace.

"Behold! A woman!" Sturges Owen had been brought before the half-breed.

Beyond a scratch on the arm, he was uninjured, but his eyes roved about him in an ecstasy of fear. The heroic figure of the blasphemer, bristling with wounds and arrows, leaning defiantly upon his ax, indifferent, indomitable, superb, caught his wavering vision. And he felt a great envy of the man who could go down serenely to the dark gates of death. Surely Christ, and not he, Sturges Owen, had been molded in such manner. And why not he? He felt dimly the curse of ancestry, the feebleness of spirit which had come down to him out of the past, and he felt an anger at the creative force, symbolize it as he would, which had formed him, its servant, so weakly. For even a stronger man, this anger and the stress of circumstance were sufficient to breed apostasy, and for Sturges Owen it was inevitable.

"Where now is thy god?" the half-breed demanded.

"I do not know." He stood straight and rigid, like a child repeating a catechism.

"Hast thou then a god at all?"

"I had."

"And now?"

"No."

"There is no god."

"There is no god."

"No white man's god."

"No white man's god."

"Nor ever was and never shall be."

"Nor ever was and never shall be."

Hay Stockard swept the blood from his eyes and laughed. The missionary looked at him curiously, as in a dream. A feeling of infinite distance came over him, as though of a great remove. In that which had taken place, and which was to take place, he had no part. He was a spectator—at a distance, yes, at a distance. The words of Baptiste came to him faintly:

"Very good. See that this man go free, and that no harm befall him. Let him depart in peace. Give him a canoe and food. Set his face toward the Russians that he may tell their priests of Baptiste the Red, in whose country there is no god."

They led him to the edge of the steep, where they paused to witness the final tragedy. The half-breed turned to Hay Stockard.

"There is no god," he prompted.

The man laughed in reply. One of the young men poised a war-spear for the cast.

"Hast thou a god?"

"Ay, the God of my fathers."

He shifted the ax for a better grip. Baptiste the Red gave the sign, and the spear hurtled full against his breast. Sturges Owen saw the ivory head stand out beyond his back, saw the man sway, laughing, and snap the shaft short as he fell upon it. Then he went down to the river that he might carry to the Russians the message of Baptiste the Red, in whose country there was no god.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN.

By Clara Morris.

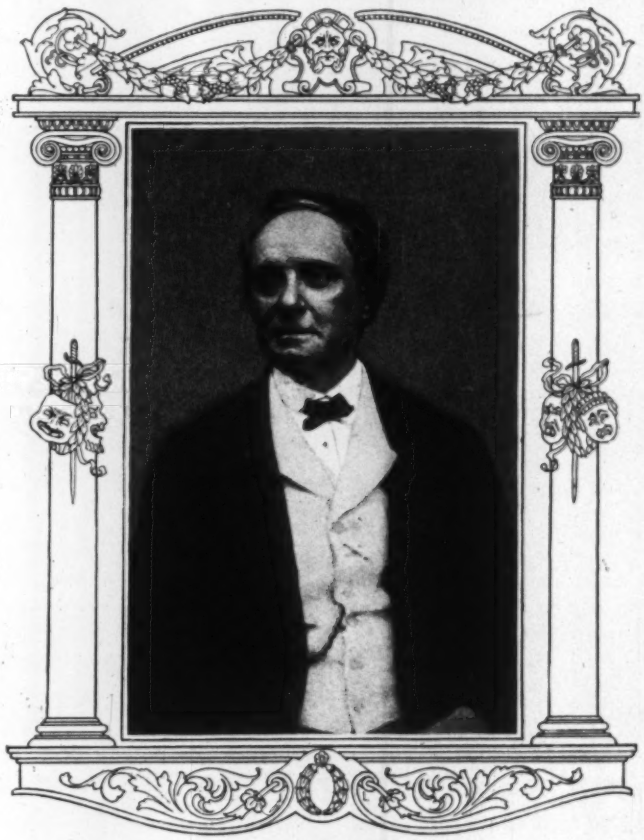
Illustrated with Photographs from Collections of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

AMONG my most treasured memories, I find the gentle words and astonishing prophecy of Mr. Charles Kean. That was the last visit to this country of Mr. and Mrs. Kean, and his memory was failing him grievously. He had with him two English actors, each of whom knew every line of all his parts, and their duty was, when on the stage or off, so long as Mr. Kean was before the house, to keep their eyes on him, and at the first sign of hesitancy on his part one of them gave him the needed word. Once or twice, when he seemed quite bewildered, Mr. Cathcart, turning his back to the audience, spoke Mr.

Kean's entire speech, imitating his nasal tones to the life.

But it was off the stage that the aged couple were most delightful. Ellen and Charles were like a pair of old, old love-birds—a little dull of eye, nor quite perfect in the preening of their somewhat rumpled plumage, but billing and cooing with all the persistency and satisfaction of their first caging. Their appearance upon the street provoked amusement, sometimes even excitement. I often saw drivers of drays and wagons pull up their horses and stop in the crowded streets to stare at them as they made their way toward the theater. Mrs. Kean lived inside the most astounding hoop woman ever carried. Its size, its weight, its tilting power were awful. Entrances had to be cleared of all chairs or tables to accommodate Mrs. Kean's hoop. People scrambled or slid sideways about her on the stage, swearing mentally all the time, while a sudden gasp from the front row, or a groan from Mr. Cathcart, announced a tilt and a revelation of heelless slippers and dead-white stockings. And, in spite of his dignity, Charles was not above a joke on Ellen's hoop; for one rainy day, as she strove to enter a carriage-door, she stuck fast, and the hoop—mercy! It was well Mr. Kean was there to hold it down; but as a troubled voice from within said, "I'm caught somehow—don't you see, Charles?" with a twinkling eye Charles replied, "Yes, Ellen, my dear, I do see—and—and I'm trying to keep every one else from seeing, too!" a speech verging so closely upon impropriety that, with antique coquetry, Mrs. Kean punished him by tweaking his ear when he squeezed in beside her.

The Kean bonnet was the wonder of the town. It was a large coal-scuttle of white leghorn, and at the back there was a sort of flounce of ribbon, which she called her "bonnet-cape." Draped over it she wore a bright green *barège* veil. But she was not half so funny as was her husband on the street. His short little person was buttoned up tightly in a regular bottle-green "Mantellini" sort of overcoat, loaded with frogs of heavy cord, and lined, cuffed, and collared with fur of such remarkable color, quality, and marking as would have puzzled the most experienced student of natural history to name, while vicious little street boys, at sight of it, always put searching questions as to the price of catskins in London.



MR. CHARLES KEAN.

As they came down the street together, Mrs. Kean, majestically towering above her lord and master, looked like an old-time frigate with every inch of canvas spread, while at her side Charles puffed and fretted like a small tug.

The street boys were a continual torment to him, but Mrs. Kean appeared serenely unconscious of their existence, even when her husband made short rushes at them with his gold-headed cane, crying, "Go away—you irreverent little brutes—go a-way!" and then puffed laboriously back to her again as she sailed calmly on.

When he first arrived to play engagements

both in Cleveland and Columbus, being very eager to see all I could of him, I came very early to the theater, and as I walked up and down behind the scenes, I caught a glint of something on the floor, which might have been a piece of tinsel; but finally I went over to it, touched it with my foot, and then picked up an oval gold case with handsome frame enclosing a picture; a bit of broken ribbon still hung from the ring on top of the frame. I ran with it to the prompter, who knew nothing of it, but said there would soon be a hue and cry for it from some one, as it was of value. "Perhaps you had better take it to Mr. Kean; it might be his." I hesitated, but the prompter said he was busy, and I was not; so I started toward the dressing-room the Keans shared together, when suddenly the door was flung open and Mr. Kean came out in evident excitement. He bumped against me, as he was crying, "I say there—you—have you seen—oh, I beg your pardon!" I also apologized, and added, "If you please, sir, does this belong to you? I found it behind the scenes."

MRS. CHARLES KEAN.

He caught it from my hand to look at it in the dim light, then pressing it to his lips, exclaimed fervently, "Thank the good God!" He held up a length of broken black ribbon, saying, "Hey, but you have played me a nice trick!"

I understood at once that he used the locket in "Hamlet," and I ventured, "If you can't wear gold and your ribbon cuts, could you not have a silver chain oxidized for your 'property' picture, sir?"

He chucked me under the chin, exclaiming, "A good idea, that. I'll—I'll tell Ellen of that; but, my dear, this is no 'property' locket. This is one of my greatest earthly treasures; it's the picture of——"

He stopped, he looked at me for quite a moment, then he said, "You come here to the light." I followed him obediently. "Now, can you tell me who that is a miniature of?" and he placed the oval case in my hands.

I gave a glance at the curled hair, the beautiful profile, the broad, turned-down collar, and smilingly exclaimed: "It's Lord Byron."

Good gracious! what was the matter with the old gentleman?

"Ha! ha!" he cried. "Ha! ha! Listen to the girl!" He fairly pranced about. He got clear out on the dark stage, and holding his hands to the emptiness, cried again, "Listen to the girl! 'Lord Byron,' says she, at one glance."

"Well," I replied resentfully, "it does look like Lord Byron."

And he "Ha! ha'd!" once more and wiped his eyes, and said, "I must tell Ellen this. Come here, my dear, come here." He took my hand and led me to the dressing-room, crying, "It's Charles, my dear, it's Charles. And oh, my dear, my dear, I—I have it. See, now." He held up the locket.

"Oh, how glad I am! And now, Charles, perhaps you'll give up that miserable ribbon," and she kissed his cheek in congratulation.

But on the old gentleman went: "And, Ellen, my dear, look at this girl here—just

look at her. She found him for me, and I said, 'Who is he?' and she up and said—Ellen, are you listening?—said she, 'It's Lord Byron.'"

"Did she now?" exclaimed Mrs. Kean, with pleased eyes.

But I was getting mad, and I snapped a bit, I'm afraid, when I said, "Well, I don't know who it is; but it does look like Byron. I'll leave it to any one in the company if it doesn't."

"Listen to her, Ellen. Hang me if she's not getting hot about it, too." Then he came over to me, and in the gravest, gentlest tone said, "It is like Byron, my girl, but it is not him—you found the picture of my beloved and great father, Edmund Kean," and he kissed me gently on the forehead, and said, "Thank you! thank you!" And as Mrs. Kean came over and put her arm about me, and repeated the kiss and thanks, Charles snuffled most distinctly from the corner where he was folding his precious miniature within a silk handkerchief.

They were both at their very best in the tragedy of "Henry VIII." Mr. Kean's "Wolsey" was an impressive piece of work, and to the eye he was as true a cardinal as ever shared in an Ecumenical Council in Catholic Rome, or hastened to private audience at the Vatican with the Pope himself; and his superb robes, his priestly splendor had nothing about them that was imitation. Everything was real—the silks, the jeweled cross and ring, and as to the lace, I gasped for breath with sheer astonishment. Never had I seen, even in a picture, anything to suggest the exquisite beauty of that ancient web. Full thirty inches deep, the yellowing wonder fell over the glowing cardinal red beneath it. I cannot remember how many thousands of dollars they had gladly given to the Sisters of the tottering old convent in the hills, where it had been created long ago; and though it seemed so fragilely frail and useless a thing, yet had it proved strong enough to prop up the leaning walls of its old home, and spread a sound roof over the blessed altar there—so strong, sometimes, is beauty's weakness.

And Mrs. Kean—what a Catherine she was! Surely nothing could have been taken from the part, nothing added to it without marring its perfection. In the earlier acts, one seemed to catch a glimpse of that Ellen Tree who had been a beauty as well as a popular actress when Charles Kean had come a-wooing. Her clear, strong features, her stately bearing were beautifully suited to the part of "Queen Catherine." Her performance of the court scene was a liberal education for any young actress—her regal dignity, her pride, her passion of hatred for "Wolsey" held in strong leash, yet now and again springing up fiercely. Her address to the king was a delight to the ear, even while it moved one to the heart; and through the deep humility of her speech one saw, as through a veil, the stupendous pride of the Spanish princess, who knew herself the daughter of a king, if she were not the wife to one. With most pathetic dignity she gave her speech beginning:

> "Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;"

maintaining perfect self-control until she came to the words—

> ". . . Sir, call to mind
> That I have been your wife in this obedience
> Upward of twenty years and . . ."

her voice faltered, the words trembled on her lips—

> ". . . have been blest
> With many children by you."

In that painful pause one remembered with a pang that all those babes were dead in infancy, save only the Princess Mary. Then controlling her emotion, and lifting her head high, she went on to the challenge—if aught could be reported against her honor. It was a great act. Her passionate cry to "Wolsey"—

> ". . . Lord Cardinal,
> To *you* I speak—"

thrilled the audience; while to his

> ". . . Be patient yet,"

her sarcastic

> "I will, when you are humble!"

cut like a knife, and brought quick applause. But best, greatest, queenliest of all was her exit, when, refusing to obey the king's command:

> ". . . Call her again."

For years one might remember those ringing words—

> "I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
> Upon this business my appearance make
> At any of their courts."

It was a noble performance. Mr. Kean's mannerisms were less noticeable in "Wolsey" than in other parts, and the scenes between the queen and cardinal were a joy to the lovers of Shakespeare.

From the time I found the miniature, and, by accident, fed Mr. Kean's innocent vanity in his father's likeness to Byron, he made much of me. Evening after evening, in Columbus, he would have me come to their dressing-room; for, after the habit of the old-time actor, they came very early, dressed without flurry, and were ready before the overture was on. There they would tell me stories, and when Charles had a teasing fit on, he would relate, with great gusto, the awful disaster that once overtook Ellen in a theater in Scotland, "when she played a Swiss boy, my girl—and—and her breeches——"

"Now, Charles!" remonstrated Mrs. Kean.

"Knee-breeches, you know, my dear——"

"Charles!" pleadingly.

"Were of black velvet—yes, black velvet, I remember, because when they broke from——"

"C-h-a-r-l-e-s!" And then the stately Mrs. Kean would turn her head away and give a small sob, when Charles would wink a knowing wink, and trot over and pat the broad shoulder and kiss the rouged cheek, saying, "Why, why, Ellen, my dear, what a great baby! Now, now, but you know those black breeches did break up before you got across the bridge."

Then Mrs. Kean turned and drove him into his own corner or out of the door, after which she would exclaim, "It's just one of his larks, my dear. I *did* have an accident; the seam of one leg of my breeches broke, and showed the white lining a bit. But if you'll believe me, I've known that man to declare that—that they fell off, my dear; but generally that's on Christmas or his birthday, when only friends are by."

Mr. Kean had been the first man to wear an absolutely correct cardinal's robe on the stage, and very proud he was of that fact, never failing in giving his Ellen all the credit of it. Until this time actors had worn a scarlet "something" that seemed a cross between a king's mantle and a woman's wrapper. Mr. Kean had been quite carried away with enthusiasm over his coming production of "Henry VIII.," and his wife, seeing his disappointment and dissatisfaction over the costumer's best effort in the direction of a cardinal's robe, determined, some way or somehow, to obtain for him an exact copy of the genuine article.

One night, while "Louis XI." was going on, Mrs. Kean herself told me how she had at last succeeded. They were in Rome for their holiday; they had many letters, some to very important personages.

From the first she had made known to her most powerful Roman friend her desire to see the robe of a cardinal, to obtain measurements from it, and had been treated at first to a great showing of uplifted hands and eyes, and many "impossibilities," but later on had received positive promises of help. Yet days, even weeks passed, and always there was some excuse—nothing came of the fine promises.

One day, in her anxiety and disappointment, she mentioned to an English friend, who had long resided in Rome, her trouble over the procrastination of her Italian acquaintance, when the Englishwoman asked:

"What have you paid him?"

"Paid him?" cried Mrs. Kean. "Do you know you are speaking of F——, whose high official, as well as social, position is such——"

"Oh," laughed the visitor, "his position has nothing to do with it; his being your friend has nothing to do with it. The Italian palm is an itching palm. No wonder time is being wasted. Soothe that palm the next time he calls."

"Oh, my dear," cried Mrs. Kean, "when that stately, gray-haired gentleman next came, I almost fainted at the thought of putting such an insult upon him as to offer him money. Indeed, I could barely whisper when clasping his hand I left some broad gold pieces there, murmuring, 'For the poor, sir!' and if you'll believe me, he brightened up, and instantly said, 'Keep to the house to-morrow, madame, and I will notify you what you are to do; the effort to get a robe to you here having failed, you will have to come to the general audience his Holiness will grant day after to-morrow, and—and—hem! you will do well to have some loose lire in your pouch, and be sure—sure you carry a smelling-bottle. I suppose, of course, so famous as yourself can faint at command, if need be? Then the tailor, an usher or two, possibly even a guard may require a fee, for they will run great risk in serving you, madame—a woman within those sacred passages and chambers!'

"After he left me, I was fairly sick with feverish excitement. I dared not tell Charles of the bribe; he would have left Rome instantly.

"Next day I received a card of admission for the 'audience,' and orders 'to keep my eyes open, to show no surprise, but to follow silently wherever a hand beckoned with a single finger; to bring all things needful for my use, not forgetting the loose lire and the smelling-bottle.'

"When I entered the carriage to go to the Vatican, I was so weak with hope and fear and fright that Charles was quite upset about me, and was all for going with me, so I had to brace up and pretend the air was already doing me good. As I looked back at him, I wondered if he would divorce me, if in my efforts to secure the pattern of a cardinal's gown I should create a tremendous scandal. I wore the regulation black silk with black veil demanded for the occasion; but besides the little pouch of silk depending from my belt, with lire, salts, and 'kerchief, I had beneath my gown a pocket in which were some white swiss muslin, pins, pencil and tablets, and small scissors.

"There were many carriages, many people. I saw them all as in a dream. In a magnificent room, the ladies were formed in line, waiting to be admitted to the Holy Father's presence. I was forgetting to keep my eyes open; there was a stir. A great door was opening down its center. I heard a faint, low 'hem!' The line began to move forward; a little louder that 'hem!' Suddenly my eyes cleared; I looked. A pair of curtains a little ahead trembled. I drew my smelling-bottle and held it to my nostrils as if ill, but no one noticed me; all were intent upon the opening of that great door. As I was on a line with the curtains, a hand, dreamlike, beckoned. I stepped sidewise between the curtains that parted, then fell thick and soft behind me. Another white beckoning hand appeared at the far side of this chamber. Swiftly I crossed to it. A whisper of 'Quick! quick!' just reached me; a door opened, and I was in a passageway, and for the first time saw a guide.

"At the foot of the stairs he paused, yet the voice had said, 'Quick! quick!' I thought of the loose lire—yes, that was it. I gave him three, and saw him glide up the stairs with catlike stealth. Here were bare walls and floors, and all that cold cleanliness that makes a woman shrink and shiver.

"At last I was in a small, bare room with brick-paved floor. A table stood in its center, and a small and weazened man, red-eyed and old, glided in and laid upon the table—oh, joy! oh, triumph almost reached! a glowing-red cardinal's robe. As I laid my hand upon it, the ferret-like old custodian gave a sort of whispered groan, 'Oh, the sacrilege—and the danger—his whole life's occupation risked!'

"I remembered the 'itching palm,' and as my hand went toward my pocket, his brown claw was extended, and the glint of gold so warmed his heart that smiles came to his toothless mouth.

"All whispered while I, with the deft fingers of a skilled seamstress and the comprehending eye of the actress, well used to strange costumes, was measuring here and putting down notes, swiftly pinning on a bit of muslin there, and cutting an exact pattern.

"Then, soon, I rearranged my veil, crept to the door, and agreeably surprised them by telling them I was through. The ferrety old man had the robe in his arms and was gliding swiftly out of the room in the merest instant. I followed as softly as possible the other watcher. Once an unseen man cleared his throat, and I thought my guide would have fallen from sheer terror; but we reached in safety the frescoed corridor again, and stood at the door, waiting. My guide scratched gently with his nails on the lower panel; a pause, then the door began to move. My guide disappeared as a ghost might have done. Across the room a hand appeared between the hangings and beckoned me. I moved swiftly toward it. I could hear a hum of voices, low and restrained. There was but one room now between me and the great chamber in which we had waited in line for 'audience.' No further signal came. What should I do? I was nearly fainting. Then a hand—a hand I knew by the splendid ring on its middle finger—appeared. I almost staggered to it. A whisper like a breath came to me, 'Smelling salts.' In an instant the bottle was in my hand. I was through the curtains. My Italian friend was asking me 'was I not wrong to remain in Rome so late? He hoped my faintness was quite past, but he must himself see me to my carriage;' and so he swept me forth, under cover of his courteous chatter, and next day I sent him money for those who had to be rewarded.

"And for fear of Charles's rage about the infamy of bribing, I said nothing till he, in great anxiety about my feverish state, removed me from Rome; and then, my dear, I threw my arms about his neck and told him he should have a true and veritable cardinal's robe for his 'Wolsey,' and in outrageous pride I cried, '*Ego hoc feci!*'"

At which I gravely said, "That sounds like, 'I have done something;' anyway it's 'I,' but that 'fetchy' word bothers me."

And she laughed and laughed, and said, "It means '*I* did this!' And I am ashamed to have used a Latin term to you, child. You must forgive me for it, and I must tell

Charles that 'fetchy' word bothered you. I must, indeed, because he does so love his laugh."

Then came the night when by chance I played an important part in one of their plays. My scenes were mostly with Mr. Cathcart, and I only came in contact with Mr. Kean for a moment in one act. I was, as usual, frightened half out of my life; and as I stood in the entrance, ready to go on, Mr. Kean smilingly caught my fingers as he was passing me; but their icy coldness brought him to a standstill.

"Why—why, bless my soul, what's the matter? This—this is not nervousness, is it?" he stammered.

I nodded my head.

"Oh, good Lord!" he cried. "I say, Cathcart, here's a go. This poor child can't even open her mouth now."

I tried to tell him I should be all right soon, but there was no time. The word of entrance came, and a *cue* takes the *pas* even in the presence of a star. I went on, and as my lines were delivered clearly and distinctly, I saw the relieved face of Mr. Kean.

Next night I did not play at all, but came to look on; and being invited to the dressing-room, Mr. Kean suddenly asked me, "Who are you, child?"

"No one," I promptly answered.

He laughed a little and nudged his Ellen, then went on, "I mean, who are your people?"

"I have none," I said; then quickly corrected, "except my mother."

"Ah, yes, yes, that's what we want to get at. Who is that mother? For I recognize an inherited talent here, a natural grace and ease impossible for one so young to acquire by any amount of effort."

I was a bit confused; I hesitated. Mrs. Kean asked, "Were both of your parents actors, my child?"

Suddenly I broke into laughter. The thought of my mother as an actress filled me with amusement. "Oh, I beg your pardon," I cried. "I have no father, and my mother just works at sewing or nursing or housekeeping, or anything she can get to do that's honest."

They looked disappointedly at each other; then Mrs. Kean brightened up, and exclaimed, "Then it's foreign blood, Charles. You can see that in the use of her hands."

They turned expectantly to me. I thought of the big, smiling French Canadian father who had been the *bête noir* of my babyhood. My head drooped. "He—my father—was bad," I said. "His father and mother were from the south of France, but he was a horrid Canadian; my mother, though, is a fortrue American," I proudly ended.

"That's it," they exclaimed together, "the French blood." And Mr. Kean nodded his head and tapped his brow, and said: "You remember, Ellen, what I told you last night. I said 'temperament.' Here it is in this small nobody—no offense to you, my girl. Here's our dear niece, who can't act at all, God bless her!—our 'blood,' but no temperament. Now listen to me, you bright child."

He pushed my hair back from my forehead, so that I must have looked quite wild, and went on, "I have seen you watch that dear woman over there night after night. You admire her, I know." (I nodded hard.) "You think her a great, great way from you?" (More nods.) "A lifetime almost?" (Another nod.) "Then listen to what an old man, but a most experienced actor, prophesies for you. Without interest in high places, without help from any one, except from the Great Helper of us all, you, little girl, daughter of the true American mother and the bad French father, will, inside of five years, be acting my wife's parts, and acting them well."

I could not help it, it seemed so utterly absurd, I laughed aloud. He smiled indulgently, and said, "It seems so funny, does it? Wait a bit, my dear; when my prophecy comes true, you will no longer laugh, and you will remember us."

He gave me his hand in farewell; so did his gracious wife. Then, with tears in my eyes, I said, "I was only laughing at my own insignificance, sir; and I shall remember your kindness always, whether I succeed or not, just as I shall remember your great acting."

Simultaneously they patted me on the shoulder and I left them. Then Mr. Kean put his arm about his wife and kissed her. I know he did, because I looked back and saw them reflected in the looking-glass. Did I not say they were love-birds?

Four years from that month I stood trembling and happy before the audience who generously applauded my "sleep-walking" scene in "Macbeth," and suddenly I seemed to hear the kind old voice making the astonishing prophecy, and I joyed to think of its fulfilment with a whole year to the good.

KIM.

By Rudyard Kipling.

CHAPTER VIII.

The lids of the flesh-pots chattered high,
The knives were whetted, and then came I
To Mahbub Ali the muleteer.
Ballad of the King's Jest.

"THEN in God's Name take blue for red," said Mahbub, alluding to the Hindu color of Kim's disreputable turban.

Kim countered with the old proverb, "I will change my faith and my bedding, but *thou* must pay for it."

The dealer laughed till he nearly fell from his horse. At a shop on the outskirts of the city the change was made, and Kim stood up, externally at least, a Mohammedan.

Mahbub hired a room over against the railway station, sent for a cooked meal of the finest with almond-curd sweetmeats (*balushai* we call it) and fine chopped Lucknow tobacco.

"This is better than some other meat that I ate with the Sikh," said Kim, grinning as he squatted, "and assuredly they give no such victuals at my *madrissah*."

"I have a desire to hear of that same *madrissah*." Mahbub stuffed himself with great boluses of spiced mutton fried in fat with cabbage and golden-brown onions. "But tell me first, altogether and truthfully, the manner of thy escape. For, O Friend of all the World,"—he loosed his cracking belt,—"I do not think it is often that a Sahib and the son of a Sahib runs away from there."

"How should they? They do not know the land. It was nothing," said Kim, and began his tale. When he came to the disguisement and the interview with the girl in the bazaar, Mahbub Ali's gravity went from him. He laughed aloud and beat his hand on his thigh.

"*Shabash! Shabash!* Oh, well done, little one! What will the healer of turquoises say to this? Now, slowly, let us hear what befell afterwards—step by step, omitting nothing."

Step by step then, Kim told his adventures between coughs as the full-flavored tobacco caught his lungs.

"I said," growled Mahbub Ali to himself, "I *said* it was the pony breaking out to play polo. The fruit is ripe already—except that he must learn his distances and his pacings, and his rods and his compasses. Listen now. I have turned aside the Colonel's whip from thy skin, and that is no small service."

"True." Kim puffed serenely. "That is all true."

"But it is not to be thought that this running out and in is any way good."

"It was my holiday, Hajji. I was a slave for many weeks. Why should I not run away when the school was shut? Look, too, how I, living upon my friends or working for my bread, as I did with the Sikh, have saved the Colonel Sahib a great expense."

Mahbub's lips twitched under his well-pruned Mohammedan moustache.

"What are a few rupees"—the Pathan threw out his open hand carelessly—"to the Colonel Sahib? He spends them for a purpose, not in any way for love of thee."

"That," said Kim slowly, "I knew a very long time ago."

"Who told?"

"The Colonel Sahib himself. Not in those many words, but plainly enough for one who is not altogether a mud-head. Yea, he told me in the *te-rain* when we went down to Lucknow."

"Be it so. Then I will tell thee more, Friend of all the World, though in the telling I lend thee my head."

"It was forfeit to me," said Kim, with deep relish, "in Umballa, when thou didst pick me up on the horse after the drummer-boy beat me."

"Speak a little plainer. All the world may tell lies save thou and I. For equally is thy life forfeit to me if I chose to raise my finger here."

"And this is known to me also," said Kim, readjusting the live charcoal-ball on the weed. "It is a very sure tie between us. Indeed thy hold is surer even than mine; for who would miss a boy beaten to death, or, it may be, thrown into a well by the roadside? Many people here and in

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Simla and across the passes behind the hills would, on the other hand, say : 'What has come to Mahbub Ali,' if he were found dead among his horses. Surely too the Colonel Sahib would make inquiries. But again,"—Kim's face puckered with cunning,—"he would not make overlong inquiry, lest people should ask : 'What has this Colonel Sahib to do with that horse-dealer?' But I—if I lived——"

"As thou wouldst surely die——"

"It may be ; but I say, *if* I lived, I, and I alone, would know that one had come by night, as a common thief perhaps, to Mahbub Ali's bulkhead in the serai, and there had slain him, either before or after that thief had made a full search into his saddlebags and between the soles of his slippers. Is that news to tell to the Colonel, or would he say to me—(I have not forgotten when he sent me back for a cigar-case that he had *not* left behind him)—'What is Mahbub Ali to me?'"

Up went a gout of heavy smoke. There was a long pause ; then Mahbub Ali spoke in admiration : "And with these things on thy mind, dost thou lie down and rise again among all the Sahibs' little sons at the *madrissah* and meekly take instruction from thy teachers?"

"It is an order," said Kim blandly. "Who am I to dispute an order?"

"A most finished son of Eblis," said Mahbub Ali. "But what is this tale of the thief and the search?"

"That which I saw," said Kim, "the night that my lama and I lay next thy place in the Kashmir Serai. The door was left unlocked, which I think is not thy custom, Mahbub. He came in as one assured that thou wouldst not soon return. My eye was against a knot-hole in the plank. He searched as it were for something—not a rug, not stirrups, nor a bridle, nor brass pots—something little and most carefully hid. Else why did he prick with an iron between the soles of thy slippers?"

"Ha!" Mahbub Ali smiled gently. "And seeing these things, what tale didst thou fashion to thyself, Well of the Truth?"

"None. I put my hand upon my amulet, which lies always next to my skin, and, remembering the pedigree of a white stallion that I had bitten out of a piece of Mussulmani bread, I went away to Umballa perceiving that a heavy trust was laid upon me. At that hour, had I chosen, thy head was forfeit. It needed only to say to that man, 'I have here a paper concerning a horse which I cannot read.' And then?" Kim peered at Mahbub under his eyebrows.

"Then thou wouldst have drunk water twice—perhaps thrice, afterwards. I do not think more than thrice," said Mahbub simply.

"It is true. I thought of that a little, but most I thought that I loved thee, Mahbub. Therefore I went to Umballa, as thou knowest, but (and this thou dost not know) I lay hid in the garden-grass to see what Colonel Creighton Sahib might do upon reading the white stallion's pedigree."

"And what did he?" for Kim had bitten off the conversation.

"Dost *thou* give news for love, or dost thou sell it?" Kim asked.

"I sell and—I buy." Mahbub took a four-anna piece out of his belt and held it up.

"Eight!" said Kim, mechanically following the huckster instinct of the East.

Mahbub laughed, and put away the coin. "It is too easy to deal in that market, Friend of all the World. Tell me for love. Our lives lie in each other's hand."

"Very good. I saw the Jang-i-Lat Sahib come to a big dinner. I saw him in Creighton Sahib's office. I saw the two read the white stallion's pedigree. I heard the very orders given for the opening of a great war."

"Hah!" Mahbub nodded with deepest eyes afire. "The game is well played. That war is done now, and the evil, we hope, nipped before the flower—thanks to me—and thee. What didst thou later?"

"I made the news as it were a hook to catch me victual and honor among the villagers in a village whose priest drugged my lama. But I bore away the old man's purse, and the Brahmin found nothing. So next morning he was angry. Ho! Ho! And I also used the news when I fell into the hands of that white regiment with their Bull!"

"That was foolishness." Mahbub scowled. "News is not meant to be thrown about like dung-cakes, but used sparingly—like *bhang*."

"So I think now, and moreover, it did me no sort of good. But that was very long ago,"—he made as to brush it all away with a thin brown hand,—"and since then, and especially in the nights under the punkah at the *madrissah*, I have thought very greatly."

"Is it permitted to ask whither the Heaven-born's thought might have led?"

said Mahbub, with an elaborate sarcasm, smoothing his scarlet beard.

"It is permitted," said Kim, and threw back the very tone. "They say at Nucklao that no Sahib must tell a black man that he has made a fault."

Mahbub's hand shot into his bosom, for to call a Pathan a "black man" (*kala admi*) is a blood-insult. Then he remembered and laughed. "Speak, Sahib: thy black man hears."

"But," said Kim, "I am *not* a Sahib, and I say I made a fault when I cursed thee, Mahbub Ali, on the day at Umballa I thought I was betrayed by a Pathan. I was senseless; for I was but newly caught, and I wished to kill that low-caste drummer-boy. I say now, Hajji, that it was well done; and I see my road all clear before me to a good service. I will stay in the *madrissah* till I am ripe."

"Well said. Especially are distances and numbers and the manner of using compasses to be learned in that game. One waits in the Hills above to show thee."

"I will learn their teaching upon a condition—that my time is given to me without question when the *madrissah* is shut. Ask that for me of the Colonel."

"But why not ask the Colonel in the Sahib's tongue?"

"The Colonel is the servant of the Government. He is sent hither and yon at a word, and must consider his own advancement. (See how much I have already learned at Nucklao!) Moreover, the Colonel I know since three months only. I have known one Mahbub Ali for six years. So! To the *madrissah* I will go. At the *madrissah* I will learn. In the *madrissah* I will be a Sahib. But when the *madrissah* is shut, then must I be free and go among my people. Otherwise I die!"

"And who are thy people, Friend of all the World?"

"This great and beautiful land," said Kim, waving his paw round the little clay-walled room where the oil-lamp in its niche burned heavily through the tobacco-smoke. "And, further, I would see my lama again. And further, I need money."

"That is the need of every one," said Mahbub ruefully. "I will give thee eight annas, for much money is not picked out of horses' hooves, and it must suffice for many days. As to all the rest, I am well pleased, and no further talk is needed. Make haste to learn, and in three years, or it may be less, thou wilt be an aid—even to me."

"Have I been such a hindrance till now?" said Kim, with a boy's giggle.

"Do not give answers," Mahbub grunted. "Thou art my new horse-boy. Go and bed among my men. They are near the north end of the station, with the horses."

"They will beat me to the south end of the station if I come without authority."

Mahbub felt in his belt, wetted his thumb on a cake of Chinese ink, and dabbed the impression on a piece of soft native paper. From Balkh to Bombay men know that rough-ridged print with the old scar running diagonally across it.

"That is enough to show my headman. I come in the morning."

"By which road?" said Kim.

"By the road from the City. There is but one, and then we return to Creighton Sahib. I have saved thee a beating."

"Allah! What is a beating when the very head is loose on the shoulders?"

Kim slid out quietly into the night, walked half round the house, keeping close to the walls, and headed away from the station for a mile or so. Then, fetching a wide compass, he worked back at leisure, for he needed time to invent a story if any of Mahbub's retainers asked questions.

They were camped on a piece of waste ground beside the railway, and, being natives, had not, of course, unloaded the two trucks in which Mahbub's animals stood among a consignment of country-breds bought by the Bombay tram-company. The headman, a broken-down, consumptive-looking Mohammedan, promptly challenged Kim, but was pacified at sight of Mahbub's sign-manual.

"The Hajji has of his favor given me service," said Kim testily. "If this be doubted, wait till he comes in the morning. Meantime, a place by the fire."

Followed the usual aimless babble that every low-caste native must raise on every occasion. It died down, and Kim lay out behind the little knot of Mahbub's followers, almost under the wheels of a horse-truck, a borrowed blanket for covering. Now a bed among brickbats and ballast refuse on a damp night, between overcrowded horses and unwashen Baltis, would not appeal to many white boys; but Kim was utterly happy. Change of scene, service, and surroundings were the breath of his little nostrils, and thinking of the neat white cots of St. Xavier's all arow under the punkah gave him joy as keen as the repetition of the multiplication table in English.

"I am very old," he thought sleepily. "Every month I become a year more old. I was very young, and a fool to boot, when I took Mahbub's message to Umballa. Even when I was with that white regiment I was very young and small and had no wisdom. But now I learn every day, and in three years the Colonel will take me out of the *madrissah* and let me go upon the Road with Mahbub hunting for horses' pedigrees, or maybe I shall go by myself; or maybe I shall find the lama and go with him. Yes; that is best. To walk again as a *chela* with my lama when he comes back to Benares." The thoughts came more slowly and disconnectedly. He was plunging into a beautiful dreamland when his ears caught a whisper, thin and sharp, above the monotonous babble round the fire. It came from behind the iron-skinned horse-truck.

"He is not here then?"

"Where should he be but roystering in the City. Who looks for a rat in a frog-pond? Come away. He is not our man."

"He will not go back beyond the Passes a second time. It is the order."

"Hire some woman to drug him. It is a few rupees only, and there is no evidence."

"Except the woman. It must be more certain; and remember the price upon his head."

"Ay, but the police have a long arm, and we are far from the Border. If it were in Peshawur now!"

"Yes—in Peshawur," the second voice sneered. "Peshawur, full of his blood-kin—full of bolt-holes and women behind whose clothes he will hide. Yes, Peshawur or Jehannum would suit us equally well."

"Then what is the plan?"

"O fool, have I not told it a hundred times. Wait till he comes to lie down, and then one sure shot. The trucks are between us and pursuit. We have but to run back over the lines and go our way. They will not see whence the shot came. Wait here at least till the dawn. What manner of *faquir* art thou to shiver at a little watching?"

"Oho!" thought Kim, behind close-shut eyes. "Once again it is Mahbub. Indeed a white stallion's pedigree is not a good thing to peddle to Sahibs! Or maybe Mahbub has been selling other news. Now what is to do, Kim? I know not where Mahbub houses, and if he comes here before the dawn they will shoot him. That would be no profit for thee, Kim. And this is not a matter for the police. That would be no profit for Mahbub; and," he giggled almost aloud, "I do not remember any lesson at Nucklao which will help me. Allah! Here is Kim and yonder are they. First then, Kim must wake and go away, so that they shall not suspect. A bad dream wakes a man—thus——"

He threw the blanket off his face, and raised himself suddenly with the terrible, bubbling, meaningless yell of the Asiatic roused by nightmare.

"Urr-urr-urr-urr! Ya-la-la-la-la! *Narain!* The *churel!* The *churel!*"

A *churel* is the peculiarly malignant ghost of a woman who has died in child-bed. She haunts lonely roads, her feet are turned backwards on the ankles, and she leads men to torment.

Louder rose Kim's quavering howl, till at last he leaped to his feet and staggered off sleepily, while the camp cursed him for waking them. Some twenty yards farther up the line he lay down again, taking care that the whisperers should hear his grunts and his groans as he recomposed himself. After a few minutes he rolled towards the road and stole away into the thick darkness.

He paddled along swiftly till he came to a culvert, and dropped behind it, his chin on a level with the coping-stone. Here he could command all the night-traffic, himself unseen.

Two or three carts passed, jingling out to the suburbs; a coughing policeman and a hurrying foot-passenger or two who sang to keep off evil spirits. Then rapped the shod feet of a horse.

"Ah! This is more like Mahbub," thought Kim, as the beast shied at the little head above the culvert.

"Ohé, Mahbub Ali," he whispered, "have a care!"

The horse was reined back almost on its haunches, and forced towards the culvert.

"Never again," said Mahbub, "will I take a shod horse for night-work. They pick up all the bones and nails in the city." He stooped to lift its forefoot, and that brought his head within a foot of Kim's. "Down—keep down," he muttered. "The night is full of eyes."

"Two men wait thy coming behind the horse-trucks. They will shoot thee at thy lying down, because there is a price on thy head. I heard, sleeping near the horses."

"Didst thou see them? . . . Hold still, Sire of Devils!" This furiously to the horse.

"No."

"Was one dressed belike as a *faquir?*"

"One said to the other, 'What manner of a *faquir* art thou, to shiver at a little watching?'"

"Good. Go back to the camp and lie down. I do not die to-night."

Mahbub wheeled his horse and vanished. Kim tore back down the ditch till he reached a point opposite his second resting-place, slipped across the road like a weasel, and recoiled himself in the blanket.

"At least Mahbub knows," he thought contentedly. "And certainly he spoke as one expecting it. I do not think those two men will profit by to-night's watch."

An hour passed, and, with the best will in the world to keep awake all night, he slept deeply. Now and again a night train roared along the metals within twenty feet of him; but he had all the Oriental's indifference to mere noise, and it did not even weave a dream through his slumber.

Mahbub was anything but asleep. It annoyed him vehemently that people outside his tribe and unaffected by his casual amours should pursue him for the life. His first and natural impulse was to cross the line lower down, work up again, and, catching his well-wishers from behind, summarily slay them. Here, he reflected with sorrow, another branch of the Government, totally unconnected with Colonel Creighton, might demand explanations which would be hard to supply; and he knew that south the Border a perfectly ridiculous fuss is made about a corpse or so. He had not been troubled in this way since he sent Kim to Umballa with the message, and hoped that suspicion had been finally diverted.

Then a most brilliant notion struck him.

"The English do eternally tell the truth," he said, "therefore we of this country are eternally made foolish. By Allah, I will tell the truth to an Englishman! Of what use is the Government police if a poor Kabuli be robbed of his horses in their very trucks. This is as bad as Peshawur! I should lay a complaint at the station. Better still, some young Sahib on the Railway! They are zealous, and if they catch thieves it is remembered to their honor."

He tied up his horse outside the station, and strode on to the platform.

"Hullo, Mahbub Ali!" said a young Assistant District Traffic Superintendent who was waiting to go down the line—a tall, tow haired, horsey youth in dingy white linen. "What are you doing here? Selling weeds—eh?"

"No; I am not troubled for my horses. I come to look for Lutuf Ullah. I have a truck-load up the line. Could any one take them out without the Railway's knowledge?"

"Shouldn't think so, Mahbub. You can claim against us if they do."

"I have seen two men crouching under the wheels of one of the trucks nearly all the night. *Faquirs* do not steal horses, so I gave them no more thought. I would find Lutuf Ullah, my partner."

"The deuce you did? And you didn't bother your head about it? 'Pon my word, it's just almost as well that I met you. What were they like, eh?"

"They were only *faquirs*. They will no more than take a little grain perhaps from one of the trucks. There are many up the line. The State will never miss the dole. I came here seeking for my partner, Lutuf Ullah——"

"Never mind your partner. Where are your horse-trucks?"

"A little to this side of the farthest place where they make lamps for the trains."

"The signal-box. Yes."

"And upon the rail nearest to the road upon the right-hand side—looking up the line thus. But as regards Lutuf Ullah—a tall man with a broken nose, and a Persian greyhound—Aie!"

The boy had hurried off to dig up a young and enthusiastic policeman; for, as he said, the Railway had suffered much from depredations in the goods-yard. Mahbub Ali chuckled in his dyed beard.

"They will walk in their boots, making a noise, and then they will wonder why there are no *faquirs*. They are very clever boys—Barton Sahib and Young Sahib."

He waited idly for a few minutes, expecting to see them hurry up the line girt for action. A light engine slid through the station, and he caught a glimpse of young Barton in the cab.

"I did that child an injustice. He is not altogether a fool," said Mahbub Ali. "To take a fire-carriage for a thief is a new game!"

When Mahbub Ali came to his camp in the dawn, no one thought it worth while to tell him any news of the night. No one, at least, but one small horse-boy, newly advanced to the great man's service, whom Mahbub called to his tiny tent to assist in some packing.

"It is all known to me," whispered Kim, bending above saddle-bags. "Two Sahibs came up on a *te-rain*. I was running to and fro in the dark on this side of the trucks as the *te-rain* moved up and down slowly. They fell upon two men sitting under this truck—Hajji, what shall I do with this lump of tobacco? Wrap it in paper and put it under the salt-bag? Yes—and struck them down. But one man struck at a Sahib with a *faquir's* buck's horn" (Kim meant the conjoined black-buck's horns, which are a *faquir's* sole temporal weapon)—"the blood came. So the other Sahib, first smiting his own man senseless, smote the stabber with a short gun which had rolled from the first man's hand. They all raged as though mad together."

Mahbub smiled with heavenly resignation. "No! That is not so much *dewanee* (madness, or a case for the civil court—the word can be punned upon both ways) as *nizamut* (a criminal case). A gun sayest thou? Ten good years in jail."

"Then they both lay still, but I think they were nearly dead when they were put on the *te-rain*. Their heads moved thus. And there is much blood on the line. Come and see?"

"I have seen blood before. Jail is the sure place—and assuredly they will give false names, and assuredly no man will find them for a long time. They were unfriends of mine. Thy Fate and mine seem on one string. What a tale for the healer of pearls! Now swiftly with the saddle-bags and the cooking-platter. We will take out the horses and away to Simla."

Swiftly,—as Orientals understand speed,—with long explanations, with abuse and windy talk, carelessly, amid a hundred checks for little things forgotten, the untidy camp broke up and led the half-dozen stiff and fretful horses along the Kalka road in the fresh of the rain-swept dawn. Kim, regarded as Mahbub Ali's favorite by all who wished to stand well with the Pathan, was not called upon to work. They strolled on by the easiest of stages, halting every few hours at a wayside shelter. Very many Sahibs travel along the Kalka road; and, as Mahbub Ali says, every young Sahib must needs esteem himself a judge of a horse, and, though he be over head in debt to the money-lender, must make as if to buy. That was the reason that Sahib after Sahib, rolling along in a stage-carriage, would stop and open talk. Some would even descend from their vehicles and feel the horses' legs, asking inane questions, or, through sheer ignorance of the vernacular, grossly insulting the imperturbable trader.

"When first I dealt with Sahibs, and that was when Colonel Soady Sahib was Governor of Fort Abazai and flooded the Commissioner's camping-ground for spite," Mahbub confided to Kim as the boy filled his pipe under a tree, "I did not know how greatly they were fools, and this made me wroth. As thus—" and he told Kim a tale of an expression, misused in all innocence, that doubled Kim up with mirth. "Now I see, however,"—he exhaled smoke slowly,—"that it is with them as with all men—in certain matters they are wise, and in others most foolish. Very foolish it is to use the wrong word to a stranger; for though the heart may be clean of offense, how is the stranger to know that? He is more like to search truth with a dagger."

"True. True talk," said Kim solemnly. "Fools speak of a cat when a woman is brought to bed, for instance. I have heard them."

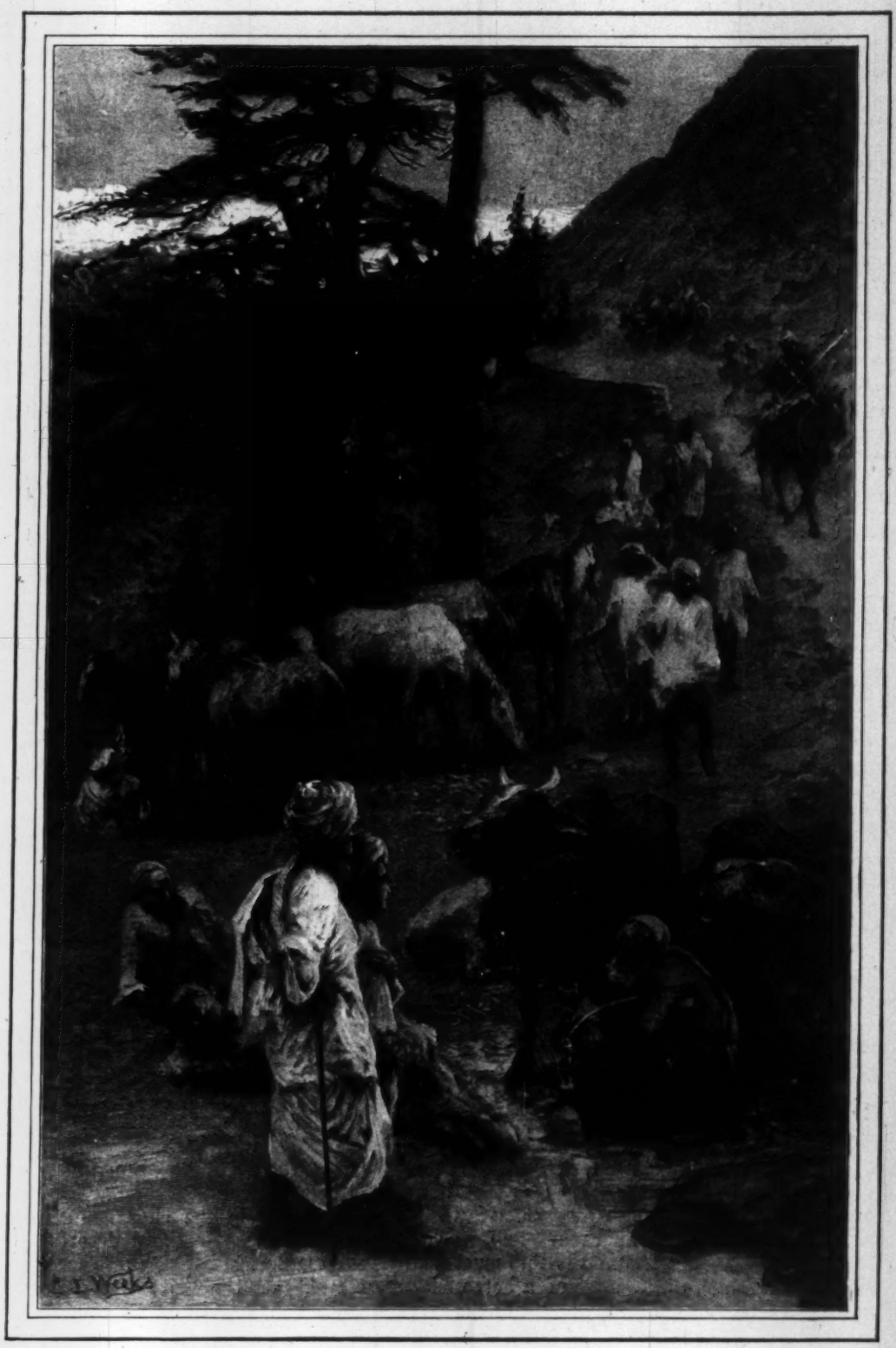
"Therefore, in one situate as thou art, it particularly behoves thee to remember this with both kinds of faces. Among Sahibs, never forgetting thou art a Sahib; among the folk of Hind, always remembering thou art—" he paused, with a puzzled smile.

"What am I? Mussulman, Hindu, Jain, or Buddhist? That is a hard nut."

"Thou art beyond question an unbeliever, and therefore thou wilt be damned. So says my Law—or I think it does. But thou art also my Little Friend of all the World, and I love thee. So says my heart. This matter of creeds is like horseflesh. The wise man knows horses are good—that there is a profit to be made from all; and for myself—but that I am a good Sunni and hate the men of Tirah—I could believe the same of all the Faiths. Now manifestly a Kattiawar mare taken from the sands of her birthplace and removed to the west of Bengal founders—nor is even a Balkh stallion (and there are no better horses than those of Balkh, were they not so heavy in the shoulder) of any account in the great Northern deserts beside the snow camels I have seen. Therefore I say in my heart the Faiths are like the horses. Each has merit in its own country."

"But my lama said altogether a different thing."

"Oh, he is an old dreamer of dreams from Bhotiyal. My heart is a little angry,



ON THE WAY TO SIMLA.

"Camels and bullocks chewed solemnly together and the stolid drivers told the news of the Road."

Friend of all the World, that thou shouldst see such worth in a man so little known."

"It is true, Hajji; but that worth do I see; and to him my heart is drawn."

"And his to thine, I hear. Hearts are like horses. They come and they go against bit or spur. Shout Gul Sher Khan yonder to drive in that bay stallion's pickets more firmly. We do not want a horse-fight at every resting-stage, and the dun and the black will be locked in a little. . . . Now hear me. Is it necessary to the comfort of thy heart to see that lama?"

"It is one part of my bond," said Kim. "If I do not see him, and if he is taken from me, I will go out of that *madrissah* in Nucklao and, and—once gone, who is to find me again?"

"It is true. Never was colt held on a lighter heel-rope than thou." Mahbub nodded his head.

"Do not be afraid." Kim spoke as though he could have evanished on the moment. "My lama has said that he will come to see me at the *madrissah*——"

"A beggar and his bowl in the presence of those young Sa——"

"Not all!" Kim cut in with a snort. "Their eyes are blued and their nails are blackened with low-caste blood, many of them. Sons of *metheeranees*—brothers-in-law to the *bhungi* (sweeper)."

We need not follow the rest of the pedigree; but Kim made his little point clearly and without heat, chewing a piece of sugar-cane the while.

"Friend of all the World," said Mahbub, pushing over the pipe for the boy to clean, "I have met many men, women, and boys, and not a few Sahibs. I have never in all my days met such an imp as thou art."

"And why? When I always tell thee the truth."

"Perhaps the very reason, for this is a world of danger to honest men." Mahbub Ali hauled himself off the ground, girt in his belt, and went over to the horses.

"Or sell it?"

There was that in the tone that made Mahbub halt and turn. "What new devilry?"

"Eight annas, and I will tell," said Kim, grinning. "It touches thy peace."

"O Shaitan!" Mahbub gave the money.

"Rememberest thou the little business of the thieves in the dark, down yonder at Umballa?"

"Seeing they sought my life, I have not altogether forgotten. Why?"

"Rememberest thou the Kashmir Serai?"

"I will twist thy ears in a moment, Sahib."

"No need—Pathan. Only, the second *faquir*, whom the Sahibs beat senseless, was the man who came to search thy bulkhead at Lahore. I saw his face as they helped him on the engine. The very same man."

"Why didst thou not tell before?"

"Oh, he will go to jail, and be safe for some years. There is no need to tell more than is necessary at any one time. Besides, I did not then need money for sweetmeats."

"Allah kerim!" said Mahbub Ali, "Wilt thou some day sell my head for a few sweetmeats if the fit takes thee?"

Kim will remember till he dies that long, lazy journey from Umballa, through Kalka and the Pinjore Gardens near by, up to Simla. A sudden spate in the Gugger River swept down one horse (the most valuable, be sure), and nearly drowned Kim among the dancing boulders. Farther up the road the horses were stampeded by a Government elephant, and being in high condition of grass food, it cost a day and a half to get them together again. Then they met Sikandar Khan coming down with a few unsaleable screws,—remnants of his string,—and Mahbub, who has more of horse-coping in his little finger-nail than Sikandar Khan in all his tents, must needs buy two of the worst, and that meant eight hours' laborious diplomacy and untold tobacco. But it was all pure delight—the wandering road, climbing, dipping, and sweeping about the growing spurs; the flush of the morning laid along the distant snows; the branched cacti, tier upon tier on the stony hillsides; the voices of a thousand water-channels; the chatter of the monkeys; the solemn deodars, climbing one after another with down-drooped branches; the vista of the Plains rolled out far beneath them; the incessant twanging of the tonga-horns and the wild rush of the led horses when a tonga swung round a curve; the halts for prayers (Mahbub was very religious in dry-washings and bellowings when time did not press); the evening conferences by the halting-places, when camels and bullocks chewed solemnly together and the stolid drivers told the news of the Road—all these things lifted Kim's heart to song within him.

"But, when the singing and dancing is done," said Mahbub Ali, "comes the Colonel Sahib's, and that is not so sweet."

"A fair land—a most beautiful land is this of Hind—and the land of the Five Rivers is fairer than all," Kim half chanted.

"Into it I will go again if Mahbub Ali or the Colonel lift hand or foot against me. Once gone, who shall find me? Look, Hajji, is yonder the city of Simla? Allah, what a city!"

"My father's brother, and he was an old man when Mackerson Sahib's well was new at Peshawur, could recall when there were but two houses in it."

He led the horses below the main road into the lower Simla bazaar—the crowded rabbit-warren that climbs up from the valley to the town hall at an angle of forty-five. A man who knows his way there can defy all the police of India's summer capital; so cunningly does veranda communicate with veranda, alley-way with alley-way, and bolt-hole with bolt-hole. Here live those who minister to the wants of the glad city—jhampanis who pull the pretty ladies' rickshaws by night and gamble till the dawn; grocers, oil-sellers, curio-vendors, fire-wood dealers, priests, pickpockets, and native employees of the Government: here are discussed by courtesans the things which are supposed to be profoundest secrets of the India Council; and here gather all the sub-sub-agents of half the native States. Here, too, Mahbub Ali rented a room, much more securely locked than his bulkhead at Lahore, in the house of a Mohammedan cattle-dealer. It was a place of miracles, too, for there went in at twilight a Mohammedan horse-boy, and there came out an hour later, a Eurasian lad—the Lucknow girl's dye was of the best—in badly fitting shop-clothes.

"I have spoken with Creighton Sahib," quoth Mahbub Ali, "and a second time has the Hand of Friendship averted the Whip of Calamity. He says that thou hast altogether wasted sixty days upon the Road, and it is too late, therefore, to send thee to any hill-school."

"I have said that my holidays are my own. I do not go to school twice over. That is one part of my bond."

"The Colonel Sahib is not yet aware of the contract. Thou art to lodge in Lurgan Sahib's house till it is time to go again to Nucklao."

"I had sooner lodge with thee, Mahbub."

"Thou dost not know the honor. Lurgan Sahib himself asked for thee. Thou wilt go up the hill and along the road atop, and there thou must forget for a while that thou hast ever seen or spoken to me, Mahbub Ali, who sells horses to Creighton Sahib, whom thou dost not know. Remember this order."

Kim nodded. "Good," said he, "and who is Lurgan Sahib? Nay—" he caught Mahbub's sword-keen glance—"indeed I have never heard his name. Is he by chance"—he lowered his voice—"one of us?"

"What talk is this of *us*, Sahib?" Mahbub Ali returned, in the tone he used towards Europeans. "I am a Pathan; thou art a Sahib and the son of a Sahib. Lurgan Sahib has a shop among the European shops. All Simla knows it. Ask there . . . and, Friend of all the World, he is one to be obeyed to the last wink of his eyelashes. Men say he does magic, but that should not touch thee. Go up the hill and ask. Here begins the Great Game."

CHAPTER IX.

S'doaks was son of Yelth the wise—
Chief of the Raven clan.
Itswoot the Bear had him in care
To make him a medicine-man.

He was quick and quicker to learn—
Bold and bolder to dare:
He danced the dread Kloo-Kwallie Dance
To tickle Itswoot the Bear!

Oregon Legend.

KIM flung himself whole-heartedly upon the next turn of the wheel. He would be a Sahib again for a while. In that idea, as soon as he had reached the broad road under Simla town hall, he cast about for one to impress. A Hindu child, some ten years old, squatted under a lamp-post.

"Where is Mr. Lurgan's house?" demanded Kim.

"I do not understand English," was the answer, and Kim shifted his speech accordingly.

"I will show."

Together they set off through the mysterious dusk, full of the noises of a city below the hillside, and the breath of a cool wind in deodar-crowned Jakko, shouldering the stars. The house-lights, scattered on every level, made, as it were, a double firmament. Some were fixed, others belonged to the rickshaws of careless, open-spoken English folk, going out to dinner.

"It is here," said Kim's guide, and halted in a veranda flush with the main road. No door stayed them, but a curtain of beaded reeds that split up the lamp-light beyond.

"He is come," said the boy, in a voice little louder than a sigh, and vanished. Kim felt sure that the boy had been posted to guide

him from the first, but putting a bold face on it, parted the curtain. A black-bearded man, with a green shade over his eyes, sat at a table, and, one by one, with short, white hands, picked up globules of light from a tray before him, threaded them on a glancing silken string, and hummed to himself the while. Kim was conscious that beyond the circle of light the room was full of things that smelt like all the temples of all the East. A whiff of musk, a puff of sandal-wood, and a breath of sickly jessamine-oil caught his opened nostrils.

"I am here," said Kim at last, speaking in the vernacular: the smells made him forget that he was to be a Sahib.

"Seventy-nine, eighty, eighty-one," the man counted to himself, stringing pearl after pearl so quickly that Kim could scarcely follow his fingers. He slid off the green shade and looked fixedly at Kim for a full half-minute. The pupils of the eye dilated and closed to pin-pricks, as if at will. There was a *faquir* by the Taksali Gate who had just this gift and made money by it, especially when cursing silly women. Kim stared with interest. His disreputable friend could further twitch his ears, almost like a goat, and Kim was disappointed that this new man could not imitate him.

"Do not be afraid," said Mr. Lurgan suddenly.

"Why should I fear?"

"Thou wilt sleep here to-night, and stay with me till it is time to go again to Nucklao. It is an order."

"It is an order," Kim repeated. "But where shall I sleep?"

"Here, in this room." Lurgan Sahib waved his hand towards the darkness behind him.

"So be it," said Kim composedly. "Now?"

He nodded and held the lamp above his head. As the light swept them, there leaped out from the walls a collection of Tibetan devil-dance masks, hanging above the fiend-embroidered draperies of those ghastly functions—horned masks, scowling masks, and masks of idiotic terror. In a corner, a Japanese warrior, mailed and plumed, menaced him with a halberd, and a score of lances and *khandas* and *kuttars* gave back the unsteady gleam. But what interested Kim more than all these things—he had seen devil-dance masks at the Lahore Museum—was a glimpse of the soft-eyed Hindu child who had left him in the doorway, sitting cross-legged under the table of pearls with a little smile on his scarlet lips.

"I think that Lurgan Sahib wishes to make me afraid. And I am sure that the devil's brat below the table wishes to see me afraid. This place," he said aloud, "is like a Wonder House. Where is my bed?"

Lurgan Sahib pointed to a native quilt in a corner by the loathsome masks, picked up the lamp, and left the room black.

"Was that Lurgan Sahib?" Kim asked as he cuddled down. No answer. He could hear the Hindu boy breathing, however, and, guided by the sound, crawled across the floor, and cuffed into the darkness, crying: "Give answer, devil. Is this the way to lie to a Sahib?"

From the darkness he fancied he could hear the echo of a chuckle. It could not be his soft-fleshed companion, because he was weeping. So Kim lifted up his voice and called aloud: "Lurgan Sahib! O Lurgan Sahib! Is it an order that thy servant does not speak to me?"

"It is an order." The voice came from behind him and he started.

"Very good. But remember," he muttered, as he resought the quilt, "I will beat thee in the morning. I do not love Hindus."

That was no cheerful night; the room being overfull of voices and music. Kim was waked twice by some one calling his name. The second time he set out in search, and ended by bruising his nose against a box that certainly spoke with a human tongue, but in no sort of human accent. It seemed to end in a tin trumpet and to be joined by wires to a smaller box on the floor—so far, at least, as he could judge by touch. And the voice, very hard and whirring, came out of the trumpet. Kim rubbed his nose and grew furious, thinking, as usual, in Hindi.

"This with a beggar from the bazaar might be good but—I am a Sahib and the son of a Sahib and, which is twice as much more beside, a student of Nucklao. Yess" (here he turned to English), "a boy of St. Xavier's. Damn Mr. Lurgan's eyes!—It is some sort of machinery like a sewing-machine. Oh, it is a *great* cheek of him—we are not frightened that way at Lucknow—No!" Then in Hindi: "But what does *he* gain? He is only a trader—I am in his shop. But Creighton Sahib is a Colonel—and I think Creighton Sahib gave orders that it should be done. *How* I will beat that Hindu in the morning! What is this?"

The trumpet-box was pouring out a string of the most elaborate abuse that even Kim

had ever heard, in a high uninterested voice, that for a moment lifted the short hairs of his neck. When the vile thing drew breath, Kim was reassured by the soft, sewing-machine-like whirr.

"*Chûp!*" (be still) he cried, and again he heard a chuckle that decided him. "*Chûp*—or I break your head."

The box took no heed. Kim wrenched at the tin trumpet and something lifted with a click. He had evidently raised a lid. If there was a devil inside, now was its time for—he sniffed—thus did the sewing-machines of the bazaar smell. He would clean that *shaitan*. He slipped off his jacket, and plunged it into the box's mouth. Something long and round bent under the pressure, there was a whirr and the voice stopped—as voices must if you ram a thrice-doubled coat on to the wax cylinder and into the works of an expensive phonograph. Kim finished his slumbers with a serene mind.

In the morning he was aware of Lurgan Sahib looking down on him.

"Oah!" said Kim, firmly resolved to cling to his Sahib-dom. "There was a box in the night that gave me bad talk. So I stopped it. Was it your box?"

The man held out his hand.

"Shake hands, O'Hara," he said. "Yes, it was my box. I keep such things because my friends the Rajahs like them. That one is broken, but it was cheap at the price. Yes, my friends, the Kings, are very fond of toys—and so am I sometimes."

Kim looked him over out of the corners of his eyes. He was a Sahib in that he wore Sahib's clothes; the accent of his Urdu, the intonation of his English, showed that he was anything but a Sahib. He seemed to understand what moved in Kim's mind ere the boy opened his mouth, and he took no pains to explain himself as did Father Victor or the Lucknow masters. Sweetest of all—he treated Kim as an equal on the Asiatic side.

"I am sorry you cannot beat my boy this morning. He says he will kill you with a knife or poison. He is jealous, so I have put him in the corner and I shall not speak to him to-day. He has just tried to kill me. You must help me with the breakfast. He is almost too jealous to trust, just now."

Now a genuine imported Sahib from England would have made a great to do over this tale. Lurgan Sahib stated it as simply as Mahbub Ali was used to record his little affairs in the North.

The black veranda of the shop was built out over the sheer hillside, and they looked down into their neighbor's chimney-pots, as is the custom of Simla. But even more than the purely Persian meal cooked by Lurgan Sahib with his own hands, the shop fascinated Kim. The Lahore Museum was larger, but here were more wonders—ghost-daggers and prayer-wheels from Tibet; turquoise and raw amber necklaces; green jade bangles; curiously packed incense-sticks in jars crusted over with raw garnets; the devil-masks of overnight and a wall full of peacock blue draperies; gilt figures of Buddha, and little portable lacquer altars; Russian samovars with turquoises on the lid; egg-shell china sets in quaint octagonal cane boxes; yellow ivory crucifixes—from Japan of all places in the world, so Lurgan Sahib said; carpets in dusty bales, smelling atrociously, pushed back behind torn and rotten screens of geometrical work; Persian water-jugs for the hands after meals; dull copper incense-burners neither Chinese nor Persian, with friezes of fantastic devils running round them; tarnished silver belts that knotted like raw hide; hair-pins of jade, ivory, and plasma; arms of all sorts and kinds, and a thousand other oddments were cased, or piled, or merely thrown into the room, leaving a clear space only round the rickety deal table, where Lurgan Sahib worked.

"Those things are nothing," said his host, following Kim's glance. "I buy them because they are pretty, and sometimes I sell—if I like the buyer's look. My work is on the table—some of it."

It blazed in the morning light—all red and blue and green flashes, picked out with the vicious blue-white spurt of a diamond here and there. Kim opened his eyes.

"Oh, they are quite well, those stones. It will not hurt them to take the sun. Besides, they are cheap. But with sick stones it is very different." He piled Kim's plate anew. "There is no one but *me* can doctor a sick pearl and re-blue turquoises. I grant you opals—any fool can cure an opal—but for a sick pearl there is only me. Suppose I were to die! Then there would be no one. . . . Oh no! *You* cannot do anything with jewels. It will be quite enough if you understand a little about the turquoise—some day."

He moved to the end of the veranda to refill the heavy, porous clay water-jug from the filter.

"Do you want drink?"

Kim nodded. Lurgan Sahib, fifteen feet off, laid one hand on the jar. Next instant, it stood at Kim's elbow, full to within

half an inch of the brim—the white cloth only showing, by a small wrinkle, where it had slid into place.

"Wah!" said Kim in the most utter amazement. "That is magic." Lurgan Sahib's smile showed that the compliment had gone home.

"Throw it back."

"It will break."

"I say, throw it back."

Kim pitched it at random. It fell short and crashed into fifty pieces, while the water dripped through the rough veranda boarding.

"I said it would break."

"All one. Look at it. Look at the largest piece."

That lay with a sparkle of water in its curve, as it were a star on the floor. Kim looked intently; Lurgan Sahib laid one hand gently on the nape of his neck, stroked it twice or thrice, and whispered: "Look! It shall come to life again, piece by piece. First the big piece shall join itself to two others on the right and the left—on the right and the left. Look!"

To save his life, Kim could not have turned his head. The light touch held him as in a vice, and his blood tingled pleasantly through him. There was one large piece of the jar where there had been three, and above them the shadowy outline of the entire vessel. He could see the veranda through it, but it was thickening and darkening with each beat of his pulse. But the jar—how slowly the thoughts came!—the jar had been smashed before his eyes. Another wave of prickling fire raced down his neck, as Lurgan Sahib moved his hand.

"Look! It is coming into shape," said Lurgan Sahib.

So far Kim had been thinking in Hindi, but a tremor came on him, and with an effort like that of a swimmer before sharks, who hurls himself half out of the water, his mind leaped up from a darkness that was swallowing it and took refuge in—the multiplication table in English!

"Look! It is coming into shape," whispered Lurgan Sahib.

The jar had been smashed—yess, smashed—not the native word, he would not think of that—but smashed—into fifty pieces, and twice three was six, and thrice three was nine, and four times three was twelve. He clung desperately to the repetition. The shadow outline of the jar cleared like a mist after rubbing eyes. There were the broken shards; there was the spilt water drying in the sun, and through the cracks of the veranda showed, all ribbed, the white house-wall below—and thrice twelve was thirty-six!

"Look! Is it coming into shape?" asked Lurgan Sahib.

"But it *is* smashed—smashed," he gasped—Lurgan Sahib had been muttering softly for the last half-minute. Kim wrenched his head aside. "Look! *Dekho!* It is there as it was there."

"It is there as it was there," said Lurgan, watching Kim closely while the boy rubbed his neck. "But you are the first of a many who have ever seen it so." He wiped his broad forehead.

"Was that more magic?" Kim asked suspiciously. The tingle had gone from his veins; he felt unusually wide awake.

"No, that was not magic. It was only to see if there was—a flaw in a jewel. Sometimes very fine jewels will fly all to pieces if a man holds them in his hand, and knows the proper way. That is why one must be careful before one sets them. Tell me, did you see the shape of the pot?"

"For a little time. It began to grow like a flower from the ground."

"And then what did you do? I mean, how did you think?"

"Oah! I knew it was broken, and so, I think, that was what I thought—and it *was* broken."

"Hm! Has any one ever done that same sort of magic to you before?"

"If it was," said Kim, "do you think I should let it again? I should run away."

"And now you are not afraid—eh?"

"Not now."

Lurgan Sahib looked at him more closely than ever. "I shall ask Mahbub Ali—not now, but some day later," he muttered. "I am pleased with you—yes; and I am pleased with you—no. You are the first that ever saved himself. I wish I knew what it was that . . . But you are right. You should not tell that—not even to me."

He turned into the dusky gloom of the shop, and sat down at the table, rubbing his hands softly. A small, husky sob came from behind a pile of carpets. It was the Hindu child obediently facing towards the wall: his thin shoulders worked with grief.

"Ah! He is jealous, so jealous. I wonder if he will try to poison me again in my breakfast, and make me cook it twice."

"*Kubbee—kubbee nahin,*" came the broken answer.

"And whether he will kill this other boy?"

"*Kubbee—kubbee nahin*" (never—never. No!)

"What do *you* think he will do?" He turned suddenly on Kim.

"Oah! I do not know. Let him go, perhaps. Why did he want to poison you?"

"Because he is so fond of me. Suppose you were fond of some one, and you saw some one come, and the man you were fond of was more pleased with him than he was with you, what would you do?"

Kim thought. Lurgan repeated the sentence slowly in the vernacular.

"I should not poison that man," said Kim reflectively, "but I should beat that boy—*if* that boy was fond of my man. But first I would ask that boy if it were true."

"Ah! He thinks every one must be fond of me."

"Then I think he is a fool."

"Hearest thou?" said Lurgan Sahib to the shaking shoulders. "The Sahib's son thinks thou art a little fool. Come out, and next time thy heart is troubled, do not try white arsenic quite so openly. Surely the Devil Dasim was lord of our table-cloth that day! It might have made me ill, child, and then a stranger would have guarded the jewels. Come!"

The child, heavy-eyed with much weeping, crept out from behind the bale and flung himself passionately at Lurgan Sahib's feet, with an extravagance of remorse that impressed even Kim.

"I will look into the ink-pools—I will faithfully guard the jewels! Oh, my father and my mother, send *him* away!" He indicated Kim with a backward jerk of his bare heel.

"Not yet—not yet. In a little while he will go away again. But now he is at school—at a new *madrissah*—and thou shalt be his teacher. Play the Play of the Jewels against him. I will keep tally."

The child dried his tears at once, and dashed to the back of the shop, whence he returned with a copper tray.

"Give me!" he said to Lurgan Sahib. "Let them come from thy hand, for he may say that I knew them before."

"Gently—gently," the man replied, and from a drawer under the table dealt a half handful of clattering trifles into the tray.

"Now," said the child, waving an old newspaper. "Look on them as long as thou wilt, stranger. Count and, if need be, handle. One look is enough for *me*." He turned his back proudly.

"But what is the game?"

"When thou hast counted and handled and art sure that thou canst remember them all, I cover them with this paper, and thou must tell over the tally to Lurgan Sahib. *I* will write mine."

"Oah!" The instinct of competition waked in his breast. He bent over the tray. There were but fifteen stones in it. "That is easy," he said after a minute. The child slipped the paper over the winking jewels and scribbled in a native account-book.

"There are under that paper five blue stones—one big, one smaller, and three small," said Kim, all in haste. "There are four green stones, and one with a hole in it; there is one yellow stone that I can see through, and one like a pipe-stem. There are two red stones, and—and—I made the count fifteen, but two I have forgotten. No! Give me time. One was of ivory, little and brownish; and—and—give me time. . . ."

"One—two"—Lurgan Sahib counted him out up to ten. Kim shook his head.

"Hear my count!" the child burst in, trilling with laughter. "First, are two flawed sapphires—one of two ruttees and one of four as I should judge. The four-ruttee sapphire is chipped at the edge. There is one Turkestan turquoise, plain with black veins, and there are two inscribed—one with a Name of God in gilt, and the other being cracked across, for it came out of an old ring, I cannot read. We have now all five blue stones. Four flawed emeralds there are, but one is drilled in two places, and one is a little carven——"

"Their weights?" said Lurgan Sahib impassively.

"Three—five—five—and four ruttees as I judge it. There is one piece of old greenish pipe amber, and a cut topaz from Europe. There is one ruby of Burma, of two ruttees, without a flaw, and there is a balas-ruby, flawed, of two ruttees. There is a carved ivory from China representing a rat sucking an egg; and there is last—ah ha!—a ball of crystal as big as a bean, set in a gold leaf."

He clapped his hands at the close.

"He is thy master," said Lurgan Sahib, smiling.

"Huh! He knew the names of the stones," said Kim, flushing. "Try again! With common things such as he and I both know."

They heaped the tray again with odds and ends gathered from the shop, and even the kitchen, and every time the child won, till Kim marveled.

"Bind my eyes—let me feel once with my fingers, and even *then* I will leave thee open-eyed behind," he challenged.

Kim stamped with vexation when the lad made his boast good.

"If it were men—or horses," he said, "I could do better. This playing with tweezers and knives and scissors is too little."

"Learn first—teach later," said Lurgan Sahib. "Is he thy master?"

"Truly. But how is it done?"

"By doing it many times over till it is done perfectly—for it is worth doing."

The Hindu boy, in highest feather, actually patted Kim on the back.

"Do not despair," he said. "I myself will teach thee."

"And I will see that thou art well taught," said Lurgan Sahib, still speaking in the vernacular, "for except my boy here—it was foolish of him to buy so much white arsenic when, if he had asked, I could have given it—except my boy here I have not in a long time met with one better worth teaching. And there are ten days more ere thou canst return to Lucknao where they teach nothing—at the long price. We shall, I think, be friends."

They were a most mad ten days, but Kim enjoyed himself too much to reflect on their craziness. In the morning they played the Jewel Game — sometimes with veritable stones, sometimes with piles of swords and daggers, sometimes with photographs of natives. Through the afternoons he and the Hindu boy would mount guard in the shop, sitting dumb behind a carpet-bale or a screen and watching Mr. Lurgan's many and very curious visitors. There were small Rajahs, the escort coughing in the veranda, who came to buy curiosities—such as phonographs and mechanical toys. There were ladies in search of necklaces, and men, it seemed to Kim—but his mind may have been vitiated by early training—in search of the ladies; natives from independent and feudatory courts whose ostensible business was the repair of broken necklaces—rivers of light poured out upon the table—but whose true end seemed to be to raise money for angry Maharanees or young Rajahs. There were Babus to whom Lurgan Sahib talked with austerity and authority, but at the end of each interview he gave them money in coined silver and currency notes. There were occasional gatherings of long-coated theatrical natives who discussed metaphysics in English and Bengali, to Mr. Lurgan's great edification. He was always interested in religions. At the end of the day, Kim and the Hindu boy—whose name varied at Lurgan's pleasure—were expected to give a detailed account of all that they had seen and heard—their view of each man's character, as shown in his face, talk, and manner, and their notions of his real errand. After dinner, Lurgan Sahib's fancy turned more to what might be called dressing-up, in which game he took a most informing interest. He could paint faces to a marvel; with a brush-dab here and a line there changing them past recognition. The shop was full of all manner of dresses and turbans, and Kim was apparelled variously as a young Mohammedan of good family, an oilman, and once—which was a joyous evening—as the son of an Oudh landholder in the fullest of full dress. Lurgan Sahib had a hawk's eye to detect the least flaw in the make-up; and lying on a worn teak-wood couch, would explain by the half-hour together how such and such a caste talked, or walked, or coughed, or spat, or sneezed, and, since "hows" matter little in this world, the "why" of everything. The Hindu child played this game clumsily. That little mind, keen as an icicle where tally of jewels was concerned, could not temper itself to enter another's soul; but a demon in Kim woke up and sang with joy as he put on the changing dresses, and changed speech and gesture therewith.

Carried away by enthusiasm, he volunteered to show Lurgan Sahib one evening how the disciples of a certain caste of *faquir*, old Lahore acquaintances, begged doles by the roadside; and what sort of language he would use to an Englishman, to a Punjabi farmer going to a fair, and to a woman without a veil. Lurgan Sahib laughed immensely, and begged Kim to stay as he was, immobile for half an hour—cross-legged, ash-smeared, and wild-eyed, in the back room. At the end of that time entered a hulking, obese Babu whose stockinged legs shook with fat, and Kim opened on him with a shower of wayside chaff. Lurgan Sahib—this annoyed Kim—watched the Babu and not the play.

"I think," said the Babu heavily, lighting a cigarette, "I am of opeenion that it is most extraordinary and effeecient performance. Except that you had told me I should have opined that—that—that you were pulling my legs. How soon can he become approximately effeecient chain-

man? Because *then* I shall indent for him."

"That is what he must learn at Lucknow."

"Then order him to be jolly dam-quick. Good-night, Lurgan." The Babu swung out with the gait of a bogged cow.

When they were telling over the day's list of visitors, Lurgan Sahib asked Kim who he thought the man might be.

"God knows!" said Kim cheerily. The tone might almost have deceived Mahbub Ali, but it failed entirely with the healer of sick pearls.

"That is true. God, He knows; but I wish to know what you think."

Kim glanced sideways at his companion, whose eye had a way of compelling truth.

"I—I think he will want me when I come from the school, but"—confidentially, as Lurgan Sahib nodded approval—"I do not understand how *he* can wear many dresses and talk many tongues."

"Thou wilt understand many things later. He is a writer of tales for a certain Colonel. His honor is great only in Simla, and it is noticeable that he has no name, but only a number and a letter—that is a custom among us."

"And is there a price upon his head too—as upon Mah—all the others?"

"Not yet; but if a boy rose up who is now sitting here and went—look, the door is open!—as far as a certain house with a red-painted veranda, behind that which was the old theater in the Lower Bazaar, and whispered through the shutters: 'Hurree Chunder Mookerjee bore the bad news of last month,' that boy might take away a belt full of rupees."

"How many?" said Kim promptly.

"Five hundred—a thousand—as many as he might ask for."

"Good. And how long might such a boy live after the news was told?" He smiled merrily at Lurgan Sahib's very beard.

"Ah! That is to be well thought of. Perhaps if he were very clever, he might live out the day—but not the night. By no means the night."

"Then what is the Babu's pay if so much is put upon his head?"

"Eighty—perhaps a hundred—perhaps a hundred and fifty rupees; but the pay is the least part of the work. From time to time, God causes men to be born—and thou art one of them—who have a lust to go abroad at the risk of their lives and discover news—to-day it may be of far-off things, to-morrow of some hidden mountain, and the next day of some near-by men who have done a foolishness against the State. These souls are very few; and of these few, not more than ten are of the best. Among these ten I count the Babu, and that is curious. How great therefore and desirable must be a business that brazens the heart of a Bengali!"

"True. But the days go slowly for me. I am yet a boy, and it is only within two months I learned to write Angrezi. Even now I cannot read it well. And there are yet years and years and long years before I can be even a chain-man."

"Have patience, Friend of all the World"—Kim started at the title. "Would I had a few of the years that so irk thee. I have proved thee in several small ways. This will not be forgotten when I make my report to the Colonel Sahib." Then, changing suddenly into English with a deep laugh:—

"By Jove! O'Hara, I think there is a great deal in you; but you must not become proud and you must not talk. You must go back to Lucknow and be a good little boy and mind your book, as the English say, and perhaps, next holidays if you care, you can come back to me!" Kim's face fell. "Oh, I mean if you like. I know where you want to go."

Four days later a seat was booked for Kim and his small trunk at the rear of a Kalka tonga. His companion was the whale-like Babu, who, with a fringed shawl wrapped round his head, and his fat open-work-stockinged left leg tucked under him, shivered and grunted in the morning chill.

"How comes it that this man is one of *us?*" thought Kim, considering the jelly-back as they jolted down the road; and the reflection threw him into most pleasant day-dreams. Lurgan Sahib had given him five rupees—a splendid sum—as well as the assurance of his protection if he worked. Unlike Mahbub, Lurgan Sahib had spoken most explicitly of the reward that would follow obedience, and Kim was content. If only, like the Babu, he could enjoy the dignity of a letter and a number—and a price upon his head! Some day he would be all that and more. Some day he might be almost as great as Mahbub Ali! The housetops of his search should be half India; he would follow Kings and ministers, as in the old days he had followed *vakils* and lawyers' touts across Lahore city for Mahbub Ali's sake. Meantime, there was the present, and not at all

unpleasant, fact of St. Xavier's immediately before him. There would be new boys to condescend to, and there would be tales of holiday adventures to hear. Young Martin, son of the tea-planter at Manipur, had boasted that he would go to war, with a rifle, against the head-hunters. That might be, but it was certain young Martin had not been blown half across the forecourt of a Patiala palace by an explosion of fireworks; nor had he. . . . Kim fell to telling himself the story of his own adventures through the last three months. He could paralyze St. Xavier's—even the biggest boys who shaved—with the recital, were that permitted. But it was, of course, out of the question. There would be a price upon his head in good time, as Lurgan Sahib had assured him; and if he talked foolishly now, not only would that price never be set, but Colonel Creighton would cast him off—and he would be left to the wrath of Lurgan Sahib and Mahbub Ali—for the short space of life that would remain to him.

"So I should lose Delhi for the sake of a fish," was his proverbial philosophy. It behoved him to forget his holidays (there would always remain the fun of inventing imaginary adventures) and, as Lurgan Sahib had said, to work.

Of all the boys hurrying back to St. Xavier's, from Sukkur in the sands to Galle beneath the palms, none was so filled with virtue as Kimball O'Hara, jiggetting down to Umballa behind Hurree Chunder Mookerjee, whose name on the books of one section of the Ethnological Survey was R. 17.

And if additional spur were needed, the Babu supplied it. After a huge meal at Kalka, he spoke uninterruptedly. Was Kim going to school? Then he, an M.A. of Calcutta University, would explain the advantages of education. There were marks to be gained by due attention to Latin and Wordsworth's *Excursion* (all this was Greek to Kim). French, too, was vital and the best sort was to be picked up in Chandernagore a few miles from Calcutta. Also a man might go far, as he himself had done, by strict attention to plays called *Lear* and *Julius Cæsar*, both much in demand by examiners. *Lear* was not so full of historical allusions as *Julius Cæsar;* the book cost four annas, but could be bought second-hand in Bow Bazaar for two. Still more important than Wordsworth, or the eminent authors, Burke and Hare, was the art and science of mensuration. A boy who had passed his examination in these branches—for which, by the way, there were no cram-books—could, by merely marching over a country with a compass and a level and a straight eye, carry away a picture of that country which might be sold for large sums in coined silver. But as it was occasionally inexpedient to carry about measuring-chains, a boy would do well to know the precise length of his own foot-pace, so that when he was deprived of what Hurree Chunder called "adventitious aids" he might still tread his distances. To keep count of thousands of paces, Hurree Chunder's experience had shown him nothing more valuable than a rosary of eighty-one or a hundred and eight beads, for "it was divisible and sub-divisible into many multiples and sub-multiples." Through the volleying drifts of English, Kim caught the general trend of the talk, and it interested him very much. Here was a new craft that a man could tuck away in his head, and by the look of the large wide world unfolding itself before him, it seemed that the more a man knew the better for him.

Said the Babu when he had talked for an hour and a half, "I hope some day to enjoy your offeecial acquaintance. *Ad interim;* if I may be pardoned that expression, I shall give you this betel-box which is highly valuable article and cost me two rupees only four years ago." It was a cheap, heart-shaped brass thing with three compartments for carrying the eternal betel-nut, lime, and *pan*-leaf; but it was filled with little tabloid-bottles. "That is reward of merit for your performance in character of that holy man. You see, you are so young you think you will last for ever and not take care of your body. It is great nuisance to go sick in the middle of business. I am fond of drugs myself, and they are handy to cure poor people, too. These are good departmental drugs—quinine and so on. Now good-by. I have urgent private business here by the roadside."

He slipped out noiselessly as a cat, on the Umballa road, hailed a passing ekka, and jingled away, while Kim, tongue-tied, twiddled the brass betel-box in his hands.

. . . . . .

The record of a boy's education interests few save his parents, and, as you know, Kim was an orphan. It is written in the books of St. Xavier in Partibus that a report of Kim's progress was forwarded at the end of each term to Colonel Creighton and to Father Victor, from whose hands duly came the money for his schooling. It is further re-

corded in the same books that he showed a great aptitude for mathematical studies as well as map-making, and carried away a prize (*The Life of Lord Lawrence*, tree-calf, two vols., nine rupees, eight annas) for proficiency therein; and the same term played in St. Xavier's eleven against the Allyghur Mohammedan College, his age being fourteen years and ten months. He was also revaccinated (from which we may assume that there had been another epidemic of small-pox at Lucknow) about the same time. Pencil notes on the edge of an old muster-roll record that he was punished several times for "conversing with improper persons," and it seems that he was once sentenced to heavy pains for "absenting himself for a day in the company of a street-beggar." That was when he got over the gate and pleaded with the lama through a whole day down the banks of the Goomtee to accompany him on the road next holidays —for one month—for a little week; and the lama set his face as a flint against it, averring that the time had not yet come. Kim's business said the old man as they ate cakes together, was to get all the wisdom of the Sahibs and then he would see. The hand of friendship must in some way have averted the whip of calamity, for six weeks later Kim seems to have passed an examination in elementary surveying "with great credit," his age being fifteen years and eight months. From this date the record is silent. His name does not appear in the year's batch of those who entered for the subordinate Survey of India, but against it stand the words "removed on appointment."

Several times in those three years, cast up at the Temple of the Tirthankers in Benares the lama, a little thinner and a shade yellower, if that were possible, but gentle and untainted as ever. Sometimes it was from the South that he came—from south of Tuticorin—whence the wonderful fire-boats go to Ceylon where are priests who know Pali; sometimes it was from the wet green West and the thousand cotton-factory chimneys that ring Bombay; and once from the North, where he had doubled back eight hundred miles to talk a day with the Keeper of the Images in the Wonder House. He would stride to his cell in the cool, cut marble—the priests of the Temple were good to the old man—wash off the dust of travel, make prayer, and depart for Lucknow, well accustomed now to the ways of the rail, in a third-class carriage. Returning, it was noticeable, as his friend the Seeker pointed out to the head-priest, that he ceased for a while to mourn the loss of his River, or to draw wondrous pictures of the Wheel of Life, but preferred to talk of the beauty and wisdom of a certain mysterious *chela* whom no man of the temple had ever seen. Yes, he had followed the traces of the Blessed Feet throughout all India. (The curator has still in his possession a most marvelous account of his wanderings and meditations.) There remained nothing more in life but to find the River of the Arrow. Yet it was shown to him in dreams that it was a matter not to be undertaken with any hope of success unless that seeker took with him the one *chela* appointed to bring the event to a happy issue, and versed in great wisdom—such wisdom as white-haired Keepers of Images possess. For example (here came out the snuff-gourd, and the kindly Jain priests made haste to be silent):—

"Long and long ago, when Devadatta was King of Benares—let all listen to the *Jâtaka!*—an elephant was captured for a time by the king's hunters and, ere he broke free, beringed with a grievous leg-iron. This he strove to remove with hate and frenzy in his heart, and hurrying up and down the forests, besought his brother-elephants to wrench it asunder. One by one, with their strong trunks, they tried and failed. At the last they gave it as their opinion that the ring was not to be broken by any bestial power. And in a thicket, new-born, wet with the moisture of birth, lay a day-old calf of the herd whose mother had died. The fettered elephant, forgetting his own agony, said: 'If I do not help this suckling it will perish under our feet.'' So he stood above the young thing, making his legs buttresses against the uneasily moving herd; and he begged milk of a virtuous cow, and the calf throve, and the ringed elephant was the calf's guide and defense. Now the days of an elephant—let all listen to the *Jâtaka!*—are thirty-five years to his full strength, and through thirty-five Rains, the ringed elephant befriended the younger, and all the while the fetter ate into the flesh.

"Then one day the young elephant saw the half-buried iron, and turning to the elder said: 'What is this?' 'It is even my sorrow,' said he who had befriended him. Then that other put out his trunk and in the twinkling of an eye-lash abolished the ring, saying: 'The appointed time has come.' So the virtuous elephant who had waited temperately and done kind acts was relieved, at the appointed time, by the very calf whom

he had turned aside to cherish—let all listen to the *Jâtaka!*—for the Elephant was Ananda, and the Calf that broke the ring was none other than The Lord Himself. . . ."

Then he would shake his head benignly, and over the ever-clicking rosary point out how free that elephant calf was from the sin of pride. He was as humble as a *chela* who, seeing his master sitting in the dust outside the Gates of Learning, overleapt the gates (though they were locked) and took his master to his heart in the presence of the proud-stomached city. Rich would be the reward of such a master and such a *chela* when the time came for them to seek freedom together!

So did the lama speak, coming and going across India as softly as a bat. A sharp-tongued old woman in a house among the fruit-trees behind Saharanpur honored him as the woman honored the prophet, but his chamber was by no means upon the wall. In an apartment of the forecourt overlooked by cooing doves he would sit, while she laid aside her useless veil and chattered of spirits and fiends of Kulu, of grandchildren unborn, and of the free-tongued brat who had talked to her in the resting-place. Once, too, he strayed alone from the Grand Trunk Road below Umballa to the very village whose priest had tried to drug him; but the kind heaven that guards lamas sent him at twilight through the crops, absorbed and unsuspicious, to the ressaldar's door. Here was like to have been a grave misunderstanding, for the old soldier asked him why the Friend of the Stars had gone that way only six days before.

"That may not be," said the lama. "He has gone back to his own people."

"He sat in that corner telling a hundred merry tales five nights ago," his host insisted. "True, he vanished somewhat suddenly in the dawn after foolish talk with my grand-daughter. He grows apace, but he is the same Friend of the Stars as brought me true word of the war. Have ye parted?"

"Yes—and No," the lama replied. "We—we have not altogether parted, but the time is not ripe that we should take the Road together. He acquires wisdom in another place. We must wait."

"All one—but if it were not the boy how did he come to speak so continually of thee?"

"And what said he?" asked the lama eagerly.

"Sweet words—an hundred thousand—that thou art his father and mother and such all. Pity that he does not take the Queen's service. He is fearless."

This news amazed the lama, who did not then know how religiously Kim kept to the contract made with Mahbub Ali, and perforce ratified by Colonel Creighton. . . .

"There is no holding the young pony from the game," said the horse-dealer when the Colonel pointed out that vagabonding over India in holiday time was absurd. "If permission be refused to go and come as he chooses, he will make light of the refusal. Then who is to catch him? Colonel Sahib, once in a thousand years is a horse born as well fitted for the game as this colt. And we need men."

(To be continued.)

THE NEW NIAGARA

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT.

A CITY OF THE FUTURE—"EXHIBIT A" OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

APPARENTLY one of the best ways to build a great town—to build it big and build it quickly—is to drop a broad blue river over a tall red cliff. Of course you must choose the right river and the right cliff. Then social and material evolution will bid you borrow a metaphor from Herodotus, for as Egypt is the gift of the laggard Nile, so your new-fledged metropolis is the gift of the Niagara.

This is not poetry, it is history—and current history, too. You can see the thing

still in the making and doing and growing. For there stands in the city of Buffalo a certain slim yellow sky-scraper with a pillared pavilion to crown it. Say "Top" to the vertical motorman, step out of the elevator at the uppermost story, lay down a dime, force open a door against the wind, pull your hat on tight, and behold the demonstration.

Round about lies the city—southward and westward its harbor; southward and eastward its warehouses and grain elevators, its mills and reeking factories; northward its elm-shaded avenues and palatial dwellings. Northward again, by the brimming river, the Tonawandas, twin boroughs, groan beneath their burdens of lumber; northward loom the iron foundries of Gratwick, hooded in smoke; northward, yet further, the sleepy village of La Salle, where the Sieur de la Salle launched his tiny "Grifon," first ship on these inland oceans, has been newly turned into a suburb; and northward at the very horizon rises a delicate wisp of vapor, which marks the cause of this whole vast commercial and industrial development. That feather of cloud is the mist sprayed up where the river drops over the cliff. Not only has the Thunder of Waters created Buffalo, Tonawanda, and the town of Niagara Falls (mere preliminary ventures in city-building), but it bids fair to unite them into what Nikola Tesla declares must become the greatest city in the world. It is welding them by electricity.

The waterfall opened an economic drama by damming up the main waterway of the Northern States. Why else do yonder mule-drawn boats go snailing along an artificial channel called the Erie Canal? But for the innavigable rapids and whirlpool of the Niagara, and but for the Falls, Governor Clinton would doubtless have ended his ditch-digging, originally planned to connect New York City with the fur-yielding Red Man's Lands of the Upper Lakes, at Oswego, and saved a hundred miles and more of costly construction. In that case Oswego, and not Buffalo, would have become the sixth commercial city in the world. But the Falls were long of vision, they had set their hearts on larger things than even De Witt Clinton dared fancy; they foresaw the growth of the West, and resolved upon seizing for their own purpose the swollen bulk of traffic which must soon be tided eastward. Shrewd strategy, was it not?

Look westward now from out your pillared aery on top of the tall building! Those piled lake freighters; those trim liners, belching sooty clouds as they come; those whalebacks, half sunken with their loads; those homeward-bounders, ranged in long trains like led beasts—what are they bringing? They bring the wealth of the whole Northwest. And here they must stop, held up by the bandit river. Here they must lay down their cargoes, and trust to the square-prowed barges of the Erie Canal to carry those cargoes, by many a lock and by many a halt, to the "lordly Hudson"; thence, past the cloud-capped Catskills and the Palisades, to the deep-sea port.

That is why those hulking brown towers have crowded the wharves of Buffalo—they are pumping Western grain into dark vats or bins for temporary storage. That, too, is why the 'longshoremen and roustabouts and dockers of Buffalo are busy unloading Western ores. And that is why scented Western lumber stands piled in leaning pyres at Buffalo and Tonawanda. A like cause gives Buffalo twenty-six lines of railway. For in winter both lakes and canal will freeze, and their burden must go by the overland routes. Once set in order, these routes keenly rival the waterways all the year round; and so it comes about that Western cattle, sheep, hogs, and horses make Buffalo the second live-stock market of the world. And upon every pound of this animate or inanimate Western merchandise, the Buffalonians levy tribute. They are, therefore, fond of their heaven-high pavilion which tops the yellow sky-scraper.

There the wind from Lake Erie fans fancy to a vivid glow. Gazing westward, the Buffalonians see the ranchman, in broad sombrero and fringed leather "chaps," roping wild steers in the Bad Lands; see the lumber Jack of Wisconsin swinging his keen-edged double-bitted axe; see the Swedish farmer reaping his wheat in North Dakota; see the miner of upper Michigan splitting the ores of iron and copper with pick and drill. Of all such they say, "These are our vassals. The Falls have made them ours!"

Such was the era of water, the first short act of the play. And now, with transportation of unsurpassed facility and variety, all that was needed was a few tons of coal—more or less—to turn a market into a factory. Market it remains, factory it has become. For the neighboring mines of western Pennsylvania furnish cheap fuel in all but redundant plenty. Look at yonder black trestle—the one where the cars go hauled by the cable and dump their loads into hoppers, and thence into the echoing holds

of waiting colliers—it is one of many such trestles; together these traffic the wares of the biggest coal-shipping port on earth. So, why wonder at the myriad chimneys and the all-befouling soot? The Buffalonians could bring in raw material with the utmost ease, they could send forth your finished products fully as easily, they had all the conditions for running machinery cheaply. Only one question remained: Pray who would buy? The answer proves clearly that you had dropped just the right blue river over precisely the right red cliff. With this tall, yellow building for a center, take a radius of 500 miles and mark out a circle; half the American people have homes within that circle. It reaches eastward to Portland, westward to Chicago, and southward far beyond Richmond. Here is a market such as the lion, the bear, and the Prussian eagle might never hope to wrest from a Chinese dragon.

Upon a little world thus made ready to greet it has dawned the bright new era of electricity. Descend from your aery now. This plunging elevator is driven by power from Niagara Falls; the lights in these sunless nooks are lighted by it; you stop in the lobby to pick up a newspaper printed by Niagara electricity; and now you step out into the street, hold up a finger, and halt a buff-colored trolley propelled by the cataract. Such are signs of the times. The power also swings the grating derricks of the shipyard, turns the wheels of grist-mills, pumps wheat into a towering granary, moves mighty congeries of machinery, runs sewing-machines, and even bakes hot cross buns in an aforetime-steam bakery. Buffalonians, long accustomed to send up black incense in worship of James Watt, have lately lighted a row of incandescent candles upon an altar dedicated to Edison and Tesla.

Here in the trolley-car, headed for Niagara Falls, you must meet two types of men—the one, born in Buffalo, keeps the sweet serenity of Lake Erie; the other, newly implanted at the city of Niagara Falls, has the vehemence of the Upper Rapids. The Buffalonian, whose mind is jaded with superlatives—for has he not witnessed an unbroken series of incomparable municipal miracles?—says, "Oh, yes, Buffalo is bound to grow." His companion, who thinks in italics and talks in capitals, gesticulates with both hands as he exclaims, "No, sir! *Niagara Falls* is bound to grow. It will swallow you up. In five years the foolish will ask, 'Where is Buffalo?' and the wise will answer, 'In Niagara Falls!'"

What is the issue? Simply this. The wonder-working electrical power leaks out considerably before it reaches Buffalo. Twenty-three miles of transmission involves a loss of at least twelve per cent. Some put the estimate higher yet; some, too, would have it that the progress of Greater Buffalo is even more seriously retarded by small boys, who tie stones to strings, throw them over two neighboring wires—one carrying power, the other serving the tick of the telegraph or the bell of the telephone—thus causing the power to spurt through the air in the form of highly agreeable pink lightning. But at all events, the excited talker in the car has fully half the truth. The magic metropolis predicted by Senator Depew, George Westinghouse, Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, and the Montenegrin wizard, has established a new center of radiation at the Falls.

Will Buffalo consume the city of Niagara Falls, or will Niagara Falls consume the city of Buffalo, or—like the Chinese dog and the calico cat in Eugene Field's poem—will they "eat each other up"? Yet here you have only a matter of names; and the name, I think, will be Greater Buffalo.

To change the figure, Niagara Falls, our municipal Jacob, has filched from Buffalo its birthright. It has won the electrical blessing. Then must Esau sit desolate? By no means. Although the mere substitution of galvanic energy for steam-bred power seems a dismal, drab-colored business in comparison with the glittering possibilities of those absolutely novel and amazing developments at the Falls, it nevertheless takes on a very grateful gloss when one asks, as one is sure to ask, "Where lies the preference for electricity?"

To be sure, it is cleaner, and that, say the godly church-spires of Buffalo, would answer the question in part. Besides, it is cheaper. Not that the month's bill for power is lighter than the month's bill for coal, but you save at other points. For one thing, you need less room. You dispense with your coal-bin, sell your boiler for old iron, and send your furnace to the junk shop. Thus you cut your rent, or you reduce your outlay for a plant you are building.

At the same time, you shorten your pay-roll. The grimy fellows who bring coal in their barrows; the stokers who bend before the hot red mouths of furnaces; the oily-handed engineer, with his eye upon a gauge and his heart on a long envelope—these are

vanishing types in Greater Buffalo. Niagara is turned on by moving a lever, it is turned off in the same way, and you pay only for what you use; whereas with steam you may have to keep your fires burning all night and to hire people to sit up with them.

Yet, again, by installing electric motors you reduce the amount of gearing, belting, and shafting in a factory, thereby saving what was formerly lost in friction, waste of room, added cost of equipment, and need for constant repair. And when you simplify your mechanism in this way, you make it a good deal less likely that your craftsmen will come to a ghastly death by getting tangled up in it.

While, therefore, the cups of the Buffalonians are not running over, they are nevertheless filled to a modest depth with pure nectar. The people of Niagara Falls, on the other hand, have drunk a delirious draught of mingled wine and wormwood. Their city is twice as big as it was, but not twice as happy.

By his own confession, that nervous fellow who brags of Falls power as the trolley spins northward has involved himself in imminent ruin through speculation. He and his ilk sat on the edges of their chairs while the Power Company was making up its mind to dig the wheel-pit and tunnel. At the first word of decision, they sprang to their feet and ran for the outlying districts, where, mortgaging all they possessed, they bought up suburban lands. Options on farms went flying through the local market. You paid ten dollars for an option, you slept with the option under your pillow, you awoke next morning, and sold the option for a thousand dollars. The reckless daring of Blondins, Webbs, and Robinsons—heroes of rapids and river—got itself reincarnated as speculative madness. People fancied that an overwhelming industrial population would rush in, like Oklahoma boomers, and take advantage of the power.

Yet just a little forethought would have taught them better. For it is no easy matter for great factories to break camp and move. They must be vigorously induced; and the inducement in this case being cheap power, the first factories attracted were factories where motor energy is the item of prime importance. In other words, they were factories employing immense "blocks" of horse-power and very few men. Aha! then the city of Niagara Falls must wait a bit before it can count its citizens by the hundred thousand. Already the population has grown amazingly, many astounding new guilds of handicraft have been founded, and steadily the total vast miracle is coming to be. But the neurotic temper continues. There is everything to make it. Are not schemes of panoramic scope and significance broached daily? Are not hotels thronged with knowing capitalists, the very atmosphere charged with potential millions?

"But we ride, in fine, on our way to Niagara." And we ride over one of the most extraordinary electric roads in the world—a road controlled by fourteen companies lately welded into one. Three-fifths of the power they use is drawn from the Falls. Presently all will be. And think what this means. The Falls send the motorman, that sure advance agent of municipal expansion, forth through all their realm. These inter-urban railways, now coursing for many a league through orchard and meadow, are destined to become the street trolley system of Greater Buffalo. When that comes about, they will no doubt take over their allied lines, which carry you, breathless with delight, along the dizzy brink of the Gorge, or, plunging you down a steep incline at the Whirlpool, to the very water's edge, carry you five merry miles through a winding, cliff-walled trench, where the river, all sullen, green, and foam-streaked, leaps northward to meet the oceanic blue of Lake Ontario.

So at last you will come to the Falls. Run the gauntlet of importunate hackmen, get quit of the "barkers" of curio shops and restaurants, and go up in the lift of the skeleton steel tower. The New Niagara lies at your feet. Quite in keeping with the spirit of the place, the least significant of all the recent transformations first impresses the eye. The bridges have changed.

Where is the slender, web-woven span that once crossed the chasm below the Falls? They have picked it to pieces, moved it seven miles, and hung it from bluff to wooded bluff between Queenstown and Lewiston. A single graceful arch of delicate trestle-work takes its place. Further down stream, at the head of the Whirlpool Rapids, a Nile-green cantilever has been built over simultaneously from two shores, till it touches finger tips above an Anglo-American torrent. Just beyond it, the old Roebling wire bridge is replaced by a steel arch, in the construction of which the famous hanging roadway was used as falsework, the whole metamorphosis delaying traffic but a few hours.

The obtrusiveness of these comparatively unimportant features of the New Niagara

illustrates the inner life of the Thunder of Waters. The magnificent fact of electrical possibilities has been overshadowed and outrivaled by every other interest. It has been a hidden treasure until these last days. For this is no open-handed Nile, scattering its largess where all who choose may take. Though Nile and Niagara rank side by side as the world's greatest givers, there is, nevertheless, a diversity of gifts. Gifts beneath Egyptian palms mean ease and happy indolence, gifts beneath northern elms mean toil of brain and sweat of brawn—they are won, not merely claimed.

Why, then, have we waited so long for the power which has been running to waste since the dawn of history? The answer is not so much physical as psychological. The human mind is so constituted that it appreciates little things more readily than it appreciates big things. Show it a mill pond 100 yards long, a dam fifteen feet high and six feet thick, and a tailrace of twenty rods, and it knows what it is. But show it a chain of mill ponds reaching a thousand miles from Duluth to Buffalo, a dam 160 feet high and twenty-three miles thick, and a tailrace composed of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River, and for many generations no fellow can tell what it is.

Or reduce the Niagara to its lowest terms. The Gorge itself is nature's own wheel-pit, with every facility for pouring water into it and every facility for drawing water away from it. The most accomplished electrical and hydraulic engineers of the age come and look at it, knit their brows, talk wisely, and decide upon digging an artificial wheel-pit of their own through the living rock, pouring the water into it from a canal and drawing the water away from it through a three-million-dollar tunnel. Go visit the plant of the Niagara Power Company. It is simply an underground Niagara. While it was building, a rival syndicate had caught the secret of the mighty cataract. They permitted the men of millions to bury their wealth in the earth, and meanwhile they sat perched on the edge of the cliff below the Falls, twirling their thumbs, kicking their heels, and biding their time.

How wondrous wise! Many years ago a canal had been dug from a point above the Upper Rapids to a point just beyond the new steel-arch bridge. There the canal furnished water-power for a tiny Minneapolis, and having turned the wheels of several flouring mills, spurted out over the cliff and fell in a fine row of cataracts down into the gorge below. What if the Falls themselves were too big to be bitted and bridled! Need men construct a subterranean Niagara of the desired dimensions, when this secondary Niagara already existed? "Now," said the rival syndicate, "let us simply take a bag of oats and a halter, catch one of these little runaway waterfalls, and harness it to our dynamos."

So they did. By way of oats and halter, they set up an enormous brown-colored steel pipe, called a penstock, which reached from the level of the river to the top of the cliff. A strand of the canal drops 216 feet through the penstock, and dives under a power-house, where, owing to a sudden turn in the pipe, it rushes upward with inconceivable force against the huge water wheels and turns a system of monster dynamos. This single penstock generates 18,000 horse-power.

Fancy, then, the resources of the Lower Niagara when the whole Gorge, from the upper steel-arch bridge to the Whirlpool, is closely lined with similar penstocks! Nor is this all. Whenever the river falls over the cliff, a column of spray shoots skyward; rainbows arch through the spray; and at the end of each rainbow lies a pot of gold, which lures thitherward the speculative genius and the engineering skill of the world. Investors, to make the matter clear, unpocket thick packets of typewritten miracles. Quite innumerable are those schemes for power development—some practical, some not. There is even talk of studding the Whirlpool rapids with turbine wheels.

Meanwhile the jealous Canadians intend to divert Chippewa Creek from its course and dash it through penstocks into the Niagara Gorge—a project which will occasion the American Congress no little concern. For the power is wanted at Greater Buffalo, and already the tariff reformers are asking, "Is the electrical fluid a commodity? If so, is it dutiable?" The Canadians retort, with upturned noses, "How much will you charge for the *juice?*"

Here, then, is warrant enough for the wildest predictions. Whereas Lowell was built by less than 12,000 horse-power, and Minneapolis by 25,000, Greater Buffalo has 120,000 already in sight, and will soon have at its disposal 500,000. The Falls themselves afford a total of 7,500,000! To watch the effects of such prophecies is a sociological lark. The conservative little Minneapolis on the edge of the cliff continues to use the water-power by mechanical devices; already the old-fashioned factories of distant

regions have begun to mobilize themselves and move to the Falls, where they substitute electrical power for steam; and the growth of new industries suggests, for rapidity, a Seventh Day of Creation; for extent, an eighth world-wonder; for sheer phenomenality, an actualized modern mythology.

Ill-content with playing street-car horse, lamp-lighter, miller, printer, docker, and baker, the Falls must build an electro-metallurgic laboratory fit for Faust and his Mephistopheles. Here they turn logs into paper; yonder reduce spongy and pig lead by electricity; just over the way, in a secret chamber, prepare aluminum; and near by brew chlorate of potash, phosphorus, and caustic soda. Turning water to electricity, and electricity to hottest heat, they take sand, salt, sawdust, and coke, and fuse them into green and purple crystals next in hardness to the diamond, and name a new gem carborundum. Under the same roof they produce pure carbon, shaming the alchemy of nature—what the rocks evolved after centuries of toil is now made in an hour.

Again, they take lime and carbon, the most infusible of all elements, and unite them by ultra-volcanic heat into calcium carbide, which in turn yields acetylene gas. Carry the calcium carbides to Burma or Japan, and there is no reason why Niagara Falls should not illuminate the "old Moulein pagoda" and the streets of Yokohama. But when all is told, the really splendid aspect of that cluster of electro-thermal and electrolytic laboratories is not their romantic charm, it is not their novelty, it is not their commercial importance. Instead, it is the sheer courage and audacity of their projectors, who staked their all upon an unproved theory. They built their plants before the buried turbines had begun to generate power. What if the plan had failed? The syndicate of millionaires who built the tunnel and wheel-pit could, perhaps, have afforded to lose its investment, but failure would have involved the absolute ruin of the modest venturers who so confidently waited to profit by their success. Courage, then—courage and faith—have conquered.

There was a good deal of faith, too, on the part of the Power Company. When once the Niagara Falls project was shown to be successful, every electrical engineer in America had a cataract in his eye. Wherever a river dropped over a cliff, some ingenious fellow drew plans for a power-house; wherever a river ran swiftly, some far-sighted capitalist began to calculate the cost of a dam. The New Niagara, then, must outvie innumerable still newer little Niagaras. "Well," say the barons of Greater Buffalo, "so be it—so be it!" They are ready to give a reason for the faith that is in them. Take, for instance, the threatened installation at Messina Falls, which is Niagara's most menacing competitor. When the Messina people have dug their three-mile canal from the St. Lawrence and spilled it into a low-lying tributary, they can generate 150,000 horse-power. But the men of Messina have chosen neither the right river, nor the right cliff. A location in the very northernmost county of New York State will never rival that of the Queen City of the Lakes. The Falls apparently intended electricity when they made Buffalo a commanding center for rail and water transportation. And now that the third epoch has begun, there is no revolutionary cry of

> Ring out the old; ring in the new;
> Ring out the false; ring in the true.

The Greater Buffalonians perceive that the eras of water and of coal were as necessary to the era of electricity as are the first and the second acts of a play to its dramatic crisis and culmination.

Do the groaning wheels of Niagara protest that this, after all, is no play? Then I answer that work is play, when you keep a glad heart; and I add that the Falls, which have been playing from time immemorial—tossing up toy clouds and arching toy rainbows—now amuse themselves with toy cyclones encircling the whizzing dynamos, toy volcanoes, and earthquakes in the electric furnaces of the Carborundum Works, and toy thunder and lightning in Mr. Lincoln's experimental laboratory at the Upper Power-house. Mr. Lincoln takes you into a narrow side room, draws down a window shade, puts a cord in your hand, and bids you pull. One jerk of the cord turns loose an electrical tempest which rages across a miniature sky of glass at the other end of the chamber. What with chain lightning, sheet lightning, and forked lightning, with an accompaniment of rumbles and roars, you feel like Jupiter Tonans. This contrivance, Mr. Lincoln says, will be turned to practical account as an advertising device, and so he has printed the word "Pan-American" in tall capitals upon his little storm-stricken firmament. The bolts of Zeus dart out in radiant flashes from every letter. Hence a suggestion of vast reciprocity: if the New Niagara

will advertise the Pan-American, the Pan-American will advertise the New Niagara.

Wanted, by Greater Buffalo, 3,000,000 Greater Buffalonians. The twentieth-century metropolis, thirty miles long, with Buffalo harbor for its port, an over-netting system of trolley lines for its future avenues, a world-famous cataract for its park, and unlimited electrical energy for industrial power, needs nothing to-day but a populace. The roar of the Falls cries, "Come and see."

So, through all the summer of 1901, a dazzling display of Niagara electricity will amaze the visitors to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. By night the Tinted City will blaze with electricity from the Falls. It will light the lilied sunken gardens of the Esplanade, burn in iridescent colors upon an electrical tower 300 feet high, shimmer through countless wind-blown cascades in the Court of Fountains, twinkle in the Mirror Lakes, Aquatic Pools, and Grand Canal, swing in the huge comet tails of moving search-lights, illuminate the Roman Stadium, and glow in the magnificent buildings which shelter exhibits lent by every American tribe and kindred from the Arctic ice to the Straits of Magellan. It will turn all the wheels in Machinery Hall, charge the storage batteries of flitting launches, propel pleasure cars, and illustrate in the marvels of the Electrical Building the skill of the New Niagara in those practical arts which make for wealth and progress and national well-being. And visiting strangers will crowd the buff-colored trolleys, make the little journey to Niagara Falls, and see for themselves what is there already accomplished.

Hence the Pan-American may wisely print at the top of its official programme, "Exhibit A: The New Niagara." The Exposition, they will tell you, grew out of the policy of James G. Blaine, who was bent upon nurturing commerce between the United States and the Spanish Americas. But I think that from the moment when first the broad blue river dropped over the tall red cliff the Falls had that monster show in mind. They meant to employ it as a persuasive agency to turn the accumulated capital of a continent toward themselves.

Robert Louis Stevenson observes that when people have fallen in love, they not only look forward with keen joy into the future, but look back with regret upon the days lost in lovelessness before they met. While, like love in "Virginibus Puerisque," and the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians, the New Niagara "doeth all things"; it also mourns the countless centuries when the river poured down through rainbow-mantled mist in an unclaimed cataract of pure gold.

BEYOND THE GATES.

By Paul Kester.

Is there no God for those
Who sin?
No prayer that mounts
From aching hearts to
Troubled lips
And to the ear of God?
Is there no echo yet
Of honor and of innocence,
No breath that says
This ruin, too, was once divine?
Are we shut out forever
Who once pass the gates?

THE·RIGHT·PROMETHEAN·FIRE

GEORGE·MADDEN·MARTIN

EMMY LOU, laboriously copying digits, looked up. The boy sitting in line in the next row of desks was making signs to Emmy Lou.

Emmy Lou had noticed the little boy before. He was a square little boy. He had a sprinkling of freckles over the bridge of the nose and a cheerful breadth of nostril. And his teeth were wide apart, and his smile was broad and constant. Not that Emmy Lou could have told all this. Emmy Lou only knew that to her the knowledge of the little boy concerning the things peculiar to the Primer World seemed limitless.

And now the little boy was beckoning Emmy Lou. Emmy Lou did not know the little boy. Neither did she know any of the seventy other little boys and girls making the Primer Class.

Because of a popular prejudice against whooping cough, Emmy Lou had not entered the Primer Class until late. When she arrived, the seventy little boys and girls were well along in Alphabetical lore, having long since passed the a, b, c, of initiation, and become glibly eloquent to a point where the l, m, n, o, p, slipped off their tongues with the liquid ease of repetition and familiarity.

"But Emmy Lou can catch up," said Emmy Lou's Aunt Cordelia, a plump and cheery lady, beaming with optimistic placidity upon the infant populace seated in parallel rows at desks before her.

Miss Clara, the teacher, lacked Aunt Cordelia's optimism. Also her plumpness. "No doubt she can," agreed Miss Clara politely, but without enthusiasm. Miss Clara had stepped from the graduating rostrum to the schoolroom platform. And she had been there some years. And when one has been there some years, and is already battling with seventy little boys and girls, one cannot greet the advent of a seventy-first with acclaim. Even the fact that one's hair is red is not an always sure indication that one's temperament is sanguine also.

So in answer to Aunt Cordelia, Miss Clara replied politely but without enthusiasm, "No doubt she can."

Then Aunt Cordelia went, and Miss Clara gave Emmy Lou a desk. And Miss Clara then rapping sharply, and calling some small delinquent to order, Emmy Lou's heart sank within her.

Now Miss Clara's tones were tart because she did not know what to do with Emmy Lou. In a class of seventy, spare time is not offering for the bringing up of the backward. The way of the Primer teacher was not made easy in a Public School of twenty-five years ago.

So Miss Clara told Emmy Lou to copy digits.

Now what digits were, Emmy Lou had no

idea. But being shown them on the blackboard Emmy Lou copied them diligently. And as the time went on, Emmy Lou went on copying digits. And the one endeavor of Emmy Lou being to avoid the notice of Miss Clara, it happened the needs of Emmy Lou were frequently lost sight of in the more assertive claims of the seventy.

And Emmy Lou was not catching up. And it was January.

But to-day was to be different. The little boy was nodding, and beckoning. So far the seventy had left Emmy Lou alone. As a general thing the herd crowds toward the leaders, and the laggard brings up the rear alone.

But to-day the little boy was beckoning. Emmy Lou looked up. Emmy Lou was pinked-cheeked and chubby, and in her heart there was no guile. There was an ease and swagger about the little boy. And he always knew when to stand up, and what for. Emmy Lou more than once had failed to stand up, and Miss Clara's reminder had been sharp. It was when a bell rang one must stand up. But what for, Emmy Lou never knew, until after the others began to do it.

But the little boy always knew. Emmy Lou had heard him, too, out on the bench, glibly tell Miss Clara about the mat, and a bat, and a black rat. To-day he stood forth with confidence and told about a fat hen. Emmy Lou was glad to have the little boy beckon her.

And in Emmy Lou's heart there was no guile. That the little boy should be holding out an end of a severed india-rubber band and inviting her to take it, was no stranger than other things happening in the Primer World every day.

The very manner of the infant classification breathed mystery, the sheep from the goats, so to speak, the little girls all one side the central aisle, the little boys all the other—and to overstep the line of demarcation a thing too dreadful to contemplate.

Many things were strange. That one must get up suddenly when a bell rang, was strange.

And to copy digits until one's chubby fingers, tightly gripping the pencil, ached, and then to be expected to take a sponge and wash those digits off, was strange.

And to be told crossly to sit down was bewildering, when in answer to c, a, t, one said, "Pussy." And yet there was Pussy washing her face, on the Chart, and Miss Clara's pointer pointing to her.

So when the little boy held out the rubber band across the aisle, Emmy Lou took the proffered end.

At this the little boy slid back into his desk, holding to his end. And at the critical moment of elongation, the little boy let go. And the property of elasticity is to rebound.

Emmy Lou's heart stood still. Then it swelled. But in her filling eyes there was no suspicion, only hurt. And even while a tear splashed down, and falling upon the laboriously copied digits, wrought havoc, Emmy Lou smiled bravely across at the little boy. It would have made the little boy feel bad to know how it hurt. So Emmy Lou winked bravely, and smiled.

Whereupon the little boy wheeled about suddenly and fell to copying digits furiously. Nor did he look Emmy Lou's way, only drove his pencil into his slate with a fervor that made Miss Clara rap sharply on her desk.

Emmy Lou wondered if the little boy was mad. One would think it had stung the little boy and not Emmy Lou. But since the little boy was not looking, Emmy Lou felt free to let her little fist seek her mouth for comfort.

Nor did Emmy Lou dream, that across the aisle, remorse was eating into a little boy's soul. Or that, along with remorse, there went the image of one Emmy Lou, defenseless, pink-cheeked, and smiling bravely.

The next morning Emmy Lou was early. Emmy Lou was always early. Since entering the Primer Class, breakfast had lost its savor to Emmy Lou, in the terror of being late.

But this morning the little boy was there before her. Hitherto his tardy and clattering arrival had been a daily happening, provocative of accents sharp and energetic from Miss Clara.

But this morning the little boy was early. He was in his desk copying from his Primer on to his slate. The easy, ostentatious way the little boy glanced from slate to book was not lost upon Emmy Lou. For Emmy Lou lost her place whenever her eyes left the rows of digits upon the blackboard.

Emmy Lou watched the little boy. And the little boy's pencil drove with furious ease and its path was marked with flourishes. Emmy Lou never dreamed that it was because she was watching that the little boy was moved to this brilliant exhibition. Presently the little boy reached the end of his page. He looked up, carelessly, incidentally. It seemed to be borne to him that Emmy Lou was there. The little boy nodded. Then, as if moved by sudden impulse, the little boy

dived into his desk, and after ostentatious search in, on, under it, brought forth a pencil. He held it up for Emmy Lou to see. Nor did Emmy Lou dream that it was for this the little boy had been there since before Uncle Michael had unlocked the Primer door.

Emmy Lou looked across at the pencil.

"Emmy Lou winked bravely, and smiled."

It was a slate pencil. A fine, long, new slate pencil grandly encased for half its length in gold paper. One bought them at the drug-store across from the school, and one paid for them the whole of five cents.

Just then a bell rang. Emmy Lou got up suddenly. But it was the bell for school to take up. So she sat down. She was glad Miss Clara was not yet in her place.

After the Primer Class had filed in, with panting and frosty entrance, the bell rang again. This time it was the right bell tapped by Miss Clara, now in her place. So again Emmy Lou got up suddenly, and by following the little girl ahead, Emmy Lou learned that the bell meant, go out to the bench.

The Primer Class, according to the degree of its infant precocity, was divided in three sections. Emmy Lou belonged to the third section. It was the last section, and Emmy Lou was the last one in it. Though Emmy Lou had no idea what a section meant or why she was in it.

Yesterday the third section had said, over and over, in chorus, "One and one are two, two and two are four," etc.—but to-day they said, "Two and one are three, two and two are four."

Emmy Lou wondered, four what? Which put her behind, so that when she began again they were saying, "two and four are six." So now she knew. Four is six. But what is six? Emmy Lou did not know.

When she came back to her desk the pencil was there. The fine, new, long slate pencil encased in gold paper. And the little boy was gone. He belonged to the first section, and the first section was now on the bench. Emmy Lou leaned across and put the pencil back on the little boy's desk.

Then Emmy Lou prepared herself to copy digits with her stump of a pencil. Emmy Lou's were always stumps. Her pencil had

a way of rolling off her desk while she was gone. And one pencil makes many stumps. The little boy had generally helped her pick them up on her return. But strangely, from this time, Emmy Lou's pencils rolled off no more.

But when Emmy Lou took up her slate there was a whole side filled with digits in soldierly rows across. And Emmy Lou's heart grew light and free from the weight of digits, and she gave her time to the washing off of her desk, a thing in which her soul reveled. And for which, patterning after her little girl neighbors, she kept within her desk a bottle of soapy water and rags of a gray and unpleasant nature, that never dried, because of their frequent using. When Emmy Lou first came to school, her cleaning paraphernalia consisted of a sponge secured by a string to her slate, which was the badge of the new and the unsophisticated comer. Emmy Lou had quickly learned that.

And no one now rejoiced in a fuller assortment of soap, bottle, and rags than Emmy Lou. Nor did a sponge longer dangle from the frame of her slate. On coming in from recess, Emmy Lou found the pencil on her desk again, the beautiful new pencil in the gilded paper. She put it back.

When Emmy Lou reached home, the pencil, the beautiful pencil that cost all of five cents, was in her companion box, along with her stumps and her sponge and her grimy little slate rags. And about the pencil was wrapped a piece of paper. It had the look of the margin of a Primer page. The paper bore marks. They were not digits.

Emmy Lou took the paper to Aunt Cordelia. They were at dinner.

"Can't you read it, Emmy Lou?" asked Aunt Katie, the prettiest aunty.

Emmy Lou shook her head.

"I'll spell the letters," said Aunt Louise, the youngest aunty.

But that did not help Emmy Lou one bit.

"*Emmy Lou shook her head.*"

Aunt Cordelia looked troubled. "She doesn't seem to be catching up," she said.

"No," said Aunt Katie.

"No," agreed Aunt Louise.

"Nor—on," said Uncle Charlie, the brother of the aunties, lighting his cigar to go down town.

Aunt Cordelia spread the paper out. It bore the words:

"It is for you."

So Emmy Lou put the pencil away in the companion, and tucked it about with the grimy slate rags that no harm might befall it. And the next day she took it out and used it. But first she looked over at the little boy. The little boy was busy. But when Emmy Lou looked up again, the little boy was looking.

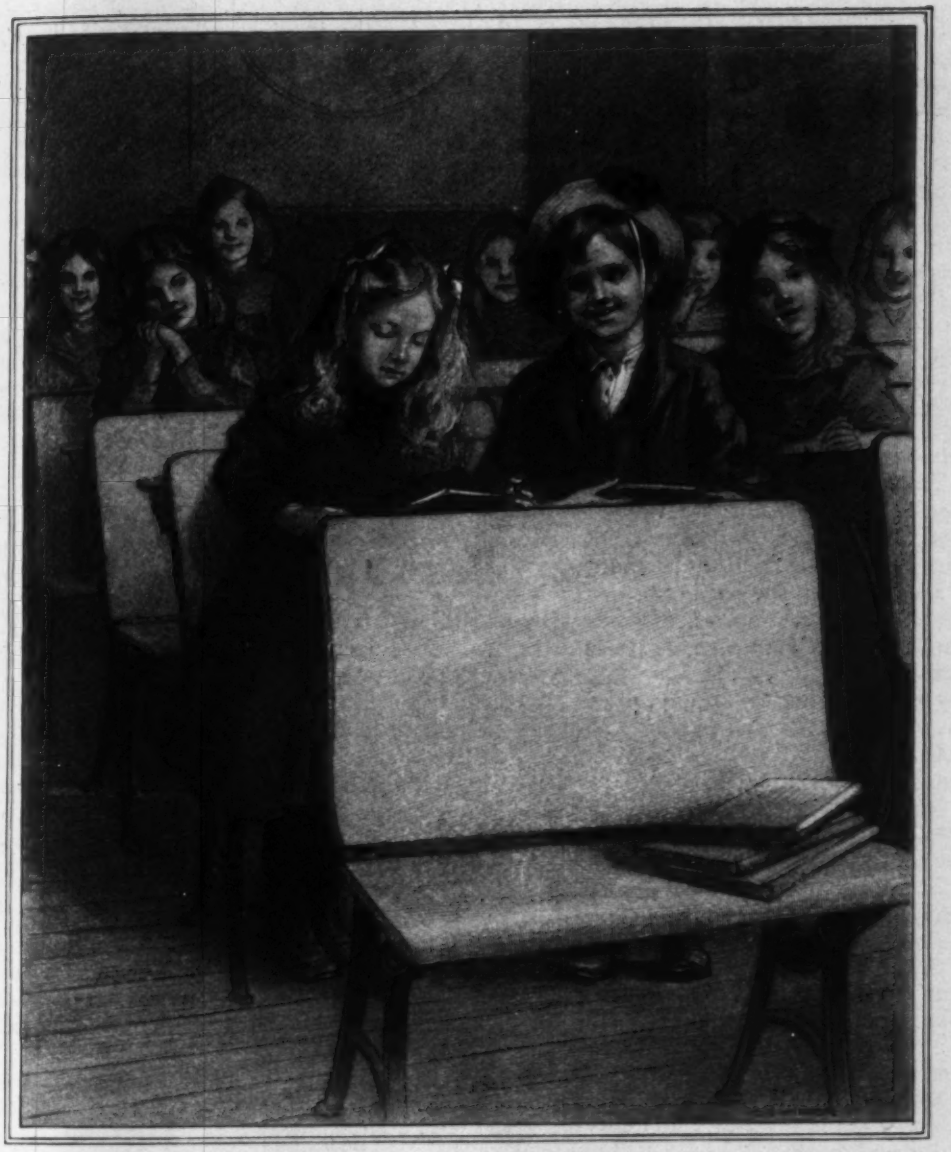
The little boy grew red, and wheeling suddenly, fell to copying digits furiously. And from that moment on the little boy was moved to strange behavior.

Three times before recess did the little boy, boldly ignoring the preface of upraised hand, swagger up to Miss Clara's desk. And going and coming, the little boy's boots, with copper toes and run-down heels, marked with thumping emphasis upon the echoing boards his processional and recessional. And reaching his desk, the little boy slammed down his slate with clattering reverberations.

Emmy Lou watched the little boy uneasily. She was miserable for the little boy. She did not know that there are times when the emotions are more potent than the subtlest wines. Nor did she know that the male of some species is moved thus to exhibition of prowess, courage, defiance, for the impressing of the chosen female of the species.

Emmy Lou merely knew that she was miserable and that she trembled for the little boy.

Having clattered his slate until Miss Clara rapped sharply, the little boy arose and went swaggering on an excursion around the room to where sat the bucket and dipper. And on his return he came up the center aisle between the sheep and the goats.



"Emmy Lou did not laugh. She made room for Billy."

Emmy Lou had no idea what happened. It took place behind her. But there was another little girl who did. A little girl who boasted curls, yellow curls in tiered rows about her head. A lachrymosal little girl, and a little girl who affected great horror of the little boys.

And what Emmy Lou failed to see was this: the little boy, in passing, deftly lift a cherished curl between finger and thumb and proceed on his way.

The little girl did not fail the little boy. In the suddenness of the surprise, she surprised even him by her outcry. Miss Clara jumped. Emmy Lou jumped. And the sixty-nine jumped. And, following this, the little girl lifted her voice in lachrymal lament.

Miss Clara sat erect. The Primer Class held its breath. It always held its breath when Miss Clara sat erect. Emmy Lou held tightly to her desk besides. She wondered what it was all about.

Then Miss Clara spoke. Her accents cut the silence.

"Billy Traver!"

Billy Traver stood forth. It was the little boy.

"Since you seem pleased to occupy your-

self with the little girls, Billy, *go to the pegs!*"

Emmy Lou trembled. "Go to the pegs!" What unknown, inquisitorial terrors lay behind those dread, laconic words, Emmy Lou knew not.

Emmy Lou could only sit and watch the little boy turn and stump back down the aisle and around the room to where, along the wall, hung rows of feminine apparel.

Here the little boy stopped. He scanned the line. Then he paused before a hat. It was a round little hat, with silky nap and a curling brim. It had rosettes to keep the ears warm, and ribbon that tied beneath the chin. It was Emmy Lou's hat. Aunt Cordelia had cautioned her to care concerning it.

The little boy took the hat down. There seemed to be no doubt in his mind as to what Miss Clara meant. But then he had been in the Primer Class from the beginning.

Having taken the hat down, the little boy proceeded to put it upon his own shock head. The little boy's face wore its broad and constant smile. One would have said the little boy was enjoying the affair. As he put the hat on, the sixty-nine laughed. The seventieth did not. It was her hat, and, besides, she did not understand.

Miss Clara, still erect, spoke again: "And now, since you are a little girl, get your book, Billy, and move over with the girls."

Nor did Emmy Lou understand why, when Billy, having gathered his belongings together, moved across the aisle and sat down with her, the sixty-nine laughed again. Emmy Lou did not laugh. She made room for Billy.

Nor did she understand when Billy treated her to a slow and surreptitious wink, his freckled countenance grinning beneath the rosetted hat. It never could have occurred to Emmy Lou that Billy had laid his cunning plans to this very end. Emmy Lou understood nothing of all this. She only pitied Billy. And presently, when public attention had become diverted, she proffered him the hospitality of a grimy little slate rag. When Billy returned the rag there was something in it — something wrapped in a beautiful, glazed, shining bronze paper. It was a candy kiss. One paid five cents for six of them at the drug-store.

On the road home, Emmy Lou ate the candy. The beautiful, shiny paper she put in her Primer. The slip of paper that she found within she carried to Aunt Cordelia. It was sticky and it was smeared. But it had reading on it.

"But this is printing," said Aunt Cordelia; "can't you read it?"

Emmy Lou shook her head.

"Try," said Aunt Katie.

"The easy words," said Aunt Louise.

But Emmy Lou, remembering c-a-t, Pussy, shook her head.

Aunt Cordelia looked troubled. "She certainly isn't catching up," said Aunt Cordelia. Then she read from the slip of paper:

> "Oh, woman, woman, thou wert made
> The peace of Adam to invade."

The aunties laughed, but Emmy Lou put it away with the glazed paper in her Primer. It meant quite as much to Emmy Lou as did the reading in that Primer: Cat, a cat, the cat. The bat, the mat, a rat. It was the jingle to both that appealed to Emmy Lou.

About this time rumors began to reach Emmy Lou. She heard that it was February, and that wonderful things were peculiar to the Fourteenth. At recess the little girls locked arms and talked Valentines. The echoes reached Emmy Lou.

The valentines must come from a little boy, or it wasn't the real thing. And to get no valentine was a dreadful—dreadful thing. And even the timidest of the sheep began to cast eyes across at the goats.

Emmy Lou wondered if she would get a valentine. And if not, how was she to survive the contumely and shame?

You must never, never breathe to a living soul what was on your valentine. To tell even your best and truest little girl friend was to prove faithless to the little boy sending the valentine. These things reached Emmy Lou.

Not for the world would she tell. Emmy Lou was sure of that. So grateful did Emmy Lou feel she would be to any one sending her a valentine.

And in doubt and wretchedness did Emmy Lou wend her way to school on the Fourteenth Day of February. The drug-store window was full of valentines. But Emmy Lou crossed the street. She did not want to see them. She knew the little girls would ask her if she had gotten a valentine? And she would have to say, No.

Emmy Lou was early. The big, empty room echoed back Emmy Lou's footsteps as she went to her desk to lay down book and slate before taking off her wraps. Nor did Emmy Lou dream the eye of the little boy peeped through the crack of the door from Miss Clara's dressing-room.

Emmy Lou's hat and jacket were forgot-

ten. On Emmy Lou's desk lay something square and white. It was an envelope. It was a beautiful envelope, all over flowers and scrolls.

Emmy Lou knew it. It was a valentine. Emmy Lou sat down. Her cheeks grew pink.

She took it out. It was blue. And it was gold. And it had reading on it.

Emmy Lou's heart sank. She could not read the reading. The door opened. Some little girls came in. Emmy Lou hid her valentine in her book, for since you must not—she would never show her valentine—never.

The little girls wanted to know if she had gotten a valentine, and Emmy Lou said, yes, and her cheeks were pink with the joy of being able to say it.

Through the day, Emmy Lou took peeps between the covers of her Primer. But no one else might see it.

It rested heavy on Emmy Lou's heart, however, that there was reading on it. She studied it surreptitiously. The reading was made up of letters. It was the first time Emmy Lou had thought about that. She knew some of the letters. She would ask some one the letters she did not know by pointing them out on the chart at recess. Emmy Lou was learning. It was the first time since she came to school.

But what did the letters make? She wondered, after recess, studying the valentine again.

Then she went home. She followed Aunt Cordelia about. Aunt Cordelia was busy.

"What does it read?" asked Emmy Lou.

Aunt Cordelia listened.

"B," said Emmy Lou, "and e"?

"Be," said Aunt Cordelia.

If B was Be, it was strange that B and e were Be. But many things were strange.

"She sought the house-boy."

Emmy Lou accepted them all on faith.

After dinner she approached Aunt Katie.

"What does it read?" asked Emmy Lou, "m and y?"

"My," said Aunt Katie.

The rest was harder. She could not remember the letters, and had to copy them off on her slate. Then she sought Tom, the house-boy. Tom was out at the gate talking to another house-boy. She waited until the other boy was gone.

"What does it read?" asked Emmy Lou, and she told the letters off the slate. It took Tom some time, but finally he told her.

Just then a little girl came along. She was a first-section little girl, and at school she never noticed Emmy Lou.

Now she was alone, so she stopped.

"Get any valentines?"

"Yes," said Emmy Lou. Then moved to confidence by the little girl's friendliness, Emmy Lou added, "It has reading on it."

"Pooh," said the little girl, "they all have that. My mamma's been reading the long verses inside to me."

"Can you show them—valentines?" asked Emmy Lou.

"Of course, to grown-up people," said the little girl."

The gas was lit when Emmy Lou came in. Uncle Charlie was there, and the aunties, sitting around, reading.

"I got a valentine," said Emmy Lou.

They all looked up. They had forgotten it was Valentine's Day, and it came to them that if Emmy Lou's mother had not gone away, never to come back, the year before, Valentine's Day would not have been forgotten. Aunt Cordelia smoothed the black dress she was wearing because of the mother who would never come back, and looked troubled.

But Emmy Lou laid the blue and gold valentine on Aunt Cordelia's knee. In the valentine's center were two hands clasping. Emmy Lou's forefinger pointed to the words beneath the clasped hands.

"I can read it," said Emmy Lou.

They listened. Uncle Charlie put down his paper. Aunt Louise looked over Aunt Cordelia's shoulder.

"B," said Emmy Lou, "e—Be."

The aunties nodded.

"M," said Emmy Lou, "y—my."

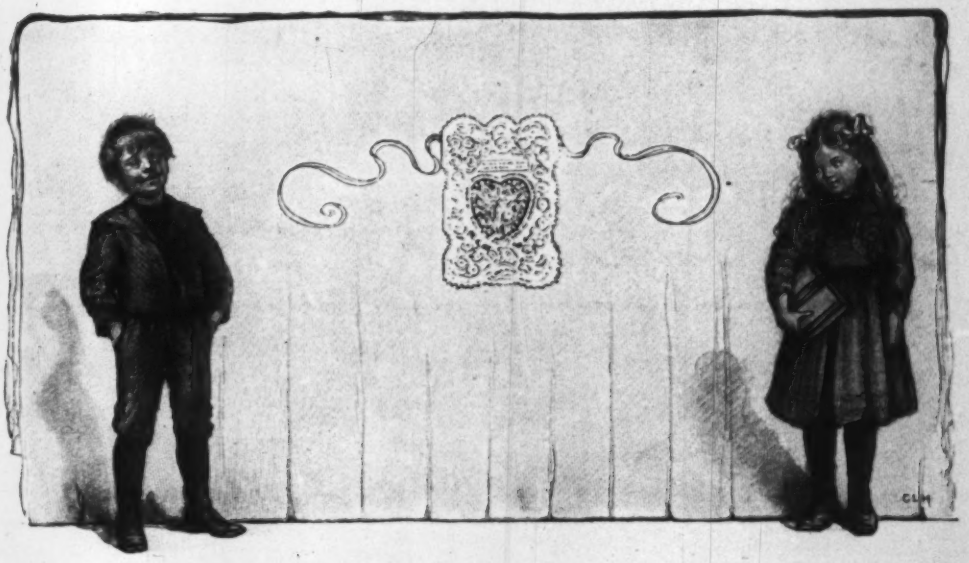
Emmy Lou did not hesitate. "V," said Emmy Lou, "a, l, e, n, t, i, n, e—Valentine. Be my Valentine."

"There!" said Aunt Cordelia.

"Well!" said Aunt Katie.

"At last!" said Aunt Louise.

"H'm!" said Uncle Charlie.



THE RUN OF THE YELLOW MAIL.

HOW JIMMIE THE WIND WON HIS NAME.

By Frank H. Spearman.

THERE wasn't another engineer on the division who dared talk to Doubleday the way Jimmie Bradshaw did.

But Jimmie had a grievance, and every time he thought about it, it made him nervous.

Ninety-six years. It seemed a good while to wait; yet in the regular course of events on the mountain division there appeared no earlier prospect of Jimmie's getting a passenger run.

"Got your rights, ain't you?" said Doubleday, when Jimmie complained.

"I have and I haven't," grumbled Jimmie, winking hard; "there's younger men than I am on the fast runs."

"They got in on the strike; you've been told that a hundred times. We can't get up another strike just to fix you out on a

fast run. Hang on to your freight. There's better men than you in Ireland up to their belt in the bog, Jimmie."

"It's a pity they didn't leave you there, Doubleday."

"You'd have been a good while hunting for a freight run if they had."

Then Jimmie would get mad and shake his finger and talk fast: "Just the same, I'll have a fast run here when you're dead."

"Maybe; but I'll be alive a good while yet, my son," the master mechanic would laugh. Then Jimmie would walk off very warm, and when he got into private with himself, he would wink furiously and say friction things about Doubleday which needn't now be printed, because it is different. However, the talk always ended that way, and Jimmie Bradshaw knew it always would end that way.

The trouble was, no one on the division would take Jimmie seriously, and he felt that the ambition of his life would never be fulfilled; that he would go plugging to gray hairs and the grave on an old freight train; and that even when he got to the right side of the Jordan there would still be something like half a century between him and a fast run. It was funny to hear him complaining about it, for everything, even his troubles, came funny to him, and in talking he had an odd way of stuttering with his eyes, which were red. In fact, Jimmie was nearly all red; hair, face, hands—they said his teeth were freckled.

When the first rumors about the proposed Yellow Mail reached the mountains Jimmie was running a new ten-wheeler; breaking her in on a freight "for some fellow without a lick o' sense to use on a limited passenger run," as Jimmie observed bitterly. The rumors about the mail came at first like stray mallards—opening signs of winter—and as the season advanced flew thicker and faster. Washington never was very progressive in the matter of improving the transcontinental service, but they once put in a postmaster-general down there, by mistake, who wouldn't take the old song. When the bureau fellows that put their brains up in curl papers told him it couldn't be done he smiled softly, but he sent for the managers of the crack lines across the continent, without suspecting how it bore incidentally on Jimmie Bradshaw's grievance against his master mechanic.

The postmaster-general called the managers of the big lines, and they had a dinner at Chamberlain's, and *they* told him the same thing. "It has been tried," they said in the old, tired way; "really it can't be done."

"California has been getting the worst of it for years on the mail service," persisted the postmaster-general moderately. "But Californians ought to have the best of it. We don't think anything about putting New York mail in Chicago in twenty hours. It ought to be simple to cut half a day across the continent and give San Francisco her mail a day earlier. Where's the fall down?" he asked, like one refusing no for an answer.

The general managers looked at our representative sympathetically, and coughed cigar smoke his way to hide him.

"West of the Missouri," murmured a Pennsylvania swell, who pulled indifferently at a fifty-cent cigar. Everybody at the table took a drink on the *exposé*, except the general manager who sat at that time for the Rocky Mountains.

The West End representative was unhappily accustomed to facing the finger of scorn on such occasions. It had become with our managers a tradition. There was never a conference of continental lines in which we were not scoffed at as the weak link in the chain of everything—mail, passenger, specials, what not—the trouble was invariably laid at our door.

But this time there was a new man sitting for the line at the Chamberlain dinner; a youngish man with a face that set like cement when the West End was trod upon.

The postmaster-general was inclined, from the reputation we had, to look on our chap as a man looks at a dog without a pedigree, or at a dray horse in a bunch of standard breeds. But something in the mouth of the West End man gave him pause; since the Rough Riders, it has been a bit different about verdicts on things Western. The postmaster-general suppressed a rising sarcasm with a sip of Chartreuse, for the dinner was ripening, and waited; nor did he mistake—the West Ender *was* about to speak.

"Why west of the Missouri?" he asked, with a lift of the face that was not altogether candid. The Pennsylvania man shrugged his brows; to explain might have seemed indelicate.

"If it is put through, how much of it do you propose to take yourself?" inquired our man, looking evenly at the Allegheny official.

"Sixty-five miles, including stops from the New York post-office to Canal Street,"

replied the Pennsylvania man, and his words flowed with irritating smoothness and ease.

"What do you take?" continued the man with the jaw, turning to the Burlington representative, who was struggling, belated, with an artichoke.

"*About* seventy from Canal to Tenth and Mason. Say, seventy," repeated the "Q" manager, with the lordliness of a man who has miles to throw at almost anybody, and knows it.

"Then suppose we say sixty-five from Tenth and Mason to Ogden," suggested the West Ender. There was a well-bred stare the table round, a lifting of glasses to mask expressions that might give pain. Sixty-five miles an *hour?* Through the *Rockies?*

But the postmaster-general struck the table quickly and heavily; he didn't want to let it get away. "Why, hang it, Mr. Bucks," he exclaimed with emphasis, "if you will say sixty, the business is done. We don't ask you to do the Rockies in the time these fellows take to cut the Alleghenies. Do sixty, and I will put mail in 'Frisco a day earlier every week in the year."

"Nothing on the West End to keep you from doing it," said General Manager Bucks. He had been put up then only about six months. "But——"

Every one looked at the young manager. The Pennsylvania man looked with confidence, for he instantly suspected there must be a string to such a proposition, or that the new representative was "talking through his hat."

"But what?" asked the Cabinet member, uncomfortably apprehensive.

"But we are not putting on a sixty-five mile schedule just because we love our country, you understand, nor to heighten an already glorious reputation. Oh, no," smiled Bucks faintly, "we are doing it for 'the stuff.' You put up the money; we put up the speed. Not sixty miles; sixty-five—from the Missouri to the Sierras. No; no more wine. Yes, thank you, I will take a cigar."

The trade was on from that minute. Bucks said no more then; he was a good listener. But next day—when it came to talking money—he talked more money into the West End treasury for one year's running than was ever talked before on a mail contract for the best three years' work we ever did.

When they asked him how much time he wanted to get ready, and told him to take plenty, three months were stipulated. The contracts were drawn, and they were signed by our people without hesitation because they knew Bucks. But while the preparations for the fast schedule were being made, the government weakened on signing. Nothing ever got through a Washington department without hitch, and they said our road had so often failed on like propositions that they wanted a test. There was a deal of wrangling, then a test run was agreed upon by all the roads concerned If it proved successful—if the mail was put to the Golden Gate on the second of the schedule—public opinion and the interests in the Philippines, it was concluded, would justify the heavy premium asked for the service.

In this way the dickering and the figuring became, in a measure, public, and keyed up everybody interested to a high pitch. We said nothing for publication, but under Bucks' energy sawed wood for three whole months. Indeed, three months goes as a day getting a system into shape for an extraordinary schedule. Success meant with us prestige; but failure meant obloquy for the road and for our division chief who had been so lately called to handle it.

The real strain, it was clear, would come on his old—the mountain—division; and to carry out the point rested on the motive power of the mountain division; hence, concretely, on Doubleday, master mechanic of the hill country.

In thirty days Neighbor, superintendent of the motive power, called for reports from the division master mechanics on the preparations for the Yellow Mail run, and they reported progress. In sixty days he called again. The subordinates reported well except Doubleday. Doubleday said merely "Not ready"; he was busy tinkering with his engines. There was a third call in eighty days, and on the eighty-fifth a peremptory call. Everybody said ready except Doubleday. When Neighbor remonstrated sharply he would say only that he would be ready in time. That was the most he would promise, though it was generally understood that if he failed to deliver the goods he would have to make way for somebody who could.

The plains division of the system was marked up for seventy miles an hour, and, if the truth were told, a little better; but, with all the help they could give us, it still left sixty for the mountains to take care of, and the Yellow Mail proposition was conceded to be the toughest affair the motive power at Medicine Bend ever faced. However, forty-eight hours before the mail left the New York post-office Doubleday wired to Neighbor, "Ready"; Neighbor to Bucks,

"Ready"; and Bucks to Washington, "Ready"—and we were ready from end to end.

Then the orders began to shoot through the mountains. The test run was of especial importance, because the signing of the contract was believed to depend on the success of it. Once signed, accidents and delays might be explained; for the test run there must be no delays. Despatchers were given the 11, which meant Bucks; no layouts, no slows for the Yellow Mail. Road masters were notified: no track work in front of the Yellow Mail. Bridge gangs were warned, yard masters instructed, section bosses cautioned, track walkers spurred—the system was polished like a barkeeper's diamond, and swept like a parlor car for the test flight of the Yellow Mail.

Doubleday, working like a boiler washer, spent all day Thursday and all Thursday night in the roundhouse. He had personally gone over the engines that were to take the racket in the mountains. Ten-wheelers they were, the 1012 and the 1014, with fifty-six-inch drivers and cylinders big enough to sit up and eat breakfast in. Spick and span both of them, just long enough out of the shops to run smoothly to the work; and on Friday Oliver Sollers, who, when he opened a throttle, blew miles over the tender like feathers, took the 1012, groomed as you'd groom a Wilkes mare, down to Piedmont for the run up to the Bend.

Now Oliver Sollers was a runner in a thousand, and steady as a clock; but he had a fireman who couldn't stand prosperity, Steve Horigan, a cousin of Johnnie's. The glory was too great for Steve, and he spent Friday night in Gallagher's place celebrating, telling the boys what the 1012 would do to the Yellow Mail. Not a thing, Steve claimed after five drinks, but pull the stamps clean off the letters the minute they struck the foothills. But when Steve showed up at five A.M. to superintend the movement, he was seasick. The instant Sollers set eyes on him he objected to taking him out. Mr. Sollers was not looking for any unnecessary chances on one of Bucks' personal matters, and for the general manager the Yellow Mail test had become exceedingly personal. Practically everybody East and West had said it would fail; Bucks said no.

Neighbor himself was on the Piedmont platform that morning, watching things. The McCloud despatchers had promised the train to our division on time, and her smoke was due with the rise of the sun. The big superintendent of motive power, watching anxiously for her arrival, and planning anxiously for her outgoing, glared at the bunged fireman in front of him, and, when Sollers protested, Neighbor turned on the swollen Steve with sorely bitter words. Steve swore mightily he was fit and could do the trick—but what's the word of a railroad man that drinks? Neighbor spoke wicked words, and while they poured on the guilty Steve's crop there was a shout down the platform. In the east the sun was breaking over the sandhills, and below it a haze of black thickened the horizon. It was McTerza with the 808 and the Yellow Mail. Neighbor looked at his watch; she was, if anything, a minute to the good, and before the car tinks could hustle across the yard, a streak of gold cut the sea of purple alfalfa in the lower valley, and the narrows began to smoke with the dust of the race for the platform.

When McTerza blocked the big drivers at the west end of the depot, every eye was on the new equipment. Three standard railway mail cars, done in varnished buttercup, strung out behind the sizzling engine, and they looked pretty as cowslips. While Neighbor vaguely meditated on their beauty and on his boozing fireman, Jimmie Bradshaw, just in from a night run down from the Bend, walked across the yard. He had just seen Steve Horigan making a "sneak" for the bath-house, and from the yard gossip Jimmie had guessed the rest.

"What are you looking for, Neighbor?" asked Jimmie Bradshaw.

"A man to fire for Sollers—up. Do you want it?"

Neighbor threw it at him cross and carelessly, not having any idea Jimmie was looking for trouble. But Jimmie surprised him; Jimmie did want it.

"Sure, I want it. Put me on. Tired? No. I'm fresh as rainwater. Put me on, Neighbor; I'll never get fast any other way. Doubleday wouldn't give me a fast run in a hundred years. Neighbor," exclaimed Jimmie, greatly wrought, "put me on, and I'll plant sunflowers on your grave."

There wasn't much time to look around; the 1012 was being coupled on to the mail for the hardest run on the line.

"Get in there, you blamed idiot," roared Neighbor presently at Jimmie. "Get in and fire her; and if you don't give Sollers 210 pounds every inch of the way I'll set you back wiping."

Jimmie winked furiously at the proposition while it was being hurled at him, but he lost

no time climbing in. The 1012 was drumming then at her gauge with better than 200 pounds. Adam Shafer, conductor for the run, ran backward and forward a minute examining the air. At the final word from his brakeman he lifted two fingers at Sollers; Oliver opened a notch, and Jimmie Bradshaw stuck his head out of the gangway. Slowly, but with swiftly rising speed, the yellow string began to move out through the long lines of freight cars that blocked the spurs; and those who watched that morning from the Piedmont platform, thought a smoother equipment than Bucks' mail train never drew out of the mountain yards.

Jimmie Bradshaw jumped at the work in front of him. He had never in his life lifted a pick in as swell a cab as that. The hind end of the 1012 was as big as a private car; Jimmie had never seen so much play for a shovel in his life, and he knew the trick of his business better than most men even in West End cabs—the trick of holding the high pressure every minute, of feeling the drafts before they left the throttle; and as Oliver let the engine out very, very fast, Jimmie Bradshaw sprinkled the grate bars craftily and blinked at the shivering pointer, as much as to say, "It's you and me now for the Yellow Mail, and nobody else on earth."

There was a long reach of smooth track in front of the foothills. It was there the big start had to be made, and in two minutes the bark of the big machine had deepened to a chest tone full as thunder. It was all fun for an hour, for two hours. It was that long before the ambitious fireman realized what the new speed meant: the sickening slew, the lurch on lurch so fast the engine never righted, the shortened breath along the tangent, the giddy roll to the elevation and the sudden shock of the curve, the roar of the flight on the ear, and, above and over it all, the booming purr of the maddened steel. The canoe in the heart of the rapids, the bridge of a liner at sea, the gun in the heat of the fight, take something of this—the cab of the mail takes it all.

When they struck the foothills Sollers and Jimmie Bradshaw looked at their watches and looked at each other, but like men who had turned their backs on every mountain record. There was a stop for water—speed drinks so hard—an oil round, an anxious touch on the journals; then the Yellow Mail drew reeling into the hills. Oliver eased her just a bit for the heavier curves, but for all that the train writhed frantically as it cut the segments, and the men thought, in spite of themselves, of the mountain curves ahead. The worst of the run lay ahead of the pilot, because the art in mountain running is not alone or so much in getting up hill; it is in getting down hill. But by the way the Yellow Mail got that day up hill and down, it seemed as if Steve Horigan's dream would be realized, and that the 1012 actually would pull the stamps off the letters. Before they knew it they were through the gateway, out into the desert country, up along the crested buttes, and then, sudden as eternity, the wheel-base of the 1012 struck a tight curve, a pent-down rail sprang out like a knitting-needle, and the Yellow Mail shot staggering off the track into a gray borrow-pit.

There was a crunching of truck and frame, a crashing splinter of varnished cars, a scream from the wounded engine, a cloud of gray ash in the burning sun, and a ruin of human effort in the ditch. In the twinkle of an eye the mail train lay spilled on the alkali; for a minute it looked desperately bad for the general manager's test.

It was hardly more than a minute, though; then like ants from out a trampled hill men began crawling from the yellow wreck. There was more—there was groaning and worse, yet little for so frightful a shock. And first on his feet, with no more than scratches, and quickest back under the cab after his engineer, was Jimmie Bradshaw, the fireman.

Sollers, barely conscious, lay wedged between the tank and the footboard. Jimmie, all by himself, eased him away from the boiler. The conductor stood with a broken arm directing his brakeman how to chop a crew out of the head mail car, and the hind crews were getting out themselves. There was a quick calling back and forth, and the cry, "Nobody killed!" But the engineer and the conductor were put out of action. There was, in fact, but one West End man unhurt; yet that was enough—for it was Jimmie Bradshaw.

The first wreck of the fast mail—there have been worse since—took place just east of Crockett's siding. A west-bound freight lay at that moment on the passing track waiting for the mail. Jimmie Bradshaw cast up the possibilities of the situation the minute he righted himself. Before the freight crew had reached the wreck Jimmie was hustling ahead to tell them what he wanted. The freight conductor demurred; and when they discussed it with the freight engineer, Kingsley, he objected. "My engine won't never stand it; it'll pound her to

pieces," he argued. "I reckon the safest thing to do is to get orders."

"Get orders!" stormed Jimmie Bradshaw, pointing at the wreck. "Get orders! Are you running an engine on this line and don't know the orders for those mail bags? The orders is to move 'em! That's orders enough. Move 'em! Uncouple three of those empty box-cars and hustle 'em back. By the Great United States! any man that interferes with the moving of this mail will get his time—that's what he'll get. That's Doubleday, and don't you forget it. The thing is to move the mail—not stand here chewing about it!"

"Bucks wants the stuff hustled," put in the freight conductor, weakening before Jimmie's eloquence, "everybody knows that."

"Uncouple there!" cried Jimmie, climbing into the Mogul cab. "I'll pull the bags, Kingsley; you needn't take any chances. Come back there, every mother's son of you, and help on the transfer."

He carried his points with a gale. He was conductor and engineer and general manager all in one. He backed the boxes to the curve below the spill, and set every man at work piling the mail from the wrecked train to the freight cars. The wounded cared for the wounded, and the dead might have buried the dead; Jimmie moved the mail. Only one thing turned his hair gray; the transfer was so slow, it looked as if it would defeat his plan. As he stood fermenting, a stray party of Sioux bucks on a vagrant hunt rose out of the desert passes, and halted to survey the confusion. It was Jimmie Bradshaw's opportunity. He had

One of the Mail Clerks

the blanket men in council in a trice. They talked for one minute, in two he had them regularly sworn in and carrying second-class. The registered stuff was jealously guarded by those of the mail clerks who could still hobble—and who, head for head, leg for leg, and arm for arm, can stand the wrecking that a mail clerk can stand? The mail crews took the registered matter; the freight crews and Jimmie, dripping sweat and anxiety, handled the letter bags; but second and third-class were temporarily hustled for the Great White Father by his irreverent children of the Rockies.

Before the disabled men could credit their senses the business was done, themselves made as comfortable as possible, and, with the promise of speedy aid back to the injured, the Yellow Mail, somewhat disfigured, was again heading westward in the box-cars. This time Jimmie Bradshaw, like a dog with a bone, had the throttle. Jimmie Bradshaw for once in his life had the coveted fast run, and till he sighted Fort Rucker he never for a minute let up.

Meantime there was a desperate crowd around the despatcher at Medicine Bend. It was an hour and twenty minutes after Ponca Station reported the Yellow Mail out, before Fort Rucker, eighteen miles farther west, reported the box-cars and Jimmie Bradshaw in, and followed with a wreck report from the Crockett siding. When that end of it began to tumble into the Wickiup office Doubleday's face went very hard—fate was against him, the contract was gone glimmering, he didn't feel at all sure his own head and the roadmaster's wouldn't follow it. Then the Rucker operator began again to talk about Jimmie Bradshaw, and "Who's Bradshaw"? asked somebody; and Rucker went on excitedly with the story of the Mogul and of three box-cars, and of a war party of Sioux squatting on the brake-wheels; it came so mixed that Medicine Bend thought everybody at Rucker Station had gone mad.

While they fumed, Jimmie Bradshaw was speeding the mail through the mountains. He had Kingsley's fireman, big as an ox and full of his own enthusiasm. In no time they were flying across the flats of the Spider Water, threading the curves of the Peace River, and hitting the rails of the Painted Desert, with the Mogul sprinting like a Texas steer, and the box-cars leaping like yearlings at the joints. It was no case of scientific running, no case of favoring the roadbed, of easing the strain on the equipment; it was simply a case of galloping to a Broadway fire with a Silsby rotary on a 4—11 call. Up hill and down, curve and tangent, it was all one. There was speed made on the plains with that mail, and there was speed made in the foothills with the fancy equipment, but never the speed that Jimmie Bradshaw made when he ran the mail through the gorges in three box-cars; and frightened operators and paralyzed station agents all the way up the line watched the fearful and wonderful train jump the switches with Bradshaw's red head sticking out of the cab window.

Medicine Bend couldn't get the straight of it over the wires. There was an electric storm in the mountains, and the wires went bad in the midst of the confusion. They knew there was a wreck, and supposed there was mail in the ditch, and, with Doubleday frantic, the despatchers were trying to get the track to run a train down to Crockett's. But Jimmie Bradshaw had asked at Rucker for rights to the Bend, and in an unguarded moment they had been given; after that it was all off. Nobody could get action on Jimmie Bradshaw to head him off. He took the rights, and stayed not for stake and stopped not for stone. In thirty minutes the operating department was ready to kill him, but he was making such time it was concluded better to humor the lunatic than to try to hold him up anywhere for a parley. When this was decided Jimmie and his war party were already reported past Bad Axe, fifteen miles below the Bend, with every truck on the box-cars smoking.

The Bad Axe run to the Bend was never done in less than fourteen minutes until Bradshaw that day brought up the mail. Between those two points the line is modeled on the curves of a ram's horn, but Jimmie with the Mogul found every twist on the right of way in eleven minutes; that particular record is good yet. Indeed, before Doubleday, then in a frenzied condition, got his cohorts fairly on the platform to look for Jimmie, the hollow scream of the big freight engine echoed through the mountains. Shouts from below brought the operators to the upper windows; down the Bend they saw a monster locomotive flying from a trailing horn of smoke. As the stubby string of freight cars slewed quartering into the lower yard, the startled officials saw them from the Wickiup windows wrapped in a stream of flame. Every journal was afire, and the blaze from the boxes, rolling into the steam from the stack, curled hotly around a bevy of Sioux Indians, who clung sternly

to the footboards and brake-wheels on top of the box-cars. It was a ride for the red men that is told around the council fires yet. But they do not always add in their traditions that they were hanging on, not only for life, but also for a butt of plug tobacco promised for their timely help at Crockett siding.

By the time Jimmie slowed up his amazing equipment the fire brigade was on the run from the roundhouse. The Sioux warriors climbed hastily down the fire escapes, a force of bruised and bareheaded mail clerks shoved back the box-car doors, the car tinks tackled the conflagration, and Jimmie Bradshaw, dropping from the cab with the swing of a man who has done it, waited at the gangway for the questions to come at him, and for a minute they came hot.

"What the blazes do you mean by bringing an engine in in that condition?" yelled Doubleday, pointing to the blown machine.

"I thought you wanted the mail," winked Jimmie.

"How the devil are we to get the mail with you blocking the track for two hours?" demanded Callahan insanely.

"Why, the mail's here—in these box-cars," responded Jimmie Bradshaw, pointing to his bobtail train. "Now don't look daffy like that; every sack is right here. I thought the best way to get the mail here was to bring it. Hm! We're forty minutes late, ain't we?"

Doubleday waited to hear no more. Orders flew like curlews from the superintendent and the master mechanic. They saw there was a life for it yet. A string of new mail cars was backed down beside the train before the fire brigade had done with the trucks. The relieving mail crews waiting at the Bend took hold like cats at a pudding, and a dozen extra men helped them sling the pouches. The 1014, blowing porpoisewise, was backed up just as Benedict Morgan's train pulled down for Crockett's siding, and the Yellow Mail, rehabilitated, rejuvenated, and exultant, started up the gorge for Bear Dance, only fifty-three minutes late with Hawksworth in the cab.

"And if you can't make that up, Frank, you're no good on earth," sputtered Doubleday at the engineer he had put in for that especial endeavor. And Frank Hawksworth did make it up, and the Yellow Mail went on and off the West End on the test, and into the Sierras for the coast, ON TIME.

"There's a butt of plug tobacco and transportation to Crockett's coming to these bucks, Mr. Doubleday," winked Jimmie Bradshaw uncertainly, for with the wearing off of the strain came the idea to Jimmie that he might have to pay for it himself. "I promised them that," he added, "for helping with the transfer. If it hadn't been for the blankets we wouldn't have got off for another hour. They chew Tomahawk—rough and ready preferred—Mr. Doubleday. Hm!"

Doubleday was looking off into the mountains.

"You've been on a freight run some time, Jimmie," said he tentatively after a while.

The Indian detachment was crowding in pretty close on the red-headed engineer. He blushed. "If you'll take care of my tobacco contract, Doubleday, we'll call the other matter square. I'm not looking for a fast run as much as I was."

"If we get the mail contract," resumed Doubleday reflectively, "and it won't be your fault if we don't—hm!—we may need you on one of the runs. Looks to me like you ought to have one."

Jimmie shook his head. "I don't want one—don't mind me; just fix these gentlemen out with some tobacco before they scalp me, will you?"

The Indians got their leaf, and Bucks got his contract, and Jimmie Bradshaw got the pick of the runs on the Yellow Mail, and ever since he's been kicking to get back on a freight. But they don't call him Bradshaw any more. No man in the mountains can pace him on a daredevil run. And when the head brave of the hunting party received the butt of tobacco on behalf of his company, he looked at Doubleday with dignity, pointed to the sandy engineer, and spoke freckled words in the Sioux.

That's the way it came about. Bradshaw holds the belt for the run from Bad Axe to Medicine Bend; but he never goes by the name of Bradshaw any more. West of McCloud, everywhere up and down the mountains, they give him the name that the Sioux gave him that day—Jimmie the Wind.